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BLACK'S SHILLING GUIDE

TO

SCOTLAND

FOURTEENTH EDITION

LONDON
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1910

The Editor will be glad to receive any notes or corrections from Tourists using this Guide-book. Communications to be addressed to the Publishers.

PREFACE

In a recent edition, our smaller Guide to Scotland has been entirely recast and rewritten, to bring it into agreement with the present facilities for travel. Only an outline can here be presented, yet such a one as will prove sufficient for the hasty tourist. He is taken over the main routes, and has his attention duly called to all places likely to be of interest to him, our indications and descriptions being on a scale proportioned to this interest and to the number of readers that may be expected to profit by them. Some important industrial centres are not noticed at all, as having little to recommend them to idle travellers. Diversions from, or communications between main routes are usually distinguished by smaller type. The places particularly pointed out to strangers have been printed in bold type on the page where these are referred to by the Index, which may as well not be encumbered by a crowd of less notable names. The historical and literary associations of each neighbourhood are touched on as much as space will allow; but, of course, on this head, and that of scenery, our larger Guide does better justice to the "land of the mountain and the flood."

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INTRODUCTION

SCOTLAND is celebrated for the beautiful and varied scenery formed by its rugged mountains, its clear swift-flowing rivers, and its deep lochs and firths. The latter so penetrate the whole coast, that no place inland appears to be more than 40 miles from the sea. The country is divided into *Highlands* and *Lowlands*, with no exact line of demarcation between the two, unless the mountain face that extends obliquely from the mouth of the Clyde almost to the shores of the Moray Firth. The Highlanders in the north and west are mainly of Celtic blood; the Lowlanders Saxon and Scandinavian. Most of the inhabitants were formerly grouped in families or tribes called *Clans*, each under its chief, whose consequence and security depended on the number of his retainers. These clans were at constant feud with each other, and their independent spirit kept the country in a state of continual agitation and insecurity, while, with greater or less unanimity, they would usually join to offer stubborn resistance to foreign invaders. This state of society was changed at the time of *the Union* of Scotland with England (1707), when the clans of the Borders became dissolved, and the Highland clans brought into subjection, although among the latter the clan feeling long remained powerful, and still exists as a sentiment.

The **Mountains** of Scotland consist both of chains and detached groups, for the most part carved out of an elevated table-land. Their highest elevation is little over 4000 feet; but their rugged form is rich in elements of the picturesque, the chief feature being extensive tracts of heathery moor, intermixed with rocks, lakes, and peat-moss. In the counties of Argyll, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland, the moors afford excellent grouse-shooting, along with some

pasturage. Much of the central and northern counties (an area yearly increasing) is taken up as deer forests, which differ from the moors in being wholly given over to sport.

The **Rivers** of Scotland are generally rapid, and diversified by rocks and cataracts, so that, except the *Clyde* and *Forth*, they are not navigable to any great extent. The *Tay* is the largest of Scottish, and, in respect to the volume of water it conveys to the sea, even of British rivers. Sir Walter Scott remarks that the Scotch pay great reverence to their rivers. "The Clyde, the Tweed, the Forth, the Spey, are usually named by those who dwell on their banks with a sort of respect and pride, and I have known duels occasioned by any word of disparagement."

Lochs—a word more readily pronounced by German than English tongues—is a name given not only to fresh-water lakes, but to the inlets that deeply cut the western coast, while the more open estuaries of the east side are commonly called firths. Of the fresh-water lochs that make such celebrated features in Scottish scenery, the most beautiful is perhaps *Loch Lomond*, and *Loch Katrine* the most romantic. Several others hardly less famous are formed by the Tay and its tributaries. Another notable group extends through the Great Glen of the west, their waters united by the Caledonian Canal. In the far northern counties, the lochs are counted by hundreds.

Agriculture.—Scotland is a country of large proprietors, and many of the great estates are in the hands of the old families. These anciently wielded almost absolute power within their own territories, so it was not till after the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions in 1748 that both the law and the practice of Scotland became favourable to agricultural enterprise. What in England are termed "tenants at will," or tenants without a lease, are unknown in Scotland. Leases may be said to be universal, extending to fifteen, nineteen, or twenty-one years. With the exception of some districts in the Highlands and Islands, the system of small farms has given way to large ones, rented by farmers of intelligence and capital, especially in the Lothians and other fertile districts. In the mountainous parts, the proprietors often get their best harvest from the letting of shooting and fishing to more moneyed southerners.

Commerce and Manufactures.—The principal seaports are Glasgow, Greenock, Leith, Dundee, Aberdeen, and Grangemouth. The *Linen Manufacture* was the earliest, and long regarded as the staple branch of industry carried on in Scotland. Dundee and the east of Scotland, including Fifeshire, are the great seats of this manufacture, particularly in sheetings, sail-cloth, and the coarser fabrics; and Dunfermline, with the neighbouring towns and villages, the principal seat of damask, diaper, and such finer fabrics. Lanarkshire and the contiguous counties of Renfrew and Ayr are the principal seats of the *iron and cotton manufacture*. Some of the cotton fabrics of Glasgow and Paisley are of unrivalled beauty and fineness. The *woollen and worsted factories* are chiefly at Aberdeen, Hawick, Galashiels, and

Jedburgh, and in the counties of Stirling, Clackmannan, Argyll, and Inverness. Hawick is celebrated for its manufacture of woollen hose, blankets, and flannels; Kilmarnock for carpets, shawls, and nightcaps; tweeds and tartans are spun in several parts of the Highlands. *Shipbuilding* is carried on to a great extent on the banks of the Clyde near Glasgow, Dumbarton, and Greenock; as also at Leith, the neighbourhood of Kirkcaldy, Dundee, and Aberdeen. *Brewing* and *Distilling* are industries much at home in Scotland. The *Sea Fisheries* are abundant.

Banking in Scotland commenced with the Bank of Scotland in 1695, one year after the foundation of the Bank of England; and while the latter was projected by a Scotchman (William Paterson), the former was set on foot by an Englishman—John Holland, Merchant of London. The Bank of Scotland was followed by the establishment of the Royal Bank of Scotland and the British Linen Company's Bank; which three have all along been chartered associations with limited liability to their shareholders. The other Scotch banks of more modern date, the National, Union, Commercial, Clydesdale, etc., were originally joint-stock banks, and have all now adopted the Limited Liability Act of 1858. There are some peculiar features in Scotch banking; but that which most concerns strangers is the general use of one-pound notes issued by the different banks. In towns, gold is more often seen than a generation ago; but it is said to be still looked on doubtfully in out-of-the-way parts. Scotch notes are of course current only in the country, and should be changed before recrossing the border.

The **Population** of Scotland, at the census of 1901, was nearly 4½ millions, less than that of London, though within the last half century the number of Scotsmen had increased by more than 1½ millions. But while a large proportion of Londoners are not born in London, who can take count of the number of Scots found thriving and multiplying there and all over the world, seldom forgetting their native land, whether or no they may cherish an *animus revertendi!*

Parliamentary Representation.—Scotland sends 72 members to the House of Commons. In the House of Lords its 88 peers are represented by 16 of their number, elected for each parliament; but many of them sit there as being also peers of the United Kingdom. The Scottish peerage has at least the distinction of antiquity, its spring having been dried up for nearly two centuries. By the Treaty of Union the sovereign can no more make a Scottish peer than an honest man.

Law Courts.—Scotland retains its own laws and courts, with an ultimate appeal to the highest tribunal of the United Kingdom. The supreme *Civil* court is the Court of Session sitting in the Parliament House, Edinburgh. The judges (thirteen in number) are styled Lords of Session, and sit in two sets of courts, called the *Outer* and *Inner* Houses. The supreme *Criminal* court (called the High Court of Justiciary) consists of the judges of the Court of Session, acting in rotation. The President of the whole Court is the *Lord Justice-*

General, and the President of the Second Division is the *Lord Justice-Clerk*. All these judges have the non-hereditary title of lords. In the spring and autumn vacations they hold circuits in the chief provincial towns, two generally going on each circuit. The inferior courts of law are chiefly those of the *Sheriffs*, whose office here is judicial rather than administrative. The *Sheriffs-depute* (representing the Lords-lieutenant of the Crown) are usually *advocates* (anglicé barristers) in Edinburgh practice. The actual work of minor justice is done by the resident *Sheriffs-substitute*, who practically unite the functions of county court judges and police magistrates. Prosecutions here are undertaken by the State, through the agency of *Procurators-Fiscal*; and in other respects the legal procedure differs from that of England.

Education of the people was earlier a matter of concern in Scotland than in England. While in the latter country the richest endowments for this purpose have usually been appropriated by the upper classes, ever since the Reformation the Scotch have profited by a system of parish schools that helped the humblest to rise to eminence, especially in the Church, which here has always been more popular, in every sense, than over the border. The parish schools and burgh academies are closely connected with the four ancient universities of *Edinburgh*, *Glasgow*, *Aberdeen*, and *St. Andrews*, the oldest, to which is now affiliated the modern foundation of *Dundee*. These Universities, wanting the social distinction and discipline of Oxford and Cambridge, are more open to promising scholars from every class, who, living in lodgings as they please, are often schooled in the exercise of an heroic economy. The "dominies" and schools of Scotland have lost a good deal of their old character, with its merits and defects, through the more mechanical regulation of the School Boards to which they are now subjected. In this generation, the upper class show a growing tendency to send their sons to England, or to schools on English models, while not a few Scotch graduates, beginning their college career at an early age, go on to seek the richer rewards of a southern university, and thus quicken the process of fusion that is at work between the two countries.

The **Church** of Scotland is Presbyterian, and the feeling of the masses remains attached to this form of worship, most strongly in the districts where Stuart kings tried to dragoon them into Anglicanism. In the towns, however, the Episcopal Church attracts many of the upper classes; and in some parts of the Highlands Roman Catholicism is still the popular religion. Owing to various causes, the Established Church has not here the predominating influence that even among Presbyterians is shared with two offshoots. When the burning question of prelacy was disposed of, there arose that of patronage, the appointment of ministers being claimed as a popular prerogative. Disputes on this and other points led in the eighteenth century to the *Original Secession*, which, after splitting up into various Old and New Lights, mainly came together again in the next century as the *United*

Presbyterian Church, "U.P." in colloquial parlance. Towards the middle of this century a more extensive rupture took place, when the *Free Church*, representing what had always been one side of religious opinion, parted from the Establishment, and by the liberality and zeal of its adherents was soon raised to a position of all but legal equality.

However, in the nineteenth century, a union between the U.P. and the Free Church was carried out, and the two bodies amalgamated under the title of the United Free Church. The whole of the original Free Church did not agree to this union, and they stood aloof under the original title and became colloquially known as the "Wee Frees." This section brought a claim against the majority of their body for the restoration of buildings, funds, etc., which they held could only be rightly administered by themselves as the upholders of the doctrines for which they had been bequeathed. The case went at first against them, but on appeal the decision was reversed, and the "Wee Frees" were triumphant. This decision caused the greatest possible excitement when it became known. The old severity of Calvinistic doctrine, still preserved in the standards of these churches, is much softened down in their pulpits; and the salient peculiarity of Scotch religious practice, a rigorous observance of the Sabbath on Jewish models, is also giving way, though still strong in remote quarters.

Character.—If the religion of Scotland be an involved question, still more difficult is it to catch all the strands of a national character produced by an even greater mingling of races than has gone to form that of South Britons. While the Scot may be accused of over-readiness to take offence, the average Englishman has, for common characteristic, a certain careless and not ill-natured insolence which leads him into unjust generalisations about his neighbours; so from the days of Bute's unpopularity and Dr. Johnson's bearish dogmatism, he has rejoiced in coarse pleasantries against the supposed want of generosity in a country positively embarrassed by its ecclesiastical and educational benefactions, and an imputed lack of wit among a people that has produced Smollett, Scott, Carlyle—not to mention several of our most popular contemporary humorists. Such hasty critics might have learned from Sir Walter Scott that there are two main strains of Scottish blood, and what may be called a double temperament shot through the national character. M. Paul Bourget has drawn from bad authority when, in a recent novel, he cites the Highlander as standard of the "solidly, coldly realist." The Celt is exactly the opposite of Punch's typical Scotchman: his shortcomings are by no means on the side of prudence and self-interest, but rather in a hot temper often ennobled as romantic devotion; English gold could not tempt him to betray his luckless prince; he leaves his native land unwillingly, even when hardly able to wring a livelihood from its poor soil; in pride and manners he is a gentleman till poverty have degraded him to touch his hat for the tips of the Sassenach. The Lowlander, who of course is mainly an Englishman moulded by harder circumstances, has not good manners as his strong point; he is apt to be dry, "dour," frugal, and

all that so much excites the full-fed Cockney's sarcasm ; but his stiff reserve covers a kindliness not the less warm for coming slowly to the surface ; and his history in Church and State shows what perfervid loyalty to an idea glows beneath an apparent devotion to the practical. His faults of manner are, perhaps, not improved by suspicion of the stranger who is so jovially free with jests about "bawbees" and such like. Among the baser sort of Scots, it may be said, similar unworthy reproaches against Englishmen are current, but they would have to be fished up from a lower social stratum by the travelling gent who cannot understand that, however little disposed the Scot may be to "hang his head for honest poverty," he ill relishes having it facetiously flung in his face.

We speak somewhat strongly on this point, because English tourists seem not always to realise the offence they sometimes give, in Scotland as in other countries, by thoughtlessly parading their own prejudices as the standard of the becoming. We have heard such a one exclaim for horror that a Presbyterian service had been found going on in a Scottish cathedral. Even confessed vices here are apt to be misjudged. Drunkenness is indeed a national sin ; and there is one taunt to make a Scotchman ashamed of his country, yet something may be said to diminish if not to excuse the apparent evil. The men seen so helplessly overcome in early hours of a holiday are perhaps of ordinarily sober habits, all the more readily affected by occasional indulgence in cheap and fiery spirit. The whisky drunk by the lower classes here is a demon that takes no disguise. It seems that, while there is more brutal intoxication in Scotland, there may be less toping sottishness than in England. A man does not drink so much, but when he does give way it is with more scandalous effect. A woman frequenting public-houses implies a lower depth of degradation. In the north, a larger proportion of the population are abstainers ; young people and the class of domestic servants, for instance, drink water, where in English families they would expect beer. In all classes, there are still too many Scotchmen religious in the worship of their native Bacchus, vulgar and violent deity as he is ; but every year, it is hoped, adds to the number of protestants against this perverted fanaticism. By what is called the Forbes Mackenzie Act, public-houses have long been closed on Sunday, when, however, in the cities, if all stories are true, a good deal of *shebeening* or illicit drinking goes on. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the austerity of Scotch Sabbatarianism has driven many into vicious indulgence ; and much is to be hoped from the churches taking an interest in honest amusement as a help and not a hindrance to religion. But a sneer often thrown out by strangers against the supposed hypocrisy of Scotchmen, only shows ignorance of a country where those most concerned about Sabbath observance are the deadliest enemies of its drinking habits. It is only quite recently that trams ran in the streets on Sundays, a custom which the pious have found convenient in their attendance at church on a wet day, in spite of the horror with which they first regarded it.

The **Climate** of Scotland is another matter often slandered by tourists who find their holiday spoiled by weather. It is in fact much the same as that of England, at all times not to be depended on, apt to be colder on the east side, wetter on the west, especially in mountain districts. No part of the Highland mainland is so rainy as some points of the English Lake country; and one tract of north-eastern Scotland enjoys a finer climate, even in winter, than most of England. Unfortunately, the month of August, when Scotland is most crowded by strangers, is one when the weather often proves particularly disappointing. The clearest time, especially in the western Highlands, is more likely to come before midsummer, when, too, the long daylight of the north is a boon. September, also, turns out fine oftener than the warmer months of the year; and, generally speaking, the early and later ends of the tourist season are to be chosen by those who can, if only for the advantage of finding plenty of room and a warm welcome at the hotels, not to mention the better chance of indulging a congenially contemplative mood at other times apt to be broken in upon by hurrying bands of excursionists.

Hotels of all classes abound in Scotland, and first-class ones wherever strangers resort. The charges at some of these have given rise to complaint, so much so that some tourist routes of the country seem to suffer from dread of its landlords, accused of taking as their motto that of the Celtic Society, *Olim marte, nunc arte*, so wittily translated, "Once robbers, now thieves." Hotels may be roughly divided into two classes, those which charge 5s. for a table d'hôte dinner and those which charge 3s. 6d. In the former, bedrooms range from 4s. 6d. to 10s., and in the latter from 3s. 6d. to 6s.; 1s. 6d. for attendance per person each day will be found now to be demanded everywhere, and the impost, first levied in order to do away with the distracting system of tips, is now merely an added extortion. Breakfast is as a rule 3s. to 3s. 6d. The Scotch hotel-keeper has learned, by the annual immigration of the Southerner, to have things comfortable; in some unexpected places the menu is very good indeed, at dinner as good as could be expected in a first-class London restaurant; and even the smaller hotels attain a certain point as yet unrealised by those of similar calibre in England. The ridiculous cost of baths (1s. to 1s. 6d.) in bathrooms is and ever will be a source of annoyance, but this is not peculiar to Scotland. It will be seen that the traveller may expect to receive a bill from 10s. to 15s. for one night.

A frequent charge against hotel-keepers in Scotland, and indeed elsewhere, is a tendency to tyrannise in the matter of hours and arrangements for meals, very natural on the part of the host, who wishes to economise the service of his establishment, but not seen from the same point of view by the guest, who does not incur the expense of a first-class hotel to find himself hampered by the restrictions of a boarding-house. Moreover, while one may be content to pay freely for such accommodation as Edinburgh and Inverness afford, one has a right to denounce some Scotch "hottles" that charge Northumberland Avenue rates for their slatternly and unsavoury pretentiousness, a

fault also not confined to Scotland. In certain nooks here there are still inns of the good old Meg Dods kind—cosy, friendly, modestly comfortable; but the address of these havens is a secret to be locked in faithful breasts, and strangers can hardly expect to have it freely communicated.

In Scotland, boarding-houses are rare; but a substitute exists in the so-called Hydropathic Establishments so popular there, which are in fact temperance hotels on a large scale, and usually with no small charges, for at the height of their season ten shillings a day and upwards is a common rate at the best "hydros" dotted all over the most beautiful parts of Scotland, some of them huge palaces crammed with hundreds of guests bent on amusing and being amused in a sober and wholesome fashion, where in the summer, if not at all times, the special hydropathic "treatment" quite falls into the background. The small Temperance Hotels, also, often serve as boarding-houses; and at most of the country hotels terms may be arranged for a stay.

Many of the Scotch hotels, which are by no means unlicensed, yet deal largely in water, their main recommendation being the stretches of loch or river fishing they can open to their customers. More and more is this getting to be the case, especially in the Highlands, where boats and fishing rights on lochs are often kept exclusively for the hotel visitors, to the annoyance of those whose purses do not run to hotel charges. However, the angler has still plentiful sport in a land abounding with streams and lochs, and it will be many a year yet before the hotels usurp all fishing privileges, except such as are private. Shooting is more rarely to be had by strangers, and is always an expensive amusement in Scotland. On this head, as for all matters of sport, we may refer our readers to Mr. Watson Lyall's well-known *Sportsman's Guide*.

Railway Communications.—The chief railway systems in Scotland are the rival *Caledonian* and *North British* lines, from the border to Aberdeen, with many branches and allies; the *Highland Railway* continuing them both from Perth to the far North; and the *Great North of Scotland* from Aberdeen towards Inverness.

There are three main routes from London to Scotland.

(1) The *East Coast* route from King's Cross Station, by the *Great Northern*, *North-Eastern*, and *North British* railways, through Newcastle, arriving at *Waverley Station*, Edinburgh.

(2) The *West Coast* route of the *London & North-Western Railway* (Euston Station), continued from Carlisle by the *Caledonian* line, arriving at *Princes Street Station*, Edinburgh, and the *Central Station*, Glasgow.

(3) The *Midland* line (St. Pancras Station), which, at Carlisle, joins the *North British* "Waverley" route to arrive at the *Waverley Station*, and by the *Glasgow & South-Western* reaches *St. Enoch Station*, Glasgow.

The trains by the last-mentioned route are not quite so fast as the others; but, to make up, they are sometimes not so crowded, and this

line on the whole is the most picturesque. The East and West routes rival each other in point of speed, their fastest trains doing the journey in about 8 hours. The fares by all three are the same, tourist return tickets being given at a considerable reduction—£2 : 10s., third class, between Edinburgh and London. All have morning, mid-day, and evening expresses in either direction, the best trains with corridor and dining-cars, both 1st and 3rd class ; and there is sleeping accommodation on the night trains. The L. & N.W.R. alone keeps up the old division into 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class, which will be found on through trains ; else, the so-called second class is almost extinct in Scotland. The trains of this line are the best for reaching Glasgow and some points of Western and Central Scotland. Those passing through Edinburgh for the east coast by the Forth Bridge route can use through tickets and avoid a change of station by arriving on either of the North British lines.

Coaches of various kinds, from the humble mail-cart to the swift motor-bus, complete the railway journey for many out-of-the-way points, or offer alternative routes through fine stretches of scenery. Some of these ply only in the tourist season, and the supply will be multiplied according to the demand. The typical Highland coach is a high-set *char-a-bancs*, with limited room for luggage, and with no protection from the drippings of your neighbour's umbrella. The box-seat here may sometimes prove a fearful joy to fastidious passengers if their driver indulge himself in chewing tobacco. Through tickets are often given for combined railway and coach journeys ; and particulars as to starting, etc., will usually appear in the time-tables of railways in connection.

Steamers.—Different Steamboat lines ply between London and *Leith*, *Granton*, and *Grangemouth* (20 miles up the Forth, with railway connections to Edinburgh and Glasgow). Each company runs a good boat twice or thrice a week, doing the distance, weather permitting, in 30 hours or less. The saloon fares being a few shillings less than the railway 3rd class tickets, this is the cheapest way of travelling, especially if circumstances do not encourage expenditure for food on the voyage. Seasoned passengers, and those of a hopeful or speculative disposition, may contract with the steward for all their meals at a very reasonable rate. There are also London steamers to *Dundee* and *Aberdeen ;* and from Liverpool and other western points to *Glasgow*. From Leith and Aberdeen, as from Liverpool, but chiefly from Glasgow and the ports of the Clyde, steamboats communicate with the Highlands and Islands of the Far North. On several of the famous lochs, and on the inlets of the Clyde, there are local steamboat services, usually in connection with coach and railway rounds.

A SHORT GLOSSARY OF GAELIC WORDS

COMMONLY USED IN NAMES OF PLACES.

Aber, the mouth of a river.
Abh, pronounced *Av*, water.
Achadh (Auch, Ach, Acha), a field.
Allt, a mountain stream.
Airidh (ary); (1) a shieling for cattle, etc; (2) a level green among the hills.
Ard, high.
Baile (bal, bol, bally), a village, or farm-town.
Ban, white.
Bata, a boat.
Beag (beg), small.
Bealach (Balloch, Beal), a mountain pass.
Beinn (Ben), a large mountain.
Bhuidhe, yellow.
Blair (Biar), a large plain.
Bo, or *Ba*, a cow
Breac (brec), speckled.
Buachaille, a herdsman.
Bun (ban), the foot.
Caol, or *Caolas* (kyle, chyllis, chulish), a narrow sound.
Cean (ken, kin), the head.
Clach, a stone; *Clachan* (plural), a hamlet.
Coile, a wood.
Cuil (coil), a neuk.
Cruach (Cruch, Cruchan), a stack or high hill.
Dearg (derg), red.
Drochaid (drochet), a bridge.
Druim, the shoulder or ridge.
Dubh (du), black.
Dun, a castle.
Eilean, an island.
Fada (fad), long.
Fiadh, a deer.
Fion (finn, fin), fair, whitish.
Froach, heather.
Garbh (garve, gar, gir), rough, rugged, great.
Gillean (gillen); (1) young lads; (2) servants.
Glaic (1) a hollow; (2) a small valley. Applied generally to the hollows among the hills.
Glass, gray.
Gobhain (gowan), a smith.
Gorm, blue.
Guibhas (guise), a fir-wood; *Guibhasach*, a fir-forest.
Inbhir (Inner, Inver), the mouth of a river.
N.B. Inver is the prevailing term on the west, Aber on the east coast of Scotland.
Innis, or *Aisi* } (Inch), a level field beside a river.
Kin (caen, ken), the head.
Kioch, a pap.
Lag, a hollow.
Laogh (lui), a calf.
Larig, a mountain road.
Liath, hoary.
Mam, a large round hill.
Monadh (Monagh), a heathy height.
Mor, great.
Roinn (Rhin, Rhinns); (1) a point; (2) a headland.
Sgorr, or *Sguir* } a mountain with a rocky jutting top.
Spideal (spittal), an hospital, or place of entertainment.
Sruth (stru, struan), a stream; the generic name for all *running* water.
Stob, a pointed rock.
Tarbeart (Tarbet, Tarbert, Tarbat), an isthmus.
Tom (1) a bush; (2) a small wooded hill.
Uaine, green.
Uisge (Esk), water; the generic name for water under *any* form.

THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES

THE capital of Scotland being visited by almost all tourists who cross the border, the first section of our Guide should deal with the three railways that lead to it. As to a choice between those three, we may say that if the Midland line is a little slower than its rivals, its *Waverley Route* passes through a more interesting part of Scotland, and gives opportunity to stop at points of the highest interest. As we are not writing for travellers on business, to this line let us give precedence.

THE WAVERLEY ROUTE

The Midland Railway (**St. Pancras Station**) takes us to *Carlisle*, beyond which the journey is continued on the North British line. From *Longtown Station* a short branch goes off for **Gretna Green,** at one time visited by so many English travellers who went no farther into Scotland.

We observe that a Transatlantic novelist makes a runaway marriage take place there at the present day; and indeed English writers are hardly better informed as to the summary proceedings of the Scottish marriage law. The gist of it is the chivalrous provision that any ceremony by which a man takes a woman for his wife shall count as proof, whereas the English law favours the masculine deceiver. In the old days, Gretna Green being the first Scottish village reached on the high road, a blacksmith here was in the way of acting as witness to hasty vows, often perhaps repented of at leisure. But for long the benefits of this law have been confined to residents in the country.

At *Riddings Junction* another branch turns off to **Langholm** (Hotels: *Buck, Eskdale Temperance*), a good station for anglers, which offers fine coach excursions through a country of moors and streams well known of old to plunderers from either kingdom. The main line skirts the border for miles, by the course of the Liddel, a tributary of the Esk, this name of many rivers being a Celtic word for water, found also in *Usk*,

Exe, and in *whisky*, which is a contraction of the Gaelic *uisge-bheatha* or *usquebaugh*, "eau de vie." Entering Scotland, the railway traverses Liddesdale, then at Riccarton joining a line from Newcastle, crosses into the valley of the Teviot, a tributary of the Tweed, where in an hour or so from Carlisle express trains stop at the first Scottish town of any note.

Hawick (Hotels: *Tower*, *Crown*) stands at the junction of the Teviot and Slitrig rivers, overlooked by the bold height of its *Mote Hill*. The population of about 17,000 are chiefly engaged in the manufacture of the Tweed cloth that makes the chief industry of the neighbourhood, as to which a story goes that the first consignment to London was invoiced as *twill*, but this being misread *tweed*, the latter name came to be adopted by a happy accident. Prosaic prosperity has not banished here all traces of the past. The chief hotel preserves the title and part of the structure of a tower belonging to the Douglas family, whose name was once the bogey of nurses across the border. To the south-west is *Branksome Tower*, the principal scene of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The ruin of *Hermitage Castle* is below the hills on the south, one of which, the *Wisp* (1950 feet), makes a favourite trip, with *Mosspaul Inn* at its foot, a noted halting-place on the Carlisle road. To the east are *Minto House*, its park open on week-days, and *Denholm*, where John Leyden was born in a cottage now used as a public library.

Down *Teviotdale*, to the east, reached by a roundabout railway route through *St. Boswells*, lies **Jedburgh** (*Spread Eagle*), the county town of Roxburghshire, well known in ancient border annals, when "Jeddart Justice" became a grim jest for the summary procedure of hanging first and trying afterwards. *Jedworth*, as its old name was, ascribes its foundation to a bishop of Lindisfarne, A.D. 845, and it long ranked as the chief town of the Middle Marches. Houses are pointed out as having been occupied by Queen Mary and Prince Charles Edward. The site of the Castle, once a royal residence, was given up to the jail. Sir David Brewster was born here, as also Mrs. Somerville, the scientific writer, whose father, also known as an author, was minister of Jedburgh. There are several fine seats in the neighbourhood, such as *Fernichirst Castle*, an old fortress of the Kerrs; and from the top of the hill called the *Dunion* (over 1000 feet) a fine view may be had upon the valley of the Jed and a great part of Teviotdale.

The pride of Jedburgh, as of neighbouring towns, is its *Abbey*, allowed to fall into ruin as was the fate of so many other ecclesiastical buildings in Scotland, especially near the troubled border.

Jedburgh Abbey, founded and endowed by David I. in 1118 for Augustine friars from Beauvais, near Paris, occupies an elevated

position in the town, on the bank of the river, where it was battered by the artillery of the Earl of Surrey, who besieged Jedburgh in the reign of Henry VIII. The Abbey and lands are now possessed by the Marquis of Lothian, to whom we are indebted for the preservation and restoration of these interesting ecclesiastical remains.

In an architectural point of view Jedburgh Abbey (like the neighbouring Abbey of Kelso) is interesting for the mixed character of its arches and a beautifully interlaced arcade. The principal entrance is by the fine Norman west door. The sides of the gable are protected by two Norman buttresses, and the summit is pierced by a St. Catherine's window, in the Flamboyant style. The whole nave displays an array of graceful pillars and arches. The basement story consists of clustered pillars with deeply-moulded pointed arches; the triforium of a subdivided arcade, the including arches being semicircular, while the dividing ones are pointed; and the clerestory of a detached arcade of thirty-six pointed arches, the wall behind every alternate two being pierced for windows. The new cloister doorway in the south aisle wall is a facsimile of one in the late Norman style which had become very much decayed. The north transept, the only one remaining still entire, was used as the parish church in the 19th century. The cloister doorway mentioned above and other recent alterations were carried out by Dr. R. R. Anderson, architect, Edinburgh. The lower part of the choir is also Norman, but the eastern extremity or chancel is entirely destroyed. The small chapel adjoining the Norman door, on the south side, was formerly the parish school, where Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," received part of his education. The Edgerston monument is a beautiful work of its kind, executed in the later Gothic style. The tower commands a fine view of the valley of the Jed and of the Cheviot Hills, which divide Scotland from England.

Kelso (Hotels: *Cross Keys*, *Queen's Head*) is a little farther along the same line, connecting the Waverley Route with the East Coast Route at Berwick, from which, at *Roxburgh Junction*, a short branch turns off to Jedburgh. Kelso is pleasantly situated at the confluence of the Teviot and the Tweed, the latter here broadened to a noble expanse, and rich in salmon pools. There are fine views of the river from Kelso Bridge and from a turn of the road near the station, about a quarter of a mile on the south side of the town. The *Museum* and *Library*, on the Terrace (open free Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 12 to 3), may be seen. But here also, the *Abbey* is the lion of the place.

Kelso Abbey was begun by David I. in 1128, and so far completed as to receive the tomb of his son, Earl Henry of Northumberland, in 1152. In architecture it is partly Norman and partly Early Pointed. The form is that of a Greek cross, with the peculiar feature of having its head at the western extremity. A massive square tower rises over the axis, resting on four lofty centred arches, supported by tall piers of clustered columns. The entrance to the north transept is much admired. The abbey was reduced to its present ruinous state by the English, under the Earl of Hertford, in 1545, and the only parts remaining are the walls of the transepts, the centre tower and

west end, and a small part of the choir. The lands and possessions of Kelso Abbey now belong to the Duke of Roxburghe.

Floors Castle, the seat of this nobleman, one of the finest baronial edifices in Scotland, stands on the north bank of the Tweed, a mile westwards. The Park is extensive and finely wooded. At a spot still pointed out, James II. was killed by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh A.D. 1460. (Admission to the grounds and gardens on Wednesdays, by application at the office of the National Bank of Scotland.) The ruins of *Roxburgh Castle*, an early bulwark of the border, are situated on the south side of the Tweed, on a neck of land between the Tweed and the Teviot.

St. Boswells, where the Kelso branch turns off the main line, is the station for *Dryburgh Abbey*, standing more than a mile off on the other side of the Tweed, crossed here by a chain bridge, nearly 5 miles below Melrose. This venerable ruin is often visited as the burial-place of him who has made all the district classic ground.[1] (Admission 1s. ; Saturday 6d. ; at the principal gate. Open till 11 P.M. on moonlight nights).

Dryburgh Abbey was founded about the year 1150, during the reign of David I., by Hugh de Moreville, Lord of Lauderdale, Constable of Scotland. The site is supposed originally to have been a place of Druidical worship. The architecture is of various periods, displaying both the Norman and Early English arch. The principal remains of the church are—the western gable of the Nave, the Chapter-house, and St. Moden's Chapel, the ends of the Transept, and part of the Choir and Monastery. Visitors enter at the north end and come at once into the Choir, not far from Scott's tomb. A double circle on the floor of the Chapter-house marks the burial-place of the founder. The Catherine circular window, 12 feet in diameter, and much overgrown with ivy, is a beautiful feature in this part of the ruins. Under the high altar James Stuart (of the Darnley family), the last abbot, is buried.

St. Mary's Aisle, at once the most beautiful and interesting part of the ruin, contains the burial-place of Sir Walter Scott, who was interred here, 26th September 1832, in the tomb of his maternal ancestors, the Haliburtons of Newmains, at one time proprietors of the abbey. On either side are the tombs of his wife and eldest son. Mr. Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law, was also buried here in 1854. The same aisle is the place of sepulture of the Erskines of Shieldfield and the Haigs of Bemerside. In St. Moden's Chapel lie several members of the Buchan family, ancestors of the present proprietor, who bears the old name of Erskine.

Near the abbey is his mansion-house of *Dryburgh*, surrounded by stately trees. In a house within the grounds once resided Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine, two eminent Scottish divines. On a rocky

[1] See *The Scott Country*, by W. S. Crockett (A. & C. Black).

eminence overlooking the river stands a rude colossal statue of the patriot Wallace.

Melrose (Hotels: *George*, *Abbey*, *King's Arms*—*Hydropathic Establishment*, about a mile from the Station—*Station Inn* (German spoken), *Waverley Temperance*, etc.) is the next station beyond St. Boswells, and that at which passengers most often break their journey on the Waverley line.

This quiet and openly built town of over 2000 inhabitants stands near the banks of the Tweed, surrounded by hills and pretty pastoral scenery, a situation that does not allow airiness to be reckoned among its merits; but it is one of the few places in Scotland claiming some reputation as a comparatively mild winter resort. The red stone of which many houses here, like the Abbey, are built, gives an unusually warm look to Melrose and its dependencies *Dingleton*, *Darnick*, *Gattonside*, and *Newstead*. The nucleus of the scattered town, with the chief hotels, will be found just below the railway station, where, on turning into the market-place, with its old *Cross*, an opening at the farther corner gives us at once a glimpse of Melrose's chief lion, the ruins of the Abbey, unfortunately on this side too much shut in by other buildings, some of which, in the careless old times, were allowed to steal fragments of their neighbour's magnificence. This is more or less the original of Scott's Monastery of *Kennaquhair* ("Know-not-where"), a pleasantry of nomenclature repeated in Carlyle's *Weissnichtwo*. The custodian's house is at the back of the Abbey Hotel, where, any day except Sunday, the key may be had for 6d.; the economical visitor might survey the exterior gratis by walking round the churchyard enclosure. As we know on the poet's authority, though he confessed not to be speaking from experience, the proper time to see Melrose aright is by moonlight (when it is open till 11 P.M.); but at all times it makes an impressive spectacle, as the best Scottish example of ecclesiastical architecture in its golden age.

Melrose Abbey is entered by a wooden gate, where probably stood the chief or western portal. This admits us to the Nave with its two aisles, the latter divided into small chapels, lighted by richly-traceried windows. Externally these windows are supported by buttresses, ornamented with niches, pinnacles, and numerous figures, including the Virgin and Child, and Saint Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland.

The *Transept* is a beautiful portion of the building, having on the right a richly ornamented doorway, and above it the very perfect south window, a work in the best style of florid tracery. Within the south transept access is given to the triforium galleries and belfry by a small door, over which may be seen a shield with compasses and fleur-de-lis, indicating the profession and nation of John Morow, the master-mason of the Abbey. Within the small aisle opposite are the tombs of Michael Scott the wizard, and Sir Ralph Eure or Ivers, the latter killed at the battle of Ancrum Moor in 1545.

The *Choir*, in the form of a Greek cross, is surmounted by the original fretted stone roof, covered with tracery. On the site of the high altar a small stone indicates the spot where the heart of King Robert the Bruce is interred, while on either side are the tombs of Alexander II. and James, second Earl of Douglas, the hero of Otterburn. Of the three windows by which it is lighted, the finest is the eastern, 57 feet high by 28 wide, with its four dividing mullions, interlaced by delicate tracery. The finest arches are situated at the north-east end of the church, the piers being composed of clustered shafts with beautifully sculptured capitals.

By a Norman doorway in the north transept we are admitted to the *Sacristy*, where repose the remains of Queen Johanna, wife of Alexander II. and sister of Henry III. of England. From this we pass into the *Cloisters* by a door at the north-east end of the nave, the same through which the monk in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" led William of Deloraine to the grave of Michael Scott. The outer side of this doorway is ornamented with an architrave of flowers and leaves so delicately chiselled that a straw can penetrate the interstices. Along the two remaining sides of the quadrangular cloister there are still some of the canopied sedilia, surmounted by a diaper frieze. In the north transept there is a small-sized circular window, representing a crown of thorns; and in the remaining beautiful fragment of the *North Aisle* may be seen a monumental stone in memory of the Kers (now Pringles) of Yair.

The Abbey is surrounded by an old churchyard, "where lie both great and small." On the south side of the nave Sir David Brewster is buried; and at the east end is the tomb erected by Sir W. Scott to his faithful servant Tom Purdie.

A fine view of the Tweed may be obtained from the Weir Hill, at the back of the parish church. A little below this the river is crossed by a chain bridge for foot-passengers, which conducts to the village of *Gattonside*. There are pleasant footways down the river, and on the right bank upwards to the stone bridge near which, on the other side, up the course of the Allan Water, runs the *Fairy Dean*, understood to be the scene of the "White Lady of Avenel's" appearances.

The **Eildon Hills** (the *Tremontium* of the Romans, so called from their three summits) rise with an easy ascent immediately to the south of Melrose. The highest is 1385 feet above the level of the sea. They may be reached by the Dingleton

road, which goes up near the railway station. This hill-road crosses Bowden Moor to *Bowden* village and church, where the Dukes of Roxburghe have their family burial-place.

Many points of the Scott country may be visited from Melrose, whose hotels and service of trains make it a good centre. In summer, a brake awaits the forenoon trains arriving about the same time from north and south, to carry tourists the round by both Dryburgh and Abbotsford, which lie in different directions.

Abbotsford[1] is about 3 miles up the river on the right side. The high road leads past the Hydropathic. Where it is joined by the riverside footpath above the Stone Bridge, a guide-post shows us the Selkirk road to the left, which soon opens up views of the Gala Water valley and the chimneys of Galashiels on the opposite side of the Tweed. A by-road running off almost at once to the right would pleasantly add a little to our walk, following the bend of the river more closely. There is a shorter footway from *Darnick*, the village beside the Hydropathic.

A board at the corner of the grounds informs strangers how to proceed in visiting a mansion which, it is declared by a later Sir Walter, the novelist of our own generation, "would make an oyster enthusiastic." Admission from 10 to 5 P.M. in the summer months, a charge of 1s. being made. Visitors are conducted through the *Study*, the *Library*, the *Drawing-room*, the *Armoury*, and the *Hall*, ornamented with portraits, relics, heraldic blazons, the various feudal "properties" that were the Delilah of this great writer. The pictures are chiefly in the dining-room, which is not shown. The old door of the Edinburgh Tolbooth has been built in at the west end of the house.

The best view of Abbotsford is from the other bank. What strikes one is that Scott's imagination somewhat glorified this riverside, and that he might have chosen a finer site for his "lordly tower," now overlooked by several snug villas sentinelling the chimneys of Galashiels that bristle in the valley opposite. The place was his own creation, and almost all the trees were planted by himself.

Galashiels (Hotels: *Douglas*, *Commercial*, etc.) is situated on the banks of the Gala, a river celebrated by Burns, about 1 mile above its junction with the Tweed, and 4 from Melrose. It is

[1] *Abbotsford: the Personal Relics and Antiquarian Treasures of Sir Walter Scott*, described by the Hon. M. M. Maxwell Scott. (A. and C. Black.)

now one of the most thriving seats of the Scottish woollen manufacture. The heights above are traversed by the remains of an ancient rampart, supposed to be the *Catrail*, the old British barrier. Besides Abbotsford, there are several places of interest in the neighbourhood—*Ashiestiel*, an earlier home of Sir W. Scott, and, farther up the Vale of Tweed, *Elibank Tower*, scene of the tradition of "muckle-mou'd Meg." The stranger who chose to stop here might make two pleasant divagations from the main route.

Selkirk (*County Hotel*), reached by branch line, is about 5 miles to the south of Galashiels, a little below the junction of the Ettrick and Yarrow. It contains several large woollen mills; but was renowned rather for shoemaking in former days, when the "Sutors of Selkirk" distinguished themselves at Flodden. There is a daily coach to *St. Mary's Loch* in connection with those from Moffat, which meet at *Tibbie Shiels's Inn*. Beyond this, on the north bank of the Yarrow, is the farm of *Foulshiels*, where Mungo Park, the African traveller, was born (1771). Looking across to the other side of the river—

> We pass where Newark's stately tower
> Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower.

The battle of *Philiphaugh*, between Leslie and Montrose, was fought on the plain on the northern side of the Yarrow, 13th September 1645.

Those who pursue the coach road up Yarrow to **St. Mary's Loch** pass the village of *Yarrowford*, *Hangingshaw Castle*, *Deuchar Tower*, the village of *Yarrow*, and *Mount-benger*, for some years the residence of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. Near this is the *Gordon Arms Inn*. About a mile to the south of the inn is the homestead of *Altrive Lake* (now called Eldin Hope), where the Ettrick Shepherd resided till his death (1835). (Distance from Selkirk 12 miles.) The whole district is wild, mountainous, and pastoral, and to be commended to the angler and the pedestrian.

Up the **Vale of Tweed** goes another line, by which the leisurely traveller might find a roundabout way to Edinburgh. The first town of note is **Innerleithen** (*Traquair Arms*), now a place of mills, which prides itself on having been the original of "St. Ronan's Well." The sulphurous water is still dispensed at the spa on the hillside. About a mile off is *Traquair House* (seat of the extinct Traquair family), said to be the oldest inhabited house in Scotland, which, with its steep turreted roof and the bears at its gateway, may well have sat to Scott for Tullyveolan.

Peebles (Hotels: *Tontine*, *Commercial*, *Hydropathic*,* etc.) comes higher up the Tweed, near its junction with the Manor, both streams well known to anglers. The "Hotel-Hydro." combines the comfort of a first-class hotel, with a system of baths that might make Germany envious. It stands not far from the town, and is yearly patronised by an increasing number of those in search of pleasure as well as health.

Peebles at an early period became an occasional residence of the kings of Scotland, and is the scene of the poem *Peblis to the Play*, attributed to James I. The principal building is the *Chambers Institute*, in the High Street, containing 17,000 volumes, also a museum and a reading-room well supplied with periodicals.

In the neighbourhood of Peebles there are a number of fine seats, old and new. The Vale of the Tweed, both above and below, contained a chain of strong castles to serve as defence against the incursions of English marauders. *Neidpath Castle*, one of the most entire of these, is situated about a mile west from Peebles, on a rock projecting over the north bank of the Tweed. Four miles distant, at *Lyne*, are the remains of a Roman camp. In the vale of *Manor* may still be seen the cottage and grave of David Ritchie, the original of Scott's "Black Dwarf."

From Peebles it is about an hour by rail to Edinburgh, a branch turning off at *Leadburn* for *Dolphinton*, on which *Broomlee* is the station for **West Linton**, a village whose lofty situation has lately brought it much into favour with Edinburgh people as a health resort.

From Galashiels, by the main line, express trains run on to Edinburgh in less than an hour. The railway passes up the course of the Gala, where *Stow* is the station (*coach*) for **Lauder** and its *dale*, 6 miles right. Between the stations of *Tynehead* and *Fushiebridge* will be seen, on the right, **Crichton Castle**, and on the left **Borthwick Castle**, the latter restored, and each to be visited from either station in about an hour's walk. Farther back, on the right and left, rise the *Lammermoor* and the *Pentland* Hills; then the mass of *Arthur's Seat* announces our approach to the capital. At the suburb of *Portobello* the Waverley Route joins the other North British line by which we might have come from Newcastle.

THE EAST COAST ROUTE

From **King's Cross** terminus we travel by the *Great Northern* and *North-Eastern Railways*, through York and Newcastle, for the first part of the way following the old Great North coach road. A long viaduct carries us over the mouth of the Tweed, where the ancient town of *Berwick* holds a sort of neutral position between England and Scotland.

Berwick-on-Tweed (Hotels: *King's Arms*, *Red Lion*), after long maintaining an independent rank, was finally ceded to the English in 1482. Since then it has remained subject to the laws of England, and, though forming nominally a distinct territory, for parliamentary and county representation it goes

with Northumberland. The castle, celebrated in early history, is now a shapeless ruin. The streets are spacious and well built, and the town is surrounded by walls, from the bastions of which are good views. The town is entered by five gates, called respectively the English, Scotch, Cow-port, etc. From the station, the chief line of street leads towards the sea by the *Institute* (with reading-room, museum, etc.), the *Town Hall*, and other public buildings. One side faces the river, the other looks out to the sea, where, to the north of the long pier, sandy links supply a good playground, and bathing may be had. To the south, across the mouth of the Tweed, is the bathing beach of *Spittal*. Berwick makes good headquarters from which to visit the *Holy Island* and the ruins of *Lindisfarne Abbey*, one of the earliest seats of Christianity in Britain ; *Bamborough Castle; St. Abb's Head; Norham Castle;* the fields of *Flodden* and *Halidon Hill.*

From Berwick, a line strikes up the Tweed by *Coldstream* and *Kelso* (p. 3) to join the Waverley Route at St. Boswells. A few miles up the main line, at *Reston*, goes off another cross line to St. Boswells, passing about midway the quiet town of Duns, supposed by some to have been the birthplace, in 1274, of the celebrated scholar Duns Scotus, whose *Quartum Librum Sententiarum* is one of the earliest specimens of black-letter typography (1474). In the neighbourhood may be seen a remarkably fine specimen of an ancient British stronghold, called *Edin's Hall*, a supposed corruption of Odin's Hauld.

Three miles to the north of Reston are the ruins of *Coldingham Abbey*, a remnant of early semi-Norman architecture, incorporated with the Parish Church. Near this, on the coast, is **St. Abb's Head**, a rugged promontory, with a lighthouse. The whole of this bold shore, well seen from the steamers to Leith, is famous in the annals of geology. Farther north comes the promontory of **Fast Castle**, the "Wolf's Crag" of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, an ancient baronial fortress built upon the very point of the headland. The rocks here are the resort of numberless sea-fowl, and the dizzy heights are occasionally scaled in order to secure their eggs. Over the remarkable ravine called the *Pease*, a few miles westwards, a celebrated bridge was thrown in 1786.

After Berwick, the other important station on the main line is **Dunbar** (Hotels: *Belle Vue, Marine, Royal, St. George*, etc.). This, with the remains of its castle, is a favourite sea-bathing and golfing resort, and would make a good centre for visiting the scenes above mentioned, not to speak of its own historical associations. There is a considerable harbour, where the

entrance of fishing-boats in rough weather forms quite an exciting spectacle.

Dunbar is a very ancient place, having, as early as 1070, been given by Malcolm Canmore to Patrick, Earl of Northumberland, who fled from England at the Conquest, and became the progenitor of the Cospatricks, Earls of Dunbar and March. It withstood a memorable siege of six weeks in 1335, on which occasion it was gallantly defended by "Black Agnes," Countess of March, against the English army under the Earl of Salisbury. In the year 1567 Queen Mary appointed Bothwell governor of the stronghold; and here she twice found shelter—once after the murder of Rizzio, and a second time when she made her escape from Borthwick Castle in the disguise of a page. After her surrender at Carberry Hill, Dunbar Castle was taken and dismantled by the Regent Murray.

Near the town two battles were fought, in both of which the Scots were defeated—one in 1296, when Baliol engaged the forces of Edward I.; the other in 1650, when the Scottish army, under General Leslie, was routed by Oliver Cromwell. The latter is still remembered by the people of Scotland under the opprobrious epithet of the "race of Dunbar," or "Tuesday's chase"—the engagement having taken place on a Tuesday.

Beyond Dunbar, the railway strikes inland through the promontory of *Haddingtonshire*, whose county town lies on a branch to the left from *Longniddry;* and on the other side the main line has branches to the favourite coast resorts *North Berwick* and *Gullane* (p. 43). Passing near the battlefields of *Prestonpans* and *Pinkie*, and crossing the valley of the Esk, it joins the Waverley Route at Portobello; then by the side of Arthur's Seat the North British Railway enters its **Waverley Station**.

THE WEST COAST ROUTE

This line from **Euston Square** traverses the Midlands, Lancashire, and the Lake District by the London and North-Western Railway to Carlisle, then is continued into Scotland by the Caledonian Railway, the great rival of the North British. For Glasgow and some parts of central Scotland this is the best route; and competition supplies a good service of through trains to Edinburgh, where they arrive at the *Princes Street Station*, more convenient for the west end of the city, as is the *Waverley Station* for the east end of Princes Street.

Crossing into Scotland near *Gretna* (p. 1), through wild green slopes, the railway reaches Kirtlebridge, the junction for **Annan** on the Glasgow and South-Western Company's line. Not many

miles from Kirtlebridge on the Kirtle Water, took place the tragic story connected with "fair Kirkconnel lea." At **Ecclefechan** pilgrims can descend to visit the humble birth and burial place of Thomas Carlyle. At **Lockerbie** goes off a line for *Dumfries*, to which we shall return later. At *Beattock* most trains stop for *Moffat*, which lies on a short branch 2 miles off to the right.

Moffat (Hotels: *Annandale Arms*, *Buccleuch Arms*, *Hydropathic*, etc.) stands (400 ft.) in the Vale of Annan, sheltered to the north, east, and west by heights, among which are the *Hartfell* group, the highest mountains in the south of Scotland. This is a spa of old repute, which in last century seems to have been the Scottish Tunbridge Wells, numbering at different times among its visitors such names as James Macpherson, editor or author of *Ossian*, John Home, David Hume, Hugh Blair the divine, James Boswell, and Robert Burns. It is still largely frequented, not only for the sake of the waters, but of the salubrious air and pleasant surroundings. A large Hydropathic Establishment brings many guests from across the border. The mild saline-sulphureous spa is a long mile out, in a picturesque linn, to which omnibuses run from the hotels in the morning; the water is also laid on to the Assembly Rooms and the Hydropathic, where baths of it can be had.

The scenery around Moffat is pretty, and sometimes grand, though it wants the richness of the Highlands. The *Gallows Hill*, above the Well, offers wooded walks and views. *Bell Craig Glen* and *Garpol Glen* are favourite points. The remains of the British Fort on the top of *Beattock Hill* may be visited, also the ruins of *Blacklaw Tower*, of *Auchencastle*, and those on *Chapel Hill*, all of which will at least be an excuse for pleasant walks. A few miles away is that deep hollow known as the "**Devil's Beef Tub**," not unlike the "Punch Bowl" on Hindhead, named after the same shadowy personage of legends, upon whom such freaks of nature are so often fathered. Sir Walter Scott calls it the "Marquis's Beef Stand," and gives the prosaic explanation that Annandale moss-troopers used to keep their stolen cattle here. The sources of the Clyde and of the Tweed are not far off. The ascent of **Hartfell** (2650 ft.) or of its neighbour, *Saddleyoke*, not quite so high, but commanding more striking views, is worth the trouble. Few will not wish to extend their peregrinations to the waterfall of the **Grey Mare's Tail**, formed by a stream that issues from "dark Lochskene"; then to **St. Mary's Loch** and the "Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," all lying within a long day's walk for sound limbs. By these famous scenes a coach runs from Moffat, connecting with that from *Selkirk* (p. 8). The whole of this country abounds in grim

tales of the Covenanters and the old Border Wars; and many spots in it have been celebrated by the ballad minstrels, as by modern poets, Burns, Wordsworth, and Hogg, not to speak of Christopher North.

At *Symington* (where to the west a conspicuous feature is *Tinto Hill*, as modestly calls itself this isolated mountain, 2335 ft.) branches the line to Peebles (p. 8), by **Biggar** (Hotels: *Elphinstone*, *Clydesdale*), which stands high, with free fishing in the Clyde and Tweed. At *Carstairs Junction*, while the chief part of the train goes on to Glasgow and the North by *Motherwell*, the Edinburgh contingent turns off to the right, and a spin of three-quarters of an hour takes it along the side of the Pentland Hills, opposite which rises the wooded ridge of Corstorphine, backing the western suburbs of "Auld Reekie."

GALLOWAY

This is not a way to Edinburgh, but rather the way to and from Belfast, by which the L. & N.W. Railway and the Glasgow and South-Western Railway have a service of express trains from London in connection with the Larne and Stranraer steamers, the shortest crossing to Ireland. This line passes through a district too much unknown even to Scotsmen, yet abounding in interest for tourists, and of late renowned by the writings of Mr. Crockett. Before proceeding to its capital, let us have done with the south of Scotland by turning westward into **Galloway**, once the home of a specially wild breed of Scots, which originally included parts of Ayr and Dumfries, but is now identified with the county of Wigtown and the "stewartry" of Kirkcudbright. This we approach by a place best known in connection with the last years of the poet Burns.

Dumfries (Hotels: *Station* (*G.S.W.*, *facile princeps*), others in town, *Woodbank Mansion* private, *Nithsdale* temperance, etc.) is an ancient town on the river Nith, one now of 14,444 inhabitants. Its creditable public buildings and central column to the memory of a Duke of Queensberry will not attract strangers so much as the humble home in which Robert Burns died, and was buried in the churchyard of *St. Michael's*, where a monument has been erected, as also his statue in front of *Greyfriars' Church*. Several spots in the neighbourhood are associated with his memory. A pleasant stroll or row can be taken up the Nith; and, near its

west side, to a favourite haunt of the poet, the ruins of *Lincluden Abbey*. Beyond are *Terregles*, with its fine gardens and historic associations, and *Irongray* churchyard, in which Scott placed a monument over the original of "Jeanie Deans."

Dumfries is a knot of railways, the newest being the short Cairn Valley line. On a line connecting with the Caledonian to the east is **Lochmaben** (*King's Arms*), with a ruined castle which was perhaps the birthplace of Robert Bruce. On the line northwards to Glasgow are passed *Dalswinton*, where the little lake claims to be the birthplace of steam navigation; *Closeburn*, an ancient seat of the Kirkpatricks (ancestors in the maternal line of the ex-Empress Eugénie), with the romantic dell of *Criechope Linn* near it; then, beyond *Thornhill Station*, **Drumlanrig Castle** (Duke of Buccleuch), its fine grounds watered by the Nith. (This route continued p. 16.)

Sweetheart Abbey, a beautiful remnant of Gothic architecture, lies 8 miles to the south of Dumfries, on the right bank of the Nith estuary. It was erected in 1275 by Devorgilla, widow of John Baliol. Immediately to the south the conical-peaked **Criffel** rises to the height of 1867 feet, and commands one of the most extensive views in the south of Scotland.

On the opposite side of the estuary stands another fine ruin, **Caerlaverock Castle**, once the seat of the Maxwells, Earls of Nithsdale. In the churchyard (1 m.) is buried Robert Paterson, "Old Mortality." The little village of *Glencaple*, on the way, is a pleasant bathing-place, where the "bore" of the Solway may be seen running up the Nith.

From Dumfries the Stranraer line keeps near the deep inlets of the Solway coast, passing *Dalbeattie*, a place of granite quarries, then **Castle Douglas** (*Douglas Arms*), near which are *Carlingford Loch*, studded with picturesque islets, and *Threave Castle*, an old island stronghold of the Douglases.

West, 10 miles, is the chalybeate **Lochenbreck Spa** (Hotel).

To the north, 14 miles, lies **New Galloway** (*Kenmure Arms*) on *Loch Ken*, by which we might penetrate the Galloway Highlands (p. 16: coach to *Dalmellington* from *New Galloway Station* a good way south of the town), and ascend the flat-topped mass of **Cairnsmore** from *Carsphairn*.

To the south, 10 miles, a branch line goes for **Kirkcudbright** (*Royal Hotel*), on the bay of the same name (pronounced *Kircoobry*), at the mouth of the Dee. It is surrounded with terraced woods and romantic walks, and connected with the Borgue side of the Dee by a handsome metal bridge. The modern parish church is a conspicuous object, contrasting with the ivy-covered ruins of the old castle of the Maclellans. *St. Mary's Isle* is a seat on a beautifully-wooded peninsula near the town. Six miles south-east are the restored remains of *Dundrennan Abbey*, to which Queen Mary fled after her final defeat. The coast to the west of *Fleet Bay*, the next inlet, is the scene of part of *Guy Mannering*. Dirk Hatteraick's cave may be seen here; and

Barholm and *Carsluith* Castles are variously identified with "Ellangowan." From *Dromore* station a coach plies to **Gatehouse of Fleet** (*Murray Arms*) for this part of the coast.

The railway runs on inland over wild moors, almost touching the sea at *Creetown* (Scott's "Portanferry"), near the head of Wigtown Bay (*Ellangowan Hotel*). It then holds up the Cree to **Newton-Stewart** (Hotel (C.), small); golf course; a place at which tourists might well stop for excursions into the neglected scenery of the Galloway Highlands. The town does not seem to have fully awoke to its capabilities as a tourist centre; but of late years brake excursions have been running three times a week to the best points of the district.

One of the favourite points is **Loch Trool**, about 14 miles, a beautiful little lake, fringed with wood, and surrounded by mountains, one of which, **Merrick**, 2764 ft. high, is the highest point in the Lowlands of Scotland. The way is up the Cree, by the ruins of *Castle Stewart* and the lochs formed by the river, from which one turns off north-eastward to *Glen Trool*, where Bruce crushed an English force by hurling rocks upon them from above, as the Tyrolese mountaineers defended their passes against the French. There are some fine falls near the loch. Another long trip is to the **Minnigaff** hills, up the beautiful valley of *Cumloden*, to *Loch Dee*, the falls of *Talnotrie*, and the height crowned by *Murray's Monument*, recording one of those self-educated worthies of whom Scotland may well be proud. To the south may be visited the coast and the Guy Mannering country, by the brakes running to *Gatehouse*.

Six miles to the south of Newton-Stewart, on a slight eminence, is **Wigtown** (*Galloway Arms*), which, small as it is, has some air of a county town. In the old churchyard there is an interesting memorial of the two female martyrs who were drowned in the Bladenoch in the year 1685; and on the height above a monument has been erected to their memory. To the south is *Galloway House*, the seat of the Earl of Galloway, situated at the seaport of *Garlieston*. Of the cathedral church of Galloway, built about the end of the 12th century, there only remains the ruined chancel, a well-proportioned and beautiful specimen of the Early English style, once used as the parish church. The western doorway is in fine preservation, and worthy of a careful examination. Beyond Wigtown come the fine cliffs of the *Isle of Whithorn*, the point of the promontory formed by Wigtownshire, over which the Wigtown branch continues as far as **Whithorn** (*Grapes* Hotel).

Across the neck of this promontory the railway runs on inland to **Glenluce**, near which are the ruins of *Glenluce Abbey*. *Luce Bay* here forms the long narrow point called **Mull of Galloway**, above which the line cuts across to the head of *Loch*

Ryan, where its terminus is the starting-point of the steamers to *Larne* for Belfast.

Stranraer (Hotels: *King's Arms*, *Meikle's*, *George*, and others) seems the most flourishing town in Galloway, thanks to its fine harbour. Its lion for tourists is **Castle Kennedy** (Earl of Stair), the ruined seat of the Cassilis family, who were once leaders in this corner of Scotland. The ruins stand between two lochs in a park celebrated for its pinetum and other feats of gardening, made possible by the mild climate of this coast.

Dunskey Castle and Glen belong rather to **Portpatrick** (*Portpatrick Hotel*), reached from Stranraer by a short branch, about 8 miles to the south. This is a bathing-place that failed to become the harbour for Ireland, though actually the nearest point (21½ miles), so that the saint who stood its godfather is said to have stepped across the channel. In our degenerate day, we can best make the same transit either by the Stranraer steamers, or by those between Belfast and Ardrossan (p. 58).

The grand coast-line northwards to *Ayr* (p. 50) by *Ballantrae*, makes a fine drive; and there is talk of a light railway for part of the way. Ayr is at present reached by inland rail *vid* **Girvan** (*King's Arms*, *Queen's*), a seaport and bathing-place opposite Ailsa Craig.

Another connection between the Galloway line and the west coast, is by coach from *New Galloway* Station to **Dalmellington** (Hotels: *Eglinton*, *Black Bull*) on Loch Doon, whence a G. & S.W. branch runs to Ayr.

Dumfries to Glasgow or Ayr.—This G. & S.W. route seems unduly neglected by tourists. It runs up the well-wooded Nith Valley, through a country haunted by memories of the Covenanters, beyond *Thornhill* Station (p. 14) passing *Sanquhar*, with the ruins of its castle; *Kirkconnel* ("fair Kirkconnel lea"); *New* and *Old Cumnock*, finely situated; *Auchinleck* (the home of Boswell); and **Mauchline** (*Loudon Arms*), where a "National Burns Memorial" recalls that this was the scene of the "Holy Fair" and other poems written while Burns was tenant of Mossgiel Farm, close to the town. Here a branch goes off to Ayr, the main line holding on to Glasgow (p. 44) by the busy **Kilmarnock** (*George Hotel*), which also has a Burns Memorial in its park.

EDINBURGH AND ITS ENVIRONS

Hotels.—*Princes Street*, *North British*, at Stations; the *Royal* and *Balmoral*, in Princes Street; the *Carlton*, also large, on the other side of the valley.

Other Hotels, where the charges would be more moderate, are the *Cockburn* (C. & Temperance), as well as the *County* (Lothian Road); *Rutland* (Rutland Place); *Roxburghe* (Charlotte Square).

Temperance.—*Cranston's Waverley*, *Regent*, *New Waverley*, *Maitland*, and others.

Commercial.—*George*, *Imperial*, *Milne's*.

These are, of course, only specimens of each class, and there are many others.

The Metropolis of Scotland is situated in the county of Midlothian, about 2 miles from the Firth of Forth. It is built upon several eminences, and, from its resemblance to the ancient capital of Greece, has been styled *The Modern Athens*. The Castle may be likened to the Acropolis, the Calton Hill to the Museum Hill, and, as Dr. Smith remarks in his Classical Dictionary, we have in Arthur's Seat the Hill of St. George, a lofty insulated mountain, with a conical peaked summit, forming the most striking feature in the environs.

The city is divided into two principal parts—Old and New—the former being remarkable for its picturesque irregularity, and the latter for its symmetrical proportions. The New Town was begun last century, and completed in 1815, the first stone, in accordance with James Craig's plan, having been laid in 1767. A fresh extension was made between the years 1801 and 1826. In our generation, what may be called a newer new town has developed to the south of the old part, and to the west of the whole city, whose population is now about 326,000. Besides its natural beauties, many of the localities both within and around are remarkable for their historical associations; while not a few have been invested with rare interest by the writings of Sir Walter Scott and other famous authors.

The principal thoroughfares of Edinburgh are traversed by cable tram-cars. The main line runs straight along Princes Street, passing the two chief stations, *Waverley* at the east, and *Princes Street* at the west end of the thoroughfare. The suburban

districts, including Leith and Portobello, are also included in the system. The *Suburban Railway* and other local lines serve the outskirts.

THE NEW TOWN

Our explorations may start with the **Post Office**, a handsome Italian building at the east of Princes Street, opposite the end of the Waverley Station with its new hotel. (The *Poste Restante* and Strangers' Inquiry Office is to the left on entrance. The Sunday delivery of letters takes place here by personal application, from 8 to 9 A.M.)

The **Register Office**, serving as depository for the public registers and records of Scotland, faces the Post Office across the open space, where Sir John Steell's equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington overlooks a great parting of ways. *North Bridge* goes off to the Old Town, one of those Edinburgh "Bridges" which are properly viaducts spanning depressions of ground. *Leith Street* turns down north-eastward, at the foot of which descent, on the left, is the *Theatre Royal*, beside *St. Mary's R.C. Church*. *Princes Street* runs due west; and in the other direction *Waterloo Place* leads to the Calton Hill, by the *Calton Burying-ground*, containing the plain circular monument to David Hume the historian, and an obelisk erected to the memory of the political martyrs, Muir, Palmer, and others, banished for their revolutionary opinions in 1794.

The Calton Hill, with its monuments, one of the most marked features of Edinburgh, is approached from Waterloo Place by a flight of steps (nearly opposite the Prison), in mounting which we pass on the left the classical monument erected to Dugald Stewart. Close at hand is the *City Observatory*, adjoining a monument to Professor Playfair, the mathematician. (The new Royal Observatory is now upon Blackford Hill, to the south of the city.) Upon the summit stands *Nelson's Monument*, the top of which may be reached by a circular stair (3d.) It is 450 feet above the level of the sea, and commands such a panoramic view as is rarely obtained in a large city. Looking westwards, the eye is carried along the vista of Princes Street to the Corstorphine Hills. To the south are the crowded and dingy buildings of the Old Town, covering the ridge that slopes from the Castle to Holyrood. Over this elevated mass of roofs and chimneys broods a cloud of smoke, from which the city gets its nickname of "Auld Reekie." To the north lie the New Town and the seaports of Leith and Granton. This monument now serves the useful purpose of an electric time signal, a ball falling simultaneously with the firing of a gun from the Castle at one o'clock.

The National Monument, another classical structure on the Calton Hill, was built to commemorate the heroes who fell at Waterloo. The design is a reproduction of the Parthenon, but unfortunately the ambition of the projectors was in advance of their funds, and it remains unfinished.

On the southern slope of the hill is *The High School;* and opposite *Burns's Monument*, which formerly contained some relics of the poet, now removed to the City Chambers Museum.

Princes Street, the lordly thoroughfare where most of the hotels are situated, extends for ¾ mile in a straight line from east to west, like a terrace, built only upon one side, the other bordered by gardens, over which tower the Castle and the tall houses of the Old Town. On the left, entered from the stairs going down into the station, comes the *Waverley Market*, a large sunk space, sometimes used for concerts, meetings, etc. A little farther on, the Gardens begin beyond the *Waverley Bridge*. Here rises the Gothic spire erected as a monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. The young architect, George M. Kemp, died before the work was finished. It was completed in 1844 at a cost of £15,000. In the canopy is placed a marble statue of Scott, by Sir John Steell, and a stair of 287 steps conducts to the summit, 200 feet above the level of the street, giving a fine view over the New Town. (Admission 2d.)

In the same eastern part of the Gardens stand bronze statues of Dr. Livingstone, Adam Black, and Professor Wilson (Christopher North). In the western Gardens there are statues of Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet, and Sir James Simpson. Between these gardens, where the *Mound* mounts towards the Castle, are the classical buildings of **The Royal Institution** and **National Gallery.**

The Royal Institution used to contain a sculpture gallery, which proved some attraction to visitors; it is now, however, used as the School of Art, and is closed to the public. The sculpture has been partially distributed among local schools. The Royal Society is also housed in this building.

The National Gallery of Painting, behind the Royal Institution, is open under certain regulations. This building was founded in 1850 by the late Prince Albert, and finished in 1854. Here is held the spring Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy. It contains a permanent collection of ancient and modern pictures, including some noble specimens of Vandyck, Titian, Tintoretto, Velasquez, Paul Veronese, Guido, Francesco Albano, Spagnoletto, Rembrandt, J. B. Greuze, and others; also fine portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Henry Raeburn, Sir John Watson Gordon, Gainsborough, etc. One of

the rooms is devoted to modern art, including works by Sir Noel Paton, Sir George Harvey, Erskine Nicol, Sir W. F. Douglas, Faed, Herdman, Drummond, John Phillip, Horatio M'Culloch, Lauder, W. B. Johnstone, Dyce, Etty, Roberts, and others. The small but fine collection of water-colours (in the south room) embraces works by "Grecian" Williams, Girten, Cox, Collins, Cattermole, Lewis, Roberts, Nash, Prout, and Cristall. Among the few works of sculpture is Flaxman's beautiful statue of Burns.

At the west end of Princes Street is *St John's Episcopal Church*, a building of the Florid Gothic order. On the open space at the end of the chancel a monumental cross has been erected to the memory of the late Dean Ramsay, who was for many years incumbent of the church, and well known as the author of *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*. In one of the vaults of the church Sir William Hamilton is interred. The neighbouring Parish Church of *St. Cuthbert's* is surrounded by a burying-ground, in which lies Thomas de Quincey. Nearly opposite St. John's Church is *Princes Street Station*, the Caledonian terminus.

Here opens another great parting of ways. To the north the *Lothian Road* tramway runs along the main approach to the suburban districts of Bruntsfield, Merchiston, and Morningside, presently passing the end of Grindlay Street, where is the *Lyceum Theatre*, opened by Sir Henry Irving in 1883.

The line of streets almost straight on from Princes Street takes us to the *Haymarket* stopping station of the N.B.R., which is convenient for the west end. *Queensferry Street* running obliquely to the right leads to the most fashionable part of the New Town.

At the end of *Queensferry Street*, the broad line of *Melville Street* leads straight to **St. Mary's Cathedral**, the principal church of the Scottish Episcopal body.

This imposing structure had its origin in a bequest by the Misses Walker of Coates. The architect was the late Sir Gilbert Scott, who adopted the cruciform plan and Early Pointed style. At the intersection of the choir and transepts rises the central tower and spire to the height of 295 ft., including the cross on the summit. Its two western towers are unfinished. The external dimensions of the building are 262 × 67 ft.

Continuing the line of Queensferry Street, we come to Telford's famous *Dean Bridge* over the Water of Leith, commanding a fine view. At the farther end are *Trinity Episcopal*

Church and some elegant new streets. About a quarter of a mile westward of this (to the left of the Queensferry Road) is the *Dean Cemetery*, on a steep bank of the Water of Leith. Some distinguished men of Edinburgh are interred here, including Lords Jeffrey, Cockburn, Rutherfurd, Murray, Professor Wilson, and others. A little beyond the Dean Cemetery is *Stewart's Hospital*, one of the many palatial endowments of Edinburgh, another of which, *Donaldson's Hospital*, would be passed beyond the Haymarket Station. In the fine view towards the sea from the right side of the elevated Queensferry Road, a conspicuous feature below is the *Fettes College*, the latest of these institutions, which has already taken rank as one of the first schools in Scotland.

We return now to the east end of Melville Street, near which *Randolph Crescent* leads us to *Ainslie Place* and *Moray Place* with their solid and stately mansions, while to the west lies the new fashionable quarter of *Drumsheugh* on the high ground above the Water of Leith. By the dome of *St. George's Church* a passage would take us into *Charlotte Square*, in the centre of which stands the *Scottish National Memorial to the Prince Consort.*

George Street, half a mile long, runs eastward hence along the ridge, parallel to Princes Street, and scarcely inferior to it in its shops and public buildings, including several handsome banks and offices. About the centre, on the south side, is the *Music Hall*, where the public balls and concerts of Edinburgh mostly take place, an externally plain building, ornamented by a portico. In the next division eastwards is *St. Andrew's Church.* At the three main intersections stand statues of Dr. Chalmers, William Pitt, and George IV. Down the first of these, *Castle Street*, one might turn northwards for a sight of No. 39, Sir W. Scott's town house for more than a quarter of a century.

The east end of George Street opens into *St. Andrew Square*, one of the principal places of business in the city, where several of the leading banks and insurance offices are situated. The column which occupies the centre, 136 feet in height, was erected in 1821 to the memory of Lord Melville, a century ago almost the viceroy of Scotland. In the north-west corner of the Square (No. 21, third floor) Lord Brougham was born ;

and the house directly opposite, in the south-west corner, was David Hume's. In the centre of the east side of the square, standing back from the other buildings, is the *Royal Bank*, having in front an equestrian statue of the fourth Earl of Hopetoun.

Below this square to the north, at the east end of *Queen Street*, are the *Edinburgh Philosophical Institution*, an excellent subscription library, the *Royal College of Physicians*, the *Caledonian United Service Club*, and **The Scottish National Portrait Gallery**, an imposing building of red sandstone, erected at the expense of a public-spirited citizen, the late Mr. J. R. Findlay of Aberlour, as a Valhalla for portraits of eminent Scotsmen. Opened in 1890, this already contains a very interesting collection, which includes examples of the work of most of the great portrait painters and frescoes illustrating Scottish history. The *Antiquarian Museum* and the *Royal Scottish Geographical Society* find a home in the same building.

The Gallery is open free on most week days from 10 to 4 or 5 P.M. (Thursday and Friday, charge 6d.).

The **Antiquarian Museum**, transferred here from the Royal Institution, is open under the same regulations, except on Mondays (closed). This contains the most extensive and interesting collection of British and Foreign antiquities in Scotland; *Stone Implements*, *Sepulchral Remains*, *Bronze Implements*, *Personal Ornaments*, *Sculptured Stones*, and miscellaneous curiosities of later date, such as Rob Roy's *purse*, with concealed pistols; *the Thumbikins*, and other well-known Scotch instruments of torture, much used against the Covenanters; *the Maiden*, or Scotch guillotine; *John Knox's pulpit* from St. Giles's Church; and *Jenny Geddes's stool*, which she hurled at the Dean of St. Giles's on his attempting to read the service-book; the *Solemn League and Covenant*, with the subscription of Archbishop Leighton; one of the banners of the Covenant borne by the Covenanters at the battle of Bothwell Brig; the blue ribbon worn by Prince Charles Edward as a Knight of the Garter in 1745; and a parting ring given to him by Flora Macdonald.

The Northern Suburbs, sloping down from George Street, stretch almost to the sea. A cable tram from the Mound takes the line of *Pitt Street* and *Inverleith Row*, in which on the left are the fine **Botanic Gardens**, with their notable Palm-houses (open free till sunset; Sunday after 11 A.M.), adjoined to the west by the grounds of the *Arboretum*, from which there is a good view of the city. To the right of Inverleith Row stands the *Warriston Cemetery*, also commanding a fine view, where Sir J. Y. Simpson and many Edinburgh worthies are buried. The

tram terminus is at the foot of Inverleith Row, about a mile from the sea at *Trinity*, *Newhaven* and *Leith* lying to the east and *Granton Harbour* to the west of this.

Another tramway leaving Princes Street by *Frederick Street* carries us north-westwards through the suburb of *Stockbridge* to *Comely Bank*, where a tablet on No. 21 marks Carlyle's modest residence in his early days. North of the terminus, between Fettes College and the Arboretum, is *Inverleith Park*, a new one for this end of the city, so well supplied with playgrounds. At *Stockbridge*, where the tram crossed the Water of Leith, a walk leads up its right bank through the fine ravine behind Moray Place and on to the Dean Bridge (p. 20). Near the lower end of this walk is a Grecian Temple enshrining *St. Bernard's Well*, a mild sulphur spa. In the other direction from Stockbridge we can turn towards the head of Inverleith Row, passing the grounds of the *Edinburgh Academy*, the principal day school of the city, which among its pupils has numbered Archbishop Tait, Professors Clerk Maxwell and P. G. Tait, R. L. Stevenson, Mr. Andrew Lang, the Duke of Argyll, and a host of local worthies.

The tram system has recently been extended and improved. The old circular route, by which it was possible to go all round the City without changing, has been done away with ; but the same object may be attained by going from Princes Street to Morningside, and changing at Church Hill and Salisbury Place.

THE OLD TOWN

The Old Town is separated from the New by a hollow taken up by the Princes Street Gardens and the railway cutting. This valley is crossed at three points : by an artificial Mound opposite Hanover Street ; by Waverley Bridge ; and at the Post Office by the North Bridge. By any of these we gain the High Street of Edinburgh, which mounts to the Castle.

Edinburgh Castle, the original nucleus round which the city grew, is built upon a precipitous rock, 383 feet above the level of the sea. Much historical interest is attached to this old fortress, and it has been the scene of various daring exploits. Before the invention of gunpowder it was considered almost impregnable ; but now its strength is more apparent than real. The buildings are principally modern, and consist of barracks for about 1000 men and armoury for 30,000 stand of arms. A

Highland regiment, in its picturesque garb, usually forms the garrison. (Open free; Sundays only after 3.30 P.M.: the State Apartments shown 11 A.M. to 3 or 4 P.M. according to the season.)

The *Castle Esplanade*, bordered by military monuments, stands above the western gardens of Princes Street. The parapet wall on the south commands an extensive view of the southern districts of Edinburgh, including Heriot's Hospital and the Grassmarket, and the Pentland Hills in the background.

Crossing the moat by the drawbridge, we pass through the old *Portcullis Gate*, and underneath the ancient *State Prison*. Beyond this, on the left, a steep narrow staircase leads directly to the *Crown Room*. But following the carriage-road, we pass on the right the *Argyle Battery*, and a little farther, on the same side, the *Armoury*, behind which is the *Old Sallyport*, next the prison and *St. Margaret's Chapel*, so named after the Saxon princess, queen of Malcolm Canmore. This, on the highest part of the Castle rock, probably the oldest building of Edinburgh, had been long used as a powder-magazine, and its antiquity and interest were unheeded, until attention became drawn to it as a relic of Norman architecture.

Close by are the *Bomb Battery* and *Mons Meg*, the latter being a gigantic piece of artillery made at Mons, in Belgium, 1476, according to one story, while another makes it forged by a Galloway blacksmith and his sons. Here is one of the best points for the splendid view over the New Town to the sea.

Holding hence on the right towards the *Half-Moon* battery, we turn down into *Palace Yard*, where in the Crown Room are shown *The Regalia* of Scottish royalty, consisting of a crown, a sceptre, sword of state, with sword-belt (restored in 1893), and Lord-Treasurer's rod of office. These "honours of Scotland," as they were called, have a very interesting history; and, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, we cannot wonder at the fond desire which Scottish antiquaries have shown to refer their date, in the language of national song, to "Days when gude King Robert rang." The sceptre performed its last legislative office by ratifying the Treaty of Union with England on the 16th of January 1707.

Adjoining the Crown Room, but having a separate entrance from the square, is *Queen Mary's Room*, a small apartment on the ground-floor, at the south-east corner of this wing of the quadrangle. Here Queen Mary gave birth to James VI., in whom the crowns of England and Scotland were united. On the wall is an inscription, surmounted by the Scottish arms and the date 19th IVNII, 1566. The south side of the square is taken up by the old *Banqueting Hall*, in which the Scottish Parliament sometimes met. This also was long treated with neglect, at one time turned into an hospital; but now, restored by the munificence of Mr. William Nelson, and finely ornamented by a collection of weapons and armour, it takes its due place as one of the Edinburgh sights.

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EDINBURGH CASTLE FROM THE GRASSMARKET.

The High Street.—Retracing our steps to the Esplanade, we commence a gradual descent down the High Street to Holyrood. This thoroughfare (though generally named High Street) is properly divided into "The Castle Hill," "The Lawnmarket" (Linen-market), "The High Street," "Nether Bow," and "Canongate."

Below the Esplanade, an opening on the left conducts to Ramsay Gardens, so named after Allan Ramsay, author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, whose house is now incorporated in the new buildings of the *University Hall*. At the upper corner of the lane is an Outlook Tower (3d.) containing a camera obscura. We next pass **The Assembly Hall**, the meeting-place of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, with an elegant spire 241 feet in height, nearly opposite which is the *Free Church Assembly Hall* looking over the Mound.

Immediately facing the entrance to the Assembly Hall there existed until recently a remnant of the *West Bow*, which, a century ago, contained the Assembly Rooms, and led down to the *Grassmarket* below. This used to be the place for public executions, and here Porteous (who figures in Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*) was hanged by the mob from a dyer's pole. The *Corn-market* now occupies part of the south side. We can descend towards it by steps, or by *Victoria Street*, opening off George IV. Bridge.

A little farther down, on the left (north) side of the Lawnmarket, is *James's Court* (erected about 1725-27), containing the first residence of David Hume the historian, and of Boswell the biographer of Johnson. The houses of Edinburgh were then, and many still are, divided into *flats* (floors), with separate entrances from one common stair. Several of the most interesting old houses hereabouts have been destroyed.

At the termination of the Lawnmarket, *Bank Street* diverges on the north, and *George IV. Bridge* on the south, the first affording an access to Princes Street by the Mound, and taking its name from the Bank of Scotland, situated here, the oldest bank in Scotland. A little way up George IV. Bridge, on the right, is the *Free Library*.

Farther up this street on the same side is the **Greyfriars' Church**, surrounded by an ancient *Churchyard*, which was formerly the garden of the monastery. Here some of the most notable Scotsmen are

interred, including George Buchanan, the Latin poet and preceptor of James VI.; Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet; Principal Robertson, the historian; Dr. Black, the chemist; Dr. Hugh Blair; Colin Maclaurin; Dr. M'Crie, the biographer of Knox; Patrick Fraser-Tytler, and others. Of the monuments, the most interesting is that to *the Martyrs* who were executed in the persecution of the Covenanters. The Greyfriars' Church, where the first signatures to the National Covenant were appended in 1638, was destroyed by fire in 1845, and afterwards re-erected.

At the corner of Lawnmarket rises the scaffolding of what will be the new *County Hall*, by the side of which we pass over an open space towards *St. Giles's Cathedral*, where a heart-shaped design upon the paving stones near the Duke of Buccleuch's statue marks the site of that old *Tolbooth* and Jail famous as the **"Heart of Midlothian."** This open space is *Parliament Square*, its centre filled by St. Giles's, one side formed by the *Law Courts*. In old days the High Street here was blocked up by the "Luckenbooths" and other small shops built into the wall of the Church. On the south side, the slope where the Courts now stand was the churchyard; but the only trace of this is a stone in the paving marked I. K., 1572, believed to cover the remains of *John Knox*—thus buried, according to Dr. Johnson's uncharitable desire, in a highway.

St. Giles's Church, the ancient parish church of Edinburgh, commonly styled the *Cathedral*, is, next to the Castle and Holyrood, the building in Edinburgh most interesting for its historical associations. It contains many fine features, which have recently been rescued from the encumbrances of an unæsthetic age, when this was divided into three churches. The choir and southern section having been first restored, the nave was next dealt with, and now the whole building has been opened up to view as far as possible in its original condition. The spire, in the form of an octagonal lantern, has been left untouched, and exhibits those irregularities found in the finest specimens of Gothic work. On the 13th October 1643, the Solemn League and Covenant was sworn to and subscribed within the Church by the Committee of Estates of Parliament, the Commission of the Church, and the English Commission. The Regent Murray and the Marquis of Montrose were interred near the centre of the south transept. Among its memorials are sumptuous monuments to Montrose and the Marquis of Argyle, both remarkable for a lavish use of colour. There is a fine *Altar*, or what, in a Presbyterian church, may be called a compromise for an altar. The *Font* is a copy from one by Thorwaldsen. To the horror of a few true-blue Presbyterians still extant, St. Giles's has a very good organ, and the services are of a ritual and musical type, in strong contrast with the old simplicity of Scottish worship. The military service at

9 on Sundays makes a favourite spectacle for strangers. Daily service is held at 8.30 in the Moray Aisle, near which a tablet on the floor preserves the memory of that irreconcilable *Jenny Geddes*, who would surely turn in her grave if she knew to what this church had come. (At other times admission 3d., 10 to 3 P.M., except on Saturdays; Mondays free.)

The Parliament House has been appropriated since the time of the Union for the meeting of the Supreme Courts. It was erected between the years 1632 and 1640, but subsequently, with the exception of the great hall, almost totally renewed. The entrance to the courts (free) is at the south-west angle of the square. The great hall (122 ft. by 49, with a lofty roof of carved oak) was finished in 1639 for the Scottish Parliament, and was thus used until the Union. It now serves as a waiting-room for the advocates and other practitioners in the Courts, and is ornamented with statues and portraits of distinguished lawyers, and with several windows of stained glass. The window on the south side of the hall represents the inauguration of the Court by the youthful James V. in 1537.

The Lords Ordinary sit in small court-rooms entering from below this window, called the Outer House. Adjoining them are two larger courts appropriated to the use of the Inner House, and called the First and Second Divisions. Adjoining the court-rooms of the Divisions is another of nearly similar appearance, in which sits the High Court of Justiciary, the supreme criminal tribunal of Scotland. Connected with the Parliament House, and entered from the hall, is *The Advocates' Library*, one of the five entitled to a copy of every book published in Great Britain, and containing the most valuable collection of books and manuscripts in Scotland. In other parts of the building are the Libraries of the *Writers to the Signet* and the *Solicitors to the Supreme Courts*, important legal corporations of Scotland.

To the east of St. Giles's stands the Market Cross, restored at the expense of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone as a gift to the city. Beyond this, on the right, is the *Police Office*, on the left the Court of the *Royal Exchange*, containing the *City Chambers*, where an interesting museum of relics may be visited. Edinburgh boasts a very stately set of *Municipal Buildings*, owing to judicious enlargement and improvement of those previously existing.

By ancient "wynds" and "lands" of tall houses, we now come to the *Tron Church*, where High Street is intersected by the tramway coming up North Bridge, and *Cockburn Street* ascends by the *Scotsman* Offices from the Waverley Station. Beyond this, we take our way down to the *Canongate*. The modern building on the left, opposite *Niddry Street*, occupies the site of Allan Ramsay's shop, now demolished. A little farther down,

projecting into the street, is the ancient mansion received (though not without question) as *John Knox's House* (admission 6d., 10 to 4 P.M.), which in any case makes an interesting specimen of a Scottish home of the 16th century.

At this point the *Canongate* properly commences, once the main avenue from the palace into the city, where many of the nobility of Scotland had their residences. *Moray House*, on the south side of the street, the ancient mansion of the Earls of Moray, is now used as the Free Church Normal School. The Canongate *Tolbooth* or Court-House, on the north side, was erected in the reign of James VI., a good specimen of the French style of architecture adopted in Scotland. In the churchyard of the *Canongate Church* (a large square building on the same side) are interred Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, David Allan the artist, and Fergusson the poet. The mansion of the Dukes of *Queensberry* is now a House of Refuge for the Destitute. The *Old White Horse Inn*, once a famous hostelry, is now let in tenements; it is up a close on the left.

We next pass the *Abbey Court-House* and Sanctuary, that no longer shelters debtors, as it did almost up to our own times. Now we emerge on the open space before Holyrood Palace, in the centre of which is a fountain copied from one in the quadrangle of Linlithgow. Turning to the corner on the left here, one sees the quaint little building called *Queen Mary's Bath*, over which Rizzio's murderers are said to have escaped.

Holyrood Palace is open daily, except Sunday, from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. in winter, and 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. in summer, and the charge of 6d. formerly made has been done away with. This venerable seat of Scottish royalty, as is still expressed in its name of Abbey, was originally a convent, and, like so many other monastic establishments, calls David I. its founder, that "sair saint for the crown." It was mainly rebuilt by Charles II. The building is in the French style of Louis XIV.'s reign, in the form of a quadrangle, built around a central court surrounded with piazzas. The apartments shown are entered at the left corner of the courtyard.

The Picture Gallery is the largest apartment in the palace. On its walls are suspended a number of fanciful portraits of Scottish kings, valueless in every way, from which qualification must be excepted

one of Queen Mary, and the diptych paintings (on a screen at the end) representing James III. and his queen, Margaret of Denmark.

Among the portraits in *Lord Darnley's Rooms* is one of the youthful Lord Darnley and his brother. The *Tapestry Room* contains two large pieces of ancient tapestry, a portrait of James, fourth Duke of Hamilton, and other paintings.

Queen Mary's Apartments are the most ancient in the palace, and remain an interesting relic of the unhappy Princess by whom they were occupied. Passing through the Audience Chamber, we enter the Queen's Bedroom, with some antique furniture. The roof of this, as of the previous room, is divided into panels, on which are painted various initials and coats-of-arms. The interest of this room hangs on its connection with the tragical murder of the favourite, Rizzio, the story of which forms so romantic an episode in Scottish history. The act, as related, was accomplished by the Queen's husband, Darnley, and a number of conspirators, who, entering by a secret passage, took the Queen and her party by surprise. The door of this secret approach, and the adjoining cabinet or closet where the conspirators found their victim, may still be seen. Rizzio is said to have been dragged from this to the door of the Audience Chamber, at which he was despatched, and the spot where the body lay is still marked by a blood-stain visible to the eye of faith.

At the back of the courtyard on the same side is the *Chapel Royal*, a portion of the ancient **Abbey**. The fragment which remains forms the nave of the ancient building, and among the additions of a later age may be traced remnants of the original work of the 12th century. The west front, although partly the work of different periods, is on the whole in the most beautiful style of Early English, and its sculptured arcade, boldly-cut heads, and rich variety of ornament in the doorway, are much admired. The windows above are additions of the time of Charles I., whose initials appear below. The nave was fitted up by this monarch as a chapel-royal, that might serve as a model of the Episcopal worship, which he was anxious to introduce into Scotland, and he was himself crowned here in 1633. Some members of the Scottish nobility have tombs in different places. In the south-east corner is the royal vault, in which are deposited the remains of David II., James II., James V. and Magdalen his queen, Lord Darnley, and other members of the royal line. Rizzio's grave is in the passage leading from the quadrangle to the Abbey.

Arthur's Seat (822 feet), which rises above Holyrood, is encircled by an excellent carriage-road called "The Queen's Drive," from which beautiful and varied views are obtained. Those who have heart to climb the hill may do so from Holyrood by crossing the park to *St. Margaret's Loch*, and mounting by St. Anthony's Chapel. An easier if longer way is to follow the Queen's Drive to *Dunsappie Loch*, and thence strike up the hill to the summit, which commands an extensive

view. A shorter ascent, giving almost as fine a prospect, is that of the *Salisbury Crags*, the bold wall of rocks overlooking the city, along the face of which runs a walk.

St. Anthony's Chapel, the ruins of which form so picturesque an object on the shoulder of the hill, belonged originally to the cell of a hermit. A high rock rises behind the cell, from the foot of which gushes a fountain, dedicated to Saint Anthony, which has the fame of a wishing well. The spot is interesting from its association with some of the incidents in Scott's *Heart of Midlothian;* and particularly as the scene where Jeanie Deans met the ruffian Robertson.

Duddingston Loch and village lie at the foot of the south-east portion of Arthur's Seat. In the village of Duddingston may still be seen the house in which Prince Charles Stuart slept before the battle of Prestonpans. The Drive on this side is overhung by a range of porphyritic greenstone columns of pentagonal or hexagonal form, called *Samson's Ribs*. We re-enter the town by the lodge near *St. Leonard's Hill*, where Jeanie Deans's cottage may still be seen.

The University stands a few minutes' walk from the Tron Church, along the tram line of the *South Bridge*, on a site (*Kirk-o'-Field*) historically famous as the scene of the tragical death of Darnley. It may conveniently be visited on the way from Holyrood or Arthur's Seat.

Edinburgh University was founded in the reign of James VI. The first professor was appointed in 1583; and about the year 1660, by means of benefactions from public bodies and private individuals, the University had attained a respectable rank among similar institutions. As a school of medicine it first rose into repute under Dr. Alexander Monro, who became professor of anatomy in 1720; and in this art it afterwards attained a distinguished pre-eminence through professors remarkable for their abilities and success as teachers. In the other branches of knowledge its reputation was gradually exalted by Maclaurin, Black, Ferguson, Stewart, and other eminent men. The present building was commenced in 1789, after a plan by Robert Adam, and subsequently finished in conformity with a design furnished by the late W. H. Playfair, in the form of a parallelogram. The entrance is by a massive portico, supported by four large Doric columns, each consisting of one solid hewn stone, and surmounted by a lofty dome of later erection. On the left of the quadrangle on entrance is the Library, which is shown to the public by an attendant (10 to 3 or 4 P.M.); and at the farther extremity a statue of the late Sir David Brewster, who at his death was Principal of the College.

Contiguous with the University, though in a different style of architecture, is **The Museum of Science and Art**, entered from Chambers Street. (Open free on week days from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., also on Wednesday evenings from 6 to 10; on Saturdays from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., and on Sundays from 2 P.M. to 5 P.M. This

museum is a branch of the Kensington Museum, Science and Art department. The building was designed by the late Captain Fowke, R.E., and is built of fine white Binny stone, relieved by light pilasters of red sandstone. The floor of the *Great Saloon* is set apart for articles illustrative of the arts of construction. Next in order are placed the cements and stones. About the centre are specimens of large guns and balls. In the front of the east wing is the lecture-room, behind which is the *Natural History Saloon*. Above the lecture-room, in the east wing, there is a fine collection of minerals and fossils, including those which belonged to the late Hugh Miller. Fronting the Museum, is a statue of the street's godfather, Dr. William Chambers, who took a great interest in the improvement of the city. A statue of James Watt stands in front of the *Heriot-Watt College*, one of the oldest technical schools in the kingdom.

As it approaches the University, South Bridge passes over the unsavoury *Cowgate* (best seen by a peep here from above) which runs parallel to the High Street. A little farther on, Chambers Street opens to the right; and in the opposite opening to the left, are the *Corporation Baths* (on the site of the old Infirmary) containing good swimming baths for both sexes.

The Museum of *The Royal College of Surgeons, Nicolson Street* (open daily except Tuesday, from 12 to 4, winter 12 to 3), is a little farther to the south along the tram line. Almost opposite this is the *Empire Music Hall.*

Behind the College (turn beside it along *South College Street* and *Lothian Street*) are some of its new buildings in a detached position—the *Students' Union*, the *Musical Class Room*, with a fine organ, the *M'Evan Hall* for academical celebrations, and the *Medical College* close to the new *Infirmary*, a fine building in the Scottish Baronial style, the foundation stone of which was laid 1870.

To the Infirmary we might have come by the line of George IV. Bridge, here crossed by *Lauriston Place*, along which a tram runs to the Lothian Road line. A little way along this, on the right is *Heriot's Hospital*, the oldest of Edinburgh's endowed schools, and one of its finest buildings.

This was founded by George Heriot, jeweller to James VI., whose name will be familiar to readers of Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*. Heriot followed his royal master to London upon the union of the Crowns, and died in 1624, leaving an immense fortune for this charity. The building consists of a quadrangle, with large square towers at each angle. From the north front rises a lofty central tower, adorned by a statue of the founder, under which an archway leads to the inner courts. The south front presents also a circular tower, with Gothic

windows, which serve to light a handsome chapel. Admission daily 10 to 4, except Saturday and Sunday.

On the other side of Lauriston Place is *George Watson's School*, the largest boys' day school in the kingdom. Beside the Infirmary, the fine avenue of *Meadow Walk* leads south to the Meadows. On the east side of it is *George Square*, the largest in the city, of which No. 25 was Scott's early home.

The *Meadows* are a spacious playground, cutting off the Old Town from the new southern suburbs. On the east begins *Newington*, which lies towards the flanks of Arthur's Seat. To the south is *Grange*, grown up round the *Grange Cemetery*, where Dr. Chalmers, Hugh Miller, Dr. Guthrie, and other worthies are buried. To the south-west, there is a swell of higher ground known as *Bruntsfield Links*, over which run the trams from Lothian Road by the suburbs of *Merchiston* and *Morningside*. *Merchiston Castle*, now a school, was the birthplace of Napier, the inventor of logarithms.

From Morningside it is possible to get a tram eastward through Grange to accomplish a complete circuit; others run straight on to the *Braid Hills*, laid out as a public golf ground. To the east of this *Blackford Hill* makes a wild park with grand views over the city. On the eastern side of it was opened (1896) the new *Royal Observatory*. All along these heights there is a fine walk, which would carry one down to the tram line at Newington.

From the western side of the main tram route, another branch takes one out through growing suburbs towards the foot of the Pentland Hills, almost to *Craiglockhart*, where there is a well-situated *Hydropathic* that would make good headquarters for visitors who do not love the bustle of a large town.

THE SEA SIDE

From the Post Office down Leith Walk there are frequent trams to **Leith** (1½ mile), which, though practically continuous with Edinburgh, jealously preserves its municipal independence. As a naval station it holds an important place, being the principal port on the east coast of Scotland; and it carries on a large traffic with the Baltic and other foreign ports. It possesses magnificent docks, and two long piers enclosing the harbour, which afford pleasant promenades. A ferryboat (fare

½d.) plies between the extremities of the piers. The modern streets of Leith are spacious and well built, and the older ones are being gradually improved.

The public buildings worthy of notice are—The *Parish Church of South Leith*, a fine Gothic edifice, built previous to the year 1496. Nearly opposite this is the *Trinity House*, containing some good pictures. Entering from Constitution Street is *St. James's Episcopal Church*, an elegant Gothic building with a fine peal of bells. In this street are the *Corn Exchange*, the *Assembly Rooms*, *Municipal Buildings*, and the *Post Office*. The *Custom House* is in North Leith.

To the west is *Leith Fort*, a military station for a corps of Artillery. Leith is bounded on the east by extensive links, where golf has been played from time immemorial. Here may be seen the remains of some mounds raised by the besieging army of Cromwell in 1650.

A branch of the N.B.R. or the trams marked *Custom House* or *Commercial Street*, take us to the *West Pier*, from which the pleasure boats start. The *Bernard Street* trams go to the other side of the drawbridge over the Water of Leith, whose mouth forms the original harbour.

The Galloway Pleasure Steamboats are a very popular institution in Edinburgh, not enough known to tourists. The sailings will be found advertised every morning during the season on the front page of the *Scotsman* and other papers. At very cheap fares may be had excursions to the favourite watering-places of the adjacent coasts—*Elie* in Fife, *North Berwick* in Haddington, etc., which may or may not include a sail round the *Bass Rock* or to *May Island;* for the voyagers by these craft are usually not so much concerned about time as to get plenty of sea air for their money. As tide allows, trips run up to *Stirling*, a journey made somewhat long by the windings of the Forth. Evening cruises in fine weather are much patronised. There are sailings on Sundays, and extra ones on Saturdays. The boats have saloons and refreshment bars, the latter, in more ways than one, not altogether their most admirable feature.

Newhaven, about half a mile to the west of Leith, is a small fishing village, whose inhabitants are noted as a distinct community, rarely intermarrying with any other class. The male inhabitants are almost all fishermen, and their wives, remarkable by a picturesque costume, are occupied in baiting lines, and still to some extent in selling the produce of their husbands' industry, which they carry in baskets (creels) upon their backs. There is a small pier, from which numerous fishing boats ply daily to the neighbouring fishing-grounds. Fish dinners

of a modest kind are a specialty at the inns here (*Peacock*, *Marine*).

Trinity, adjoining Newhaven, is an agreeable suburb of Edinburgh, laid out in villa residences. The *Chain Pier* here, for swimmers, has been destroyed by a storm.

Granton (*Hotel*), about half a mile to the west of Trinity, was in our times set up as a rival port to Leith. It possesses a fine harbour, and one of the best low-water piers in the kingdom. There is a regular steamboat ferry between this and *Burntisland* (Fife), affording a pleasant sail of a few miles.

Portobello (Hotels: *Royal*, *Argyle*, etc.), 3 miles to the east of Edinburgh, with which it has been lately incorporated, is a favourite suburban residence and bathing-place, in the style of a miniature Margate. The sands are firm, with a gentle slope, and well adapted for bathing, for which machines are provided, but the purity of the water seems doubtful. A Marine Parade is constructed along the shore, and a promenade pier projects into the sea. Behind this Baths have now been built. There are frequent trains to Portobello both on the N.B.R. main line and the Suburban Railway; and trams from the Post Office by Regent Road. The Marine Gardens (admission 6d.) are open for five months in summer.

Half-way between Portobello and Edinburgh, by the high road, are *Piershill* Barracks (*Jock's Lodge*), a cavalry depot. A little to the north of this is the interesting old Church of *Restalrig*, founded by James III. in honour of the Trinity and Virgin Mary, and endowed by the two succeeding monarchs.

Joppa is the eastern dependency of Portobello, through which an hourly omnibus runs to **Musselburgh** (Hotel: *Musselburgh Arms*), at the mouth of the river Esk, noted for its extensive links, considered the best golfing-ground near Edinburgh. They are also used for the Edinburgh Racecourse. Musselburgh is an old town, surrounded by historical associations. The hamlet of Fisherrow, through which it is approached from Portobello, is said to be built on Roman foundations. Near the bridge is a statue to Dr. David Moir ("Delta"), born here, author of *Mansie Wauch* and other works famous in Scotland long before the "kailyard" school of fiction came into fashion across the border.

At the east end of the town is *Pinkie House*, a beautiful old mansion, originally a country seat of the Abbot of Dunfermline, converted into

its present shape at the beginning of the 17th century. About half a mile southward of this, on the fields now intersected by the railway, the battle of *Pinkie* was fought (1547), when the Scottish army was defeated by the English, commanded by the Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset. Southward, to the right, is *Carberry Hill*, where Queen Mary surrendered to the insurgent nobles in 1567; and 3 miles eastwards lies *Tranent*, in whose vicinity the famous battle of Prestonpans was fought, 21st September 1745, between the royal forces under Sir John Cope and the Highland army under Prince Charles Stuart. South of the station may be seen Bankton House, where Colonel Gardiner resided, who fell in this battle, close beside the wall of the park. A monument has been erected to him near the spot. Above Musselburgh on the river is *Inveresk*, a military post of the Romans.

EXCURSIONS FROM EDINBURGH

In more than one of our Guides we have pointed out how many parts of Scotland can be visited from its capital, and how tourists who complain of dear and crowded hotels, might do better by settling themselves here in lodgings, so plentiful and inexpensive in August and September, when Edinburgh people are in the way of deserting their beautiful city. The railway communications of Edinburgh are not the least of its advantages. Among the long excursions that can be made by their help in a single day are those to Stirling, to the Trossachs, to Loch Long and Loch Lomond, to Loch Earn and Crieff, to Perth or Dunkeld, to Aberfeldy and Loch Tay, to St. Andrews, to the Falls of Clyde, to Peebles, Melrose, or Moffat, and to other scenes of the Borders as well as the Highlands. One could even leave Edinburgh early in the morning, and be back late at night after spending a short time in Belfast, reached by a swift steamer from Ardrossan. Trips on the Clyde, as far as Arran, may be taken from Greenock or Gourock, etc., a couple of hours off by rail. Excursion steamers from Leith, also, make it easy to visit the islands and watering-places of the Forth and the adjacent coast. Coaches run almost hourly in summer to the points of the neighbourhood most visited by tourists. The favourite points for these shorter trips are as follows:—

The famous **Forth Bridge** is 9 miles above Edinburgh, reached by N.B.R. rail (to *Dalmeny* Station), by steamer from Leith, or by the brakes with their red-coated drivers, that fare along Princes Street frequently in the season (1s.; return double). The Caledonian Railway takes us to *Barnton*, about half-way,

whence there is a pleasant walk by *Cramond Bridge* and through Lord Rosebery's park of **Dalmeny**, which stretches by the sea-side almost to Queensferry. The drive (free to pedestrians) passes between the modern mansion and *Barnbougle Castle*, restored as an adjunct to it. The great Bridge, crossing from South Queensferry to North Queensferry, is not open to mere curiosity; but it may be well seen from the ferryboat plying beside its south end, where still stands the *Hawes Inn* of Scott's *Antiquary*.

The *Forth Bridge*, such a striking object from many points of the country about Edinburgh, was formally opened by the King, then Prince of Wales on the 4th of March 1890. Boldly designed by Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker on principle of the "cantilever" (or balancing brackets)—which combines the support of an arch with the tension of a suspension bridge—it took seven years to build by 4000 men, costing over £3,000,000, and not a few lives, besides the wonderful resource, ingenuity, and energy that overcame the stupendous physical difficulties of so gigantic a work. It consists of two huge steel girder bridges of 1710 feet span, besides smaller ones on either side, able to withstand the enormous pressure of 112 lbs. on the square foot. Several of the principal piers or foundations of these wide spans had to be built up from the bottom of the sea with great "caissons," or metal cases, gradually filled with concrete and sunk. The northern central pier partly rests on Inchgarvie Island. From the base of the deepest pier to the top of the cantilevers is 450 feet, and the clear space under the centre spans above the surface of the water is 150 feet. The total length, including the approach viaducts, is over a mile and a half. The Tay Bridge, carrying this railway across the next estuary, is 2 miles long, but does not rival the Forth Bridge in height, or in the width of the single spans, in which respect this may at present claim to be the greatest bridge in the world.

Hopetoun House, seat of the Marquis of Linlithgow, about 2 miles to the west of the Queen's Ferry, is a modern structure with extensive wings. The grounds are open. Their great attraction is the terrace-walks which overlook the Firth of Forth, laid out with much taste, while the garden is noted for its high culture. On a peninsula 2 miles westwards stands *Blackness Castle*, now used as a powder-magazine.

Aberdour (Hotels: *Woodside*, *Aberdour*, *Star*, *Forthview* Temperance, *Hydropathic*, etc.) is a pretty little resort on the Fife coast, a few miles up the Firth. It has always been a goal for trippers, but the Forth Bridge line now brings summer visitors from all parts; and it would not be easy to find a quiet family watering-place with so many charms of wooded crags, safe shores, and pleasant inland walks. The bay is shut in by the

island of *Inchcolm*, on which stands prominent the old abbey in good preservation and still partly occupied, to be visited by boat from Aberdour. The pier where we land lies under *Hawk's Crag*, a picturesque eminence, to the east of which what used to be a very pretty shore walk, now somewhat spoiled by the railway, leads in a little over 3 miles to *Burntisland*. Behind the pier rise the ruins of *Aberdour Castle*. The village is to the west of this, standing back from the sea, behind a front of woods and gardens down to the very edge of sloping rocks well adapted for bathing, as are the White Sands on the farther side of Hawk's Crag. At the western end is the entrance to the grounds of the Earl of Moray's seat **Donibristle**, open to the public Tuesdays and Thursdays. A fine avenue leads to the house, the only romantic feature of which is the charred shell of the central portion destroyed by fire three times, till the owner accepted what seemed a decree of fate. The two wings are joined by a subterranean passage. The grounds also contain the ruins of *Dalgety Church* and its old tombs.

One of the most popular of the Leith steamer trips is that to *Aberdour*, whence most of the boats go on to the Forth Bridge, and bring one back to Leith, all for sixpence ; or some make first for Queensferry, going home by Aberdour, a round done in a little over two hours.

A few miles beyond the north end of the Forth Bridge lies **Dunfermline** (Hotels : *City Arms*, *Royal*, etc.), once residence of the Scottish kings, now a thriving place of linen manufacture, but still preserving the remains of the *Palace* where Charles I was born, the *Monastery*, destroyed by English visitors in Edward I.'s reign, and the *Abbey Church* in which Malcolm Canmore, his Queen Margaret, Robert Bruce, and other Scottish princes were buried. The ruins of the latter are in part replaced by a modern Parish Church.

The Church was ruined by the blind zeal of early Reformers, who demolished all but the Nave. It is a fine specimen of Norman architecture, with a beautiful western doorway. On the walls are some interesting monuments—a particularly fine one being that erected in 1702 by Queen Anne to William Schaw, the king's architect. The remains of the Church were some years ago roofed, repaired, and in great part restored by Government, and placed, with the Monastery and Palace, under the charge of a custodian. From the tower there are fine views, particularly of Edinburgh and the valley of the Forth.

In the *New Church* are some beautiful modern monuments to the

family of Bruce (Earls of Elgin) including one in the transept to Lady Augusta Stanley, wife of the renowned Dean of Westminster.

The *Town House* of Dunfermline contains some pictures worth seeing, among them a large cartoon, "The Spirit of Religion," presented by the artist, Sir Noel Paton.

A Free Library has been given by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the American millionaire, who belonged to this place.

The N.B.R. trains to Glasgow, from the south end of the Forth Bridge, would carry us to **Linlithgow** (*Star and Garter* Hotel, etc.), another old seat of Scottish Royalty, a little way back from the south bank of the river. Linlithgow is a town of about 4000 inhabitants, which has lost some of its interest by the disappearance of old houses like that from which the Regent Moray was shot. From the station, along the main street, after a few minutes turn up to the right for the ruins of the Palace, rising at the edge of a considerable lake.

Linlithgow Palace is a quadrangular building, externally rather heavy from the want of windows, but the interior is of more elegant construction. Above the principal gateway was the Parliament Hall, begun by James IV., finished by his successor. The west side is the most ancient, and contains the room where Queen Mary was born, 7th December 1542. The north side of the quadrangle was built by James VI. shortly after his visit to Scotland in 1617. In the centre of the court are the remains of the elaborately-carved fountain erected by James V., reproduced in front of Holyrood Palace. The palace was reduced to its present ruinous condition by the English dragoons under General Hawley, during 1745-46.

The adjoining church of *St. Michael's*, founded by David I., is one of the few specimens left of the ancient Scottish parish church. The interior, after undergoing various transformations, has now been restored to something like its original state. It was in an aisle of this church that James IV. saw the strange apparition which warned him against his fatal expedition to Flodden Field. A fine stained-glass window has recently been placed in the church by the officers of the *Challenger* expedition, and others, to the memory of the late Sir Wyville Thomson, the eminent naturalist, who belonged to this neighbourhood.

Roslin and Hawthornden.—These beautiful points of the *North Esk* valley are usually included in a coach drive starting from the east end of Princes Street and doing the distance in an hour ; some vehicles also bring their passengers home by the Braid Hills. Train (N.B.R.) may be taken to *Roslin* station ; and at the farther end of the village are two inns close to the celebrated Chapel, now restored as a place of Episcopal worship (Sunday services at noon and in the afternoon—admission on week days 1s.).

Rosslyn Chapel, founded in 1446 by William St. Clair, third Earl of Orkney, and Lord of Rosslyn, is one of the most highly decorated specimens of Gothic architecture in Scotland. The nave is bold and lofty, enclosed by side aisles, the pillars and arches of which display a profusion of ornament, particularly observable in the so-called "'Prentice's Pillar." Beneath the chapel lie the Barons of Rosslyn, all of whom, till the time of James VII., were buried in complete armour.

The picturesque ruins of *Rosslyn Castle* (admission 6d.) stand near the chapel, upon a peninsular rock overhanging the glen of the Esk, accessible by a bridge of considerable height. Its origin is involved in obscurity, but it was long the abode of the family of St. Clair.

Under the bridge of the Castle Rock, a path leads to the river side, and along it downwards to *Hawthornden*, winding on the wooded bank of a grand glen, where one might believe oneself far from any town, but for the foulness of the water that drains from obtrusive mills. This ravine, which seems belittled by the name *den*, in Scotland often used for smaller hollows, is a scene to linger in for hours, and so long as we keep to the left bank, we have a right of way to follow for some miles. Driving is out of the question here; and there are parts of the steep path where one must look to one's footing.

The mansion and grounds of **Hawthornden** are on the other bank, gained, after half an hour's walk, by a foot-bridge where 1s. must be paid, and the same toll is levied at the lodge beyond, on visitors entering by that side from the *Hawthornden* station, about a mile from the river.

Hawthornden is not a very picturesque or imposing mansion in itself, built as it was with an eye to defence rather than convenience, but it has a fine situation on a precipitous cliff, and the interest of having been the home of William Drummond, the poet, born here 1585, who died in 1649, of grief, it is said, for the death of Charles I. The modern house is the work of various periods, the nucleus being a ruined tower beside the entrance. Drummond is noted as the first Scotch poet who wrote in modern English. The melancholy tone of his works is attributed to an unhappy love romance. A seat in the rock, near the house, is called the Cypress Grove, after his moral treatise on the vanity of human life, said to have been composed here. Another seat is pointed out as the place of the meeting with Ben Jonson, who in the year 1618 undertook a journey to Scotland on foot, partly with a view of visiting Drummond.

Under the mansion lie several subterranean apartments scooped out of the solid rock, and curiously connected with each other by passages of disproportionate length. A spring-well, hewn out with much labour, shows that they were designed for more than a brief space of

retirement. Whether they are the rude dwellings of an aboriginal race, or were constructed at a later period, as a temporary retreat, we may suppose that necessity alone could reconcile human beings to such dreary mansions. Tradition makes Bruce find a refuge here ; as the Gorton cave, higher up, is associated with a legend of Wallace.

There is a good view of the house from the high bank opposite, on which the pedestrian may hold on gratis to *Polton*, where he descends into a knot of chimneys and might now return from Polton Station. Another mile or so along the same bank brings him to **Lasswade**, where Scott once lived, and De Quincey not far off. In Lasswade churchyard will be seen the tomb of the Drummonds, over the entrance to which a memorial tablet to the poet has been erected, and roses are trained over it in allusion to his own epitaph here inscribed.

Beyond Lasswade the left bank is taken up by the grounds of *Melville Castle;* but crossing the river, one can follow the high road (2 miles) to **Dalkeith** (Hotels : *Cross Keys*, *Harrow*), a considerable borough, containing a fine old parish church partly in ruins. From *Eskbank Station*, by which we come in on the Lasswade road, it is a long walk through the town to the farther extremity, where is the entrance to *Dalkeith House* or *Palace*, one of the chief seats of the Duke of Buccleuch, built on the site of a castle of the Douglas family. The house contains some good pictures, which, as well as the adjacent grounds, are open to visitors in the absence of the family on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The renowned gardens are also to be seen on the same days by application at the gardener's lodge. On Sunday, 11 A.M. and 3.30 P.M., there is service at *St. Mary's Chapel* within the Park.

The *North* and *South Esk* meet in Dalkeith Park. On the latter, near Dalkeith, are the grounds of **Newbattle Abbey** (Marquis of Lothian). The house contains a very fine collection of pictures and carvings, shown to strangers on Wednesdays and Saturdays in the absence of the family. Under the drawing-room is the *Crypt* of the old Abbey, another of David I.'s legacies to posterity. Recent archæological discoveries here will enhance the interest of a visit. The Park, open daily, is renowned for its grand trees, one of them said to be the largest beech in the kingdom.

At *Dalkeith* and at *Eskbank* there are stations ; and we can also return to Edinburgh by an omnibus plying (7 miles) by

Gilmerton, where a curious cave, hewn out of the sandstone rock by a blacksmith of last century, is supposed to have given Scott the hint of Wayland Smith's subterraneous forge in *Kenilworth*. If one were bent on following the Esk to the sea, the road of over 4 miles to *Musselburgh* goes off to the right a little way short of the Palace Gates.

A rather shorter road from the lower part of Dalkeith takes us near **Craigmillar Castle**, which is within an hour's walk of Edinburgh and ten minutes from the *Duddingston* station of the Suburban Railway (key at an adjoining cottage).

The Castle consists of a strong tower or keep flanked with turrets, and connected with inferior buildings. A date preserved on the rampart wall refers its erection to the year 1427; but the first name connected with it is that of John de Capella, who possessed it in 1374 John, Earl of Mar, younger brother of James III., was imprisoned here in 1477. James V. occupied the castle occasionally during his minority; and it was so often the residence of Queen Mary that the adjacent village, where her French guards were quartered, acquired the name of Little France. A broad stair conducts to the summit of the tower containing several arched chambers, one of which is pointed out as Queen Mary's dormitory—a chamber measuring only 7 by 5 ft., and having one window. The banqueting hall is lofty, and must at one time have been highly decorated. Carved in the window seat is a half-obliterated diagram of a game called "The Walls of Troy." The castle is surrounded by some fine old trees, one, the largest plane tree in the Lothians, said to have been planted by Queen Mary.

The Pentland Hills are the miniature mountain chain that rises so boldly to the south-west, throwing out foothills to the very edge of the city. It extends for 16 miles, at several points to be crossed by a couple of hours' walk; and more than one of its summits rises to nearly 2000 feet. Somewhat bare and stern in their salient features, recalling the Covenanters to whom they gave refuge, the Pentlands enclose many a pleasant nook, and several picturesque lakes and water-courses turned to prosaic account for the water supply of the city and the mills of the Esk. This fine region is not enough known even to most citizens of Edinburgh; but active strangers may be recommended to explore it by help of a little book and map published under the auspices of the Scottish Rights of Way Society.[1]

Penicuik, to the south of the Pentlands, a little way above

[1] *The Pentland Hills, their Paths and Passes*, by W. A. S. (John Bartholomew and Co.)

Roslin, would make a good base for attacking them on this side. It is a place of paper mills, that have not wholly destroyed the natural picturesqueness of the North Esk valley.

Penicuik House, the fine mansion of the Clerks, was built in 1761, but partly destroyed by fire 1899, that ruined its famous hall painted with scenes from Ossian's poems. The grounds are watered by the North Esk river, and contain a monument to Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet, who has celebrated the vicinity.

One of the best-known points is the so-called **Habbie's Howe**, reached by a good road that passes round the north-east corner of the Pentlands, and strikes off up the Vale of *Glencorse*, past the *Compensation Pond*. This lovely spot, with its ravine and waterfall, often makes the goal of a drive ; but it seems not to be the real *Habbie's Howe* identified with Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," the scenery of which is on the *North Esk*, below *Carlops* (*Hotel*).

Colinton, to the north, a good point for exploring this other side of the Pentlands, is only some 2 miles or so from the *Colinton Road* terminus of the tramway, and with frequent trains from Princes Street Station. The high road passes between the *Craiglockhart Hydropathic Establishment* and the village of *Slateford*, which might also be reached by boat or along the bank of the canal. Colinton lies in a finely-wooded ravine of the Water of Leith, that would put to shame Dr. Johnson's *dictum* about the trees of Scotland ; but the neighbourhood is unfortunately too much disfigured by mills. About a mile to the south-east of the village are the woods of *Dreghorn Castle*, and directly south is *Bonally Tower*, formerly the residence of Lord Cockburn, by which one can cross the range to *Glencorse*, following a right of way marked by white posts.

From Colinton, by the course of the Water of Leith, which rises at their north-western end, the high road runs on along the foot of the hills, passing near the ruins of *Lennox Castle* and by *Dalmahoy*, seat of the Earl of Morton, that preserves some memorials of Queen Mary's imprisonment at Lochleven, where this family's ancestor was her keeper. Through the grounds one might strike down to the canal, along which it would be some 3 miles' walk back to Edinburgh, or, a couple of miles farther north, could be gained *Ratho* Station.

North Berwick (Hotels: *Marine*, *Royal*, *Dalrymple Arms*, etc.), more than 20 miles to the east, is the chief sea-side resort of Edinburgh, if not of all Scotland. This projecting corner of Haddington, the native heath of Mr. A. J. Balfour, has a climate wonderfully mild for the latitude; but its great attraction is the fine golf links. Along the coast, indeed, there are miles and miles of ground for this popular game. North Berwick is adding to its attractions a swimming basin blasted out of the rock.

The conical hill called *North Berwick Law* (640 feet), behind the town, commands a fine view. About 2 miles from the shore is seen the **Bass Rock**, a precipitous island, which, like Ailsa Craig at the mouth of the Clyde, rises sheer out of the water to the height of above 400 feet, and is covered with sea-fowl. It can be reached by boat, and there are steamer excursions from Edinburgh and elsewhere. The Castle, now demolished and its place about to be taken by a lighthouse, was formerly a state-prison which won an evil name through the sufferings of persecuted Covenanters; it figures in R. L. Stevenson's *Catriona*. About 2½ miles eastward stand the formidable ruins of **Tantallon Castle**, an old stronghold of the Douglas family, widely famed in Scott's "Marmion."

The N.B.R. branch to North Berwick (*Drem Junction*) goes by **Dirleton**, called one of the neatest villages in Scotland, with the grand ruins of its castle.

At *Longniddry*, the station short of Drem, goes off another short branch that may be prolonged to North Berwick, but at present confines its services to *Aberlady* and *Gullane* (pron. *Gillan*). **Gullane** (Hotels: *Marine*, *Bissett's*, *Hopefield* Private, etc.) is a sea-side resort that in the last few years has grown lustily, thanks mainly to the chain of golf links, old and new, public and private, that are the inviting feature of this bit of coast.

GLASGOW AND THE CLYDE

GLASGOW

Hotels.—*Central, St. Enoch, North British* (at the Stations),—*Windsor, Grand, Alexandra, Bath, Royal, Steel's, Victoria*, etc.
TEMPERANCE.—*Waverley, Cockburn, Cobden*, etc.

Railway Stations.—*St. Enoch* in St. Enoch Square, is the station of the Union Railways, including the Glasgow and South-Western, which spreads a network of lines over this corner of the country. The Caledonian Railway has three stations—1, *The Central* in Gordon Street, connected with 2, the *Low Level* Station (trains for Dumbarton, Balloch, etc.); 3, *Buchanan Street*. The North British Railway head station is in *Queen Street;* and there is a low level station in connection. The three chief stations are within half a mile of each other.

The **Glasgow District Subway** is a circular underground line worked by a cable, with trains every few minutes (fare 2d. all round, 1d. any four stations) for fifteen stations at main points of the city. There are underground railways in connection both with the Caledonian and North British lines.

From London, Glasgow is best reached by the L. & N.W. and Caledonian Railways (p. 11). The same fare is charged by the longer North British routes (pp. 1, 9) which pass through Edinburgh, and by the Midland and South-Western line *via* Carlisle. The Caledonian and North British have both direct lines from Edinburgh to Glasgow.

Glasgow, the commercial metropolis of Scotland, and disputing with Liverpool the rank of second British city in point of wealth, population, and commercial importance, stands mainly in Lanarkshire, on the river Clyde, where that river becomes navigable to the Atlantic Ocean. It is by far the most populous town in Scotland, the number of its inhabitants being, in round numbers, 760,500 making it the second city in the kingdom. The reputed founder was St. Kentigern, familiarly termed St. Mungo, who came from the Orkney Islands to preach the Gospel to the Strathclyde Britons in the year 539. To the labours and discoveries of Watt and Bell in modern times,

Glasgow is largely indebted for her eminent position. The progress of the city since their day in wealth and commerce has been rapid and great. In addition to the manufacture of cotton goods, the coal and iron trades, along with shipbuilding and marine-engine making, have been developed, and now the Clyde is the greatest shipbuilding centre in the world.

As a resort for idle strangers, however, Glasgow is a long way behind Edinburgh, its romantic and historical associations being both slighter and more overlaid by the bustle of prosperous commerce. Its climate also is rather against it, partaking of the moistness of the west coast. Our rule being the good of the greatest number, we must here be less full than in the case of the tourist-thronged capital.

Argyle Street, the principal one of Glasgow, exhibits a continuous line at least 3 miles in length, along which a few ancient tenements, with narrow-pointed gables and steep roofs, here and there attract the eye, and form a contrast to the modern windows of the shops beneath. At the *Trongate*, its east end, the Tron Steeple, a venerable-looking spire, projects nearly the whole breadth of the pavement. A little farther on is the *Cross*, junction point of High Street, Gallowgate, and Bailie Nicol Jarvie's beloved Saltmarket. The ancient burgh jail, scene of the midnight adventure of Francis Osbaldistone and Rob Roy, stood at the corner of the High Street and Trongate—a site now occupied by a heavy pile of shops and warehouses. The *City Hall* and the *Cross Steeple* still survive as relics of the old civic splendour of this part of the city. From the Trongate, *High Street* diverges to the north. Beyond Duke Street it ascends, with a considerable curve, what is called the "Bell of the Brae ; " then at the top the *Cathedral* stands in an open square to the right, with the *Infirmary* beyond.

The Cathedral.—(Open week-days 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Service on Sundays at 11 A.M. and 2 P.M.) This fine old minster was founded by John Achaius, Bishop of Glasgow, 1133, in the reign of David I. The architecture is of a massive, rather than elegant style of Gothic ; but its peculiar character is well suited to its position and surroundings. Originally it consisted of three churches, one of which, the old Barony, occupied the Crypt, and was called the Laigh Kirk. This *Crypt*, with its pillars and pointed arches, makes the finest feature. Here Scott lays the scene of Rob Roy's mysterious warning to Francis Osbaldistone. The building is in length, from east to west, 319 feet.

in width 63 feet, and the spire is 225 feet high. It has been, in modern times, enriched by a series of stained-glass windows executed on a concerted scheme of illustration, those in the nave, transepts, and Lady Chapel at Munich; those in the chapter-house and crypts by various British and foreign artists.

The Necropolis, the great cemetery of Glasgow, covers an eminence rising steeply to a height of from 200 to 300 feet above the Cathedral. *John Knox's Monument* stands on the summit of this hill of tombs, whence may be surveyed one of the most striking and varied of city scenes.

Buchanan Street, turning north from Argyle Street near the *Central Station*, contains the finest shops. An *Arcade* connects it on the west with Argyle Street. In **Queen Street** (east of Buchanan Street) is situated *The Royal Exchange*, a handsome building containing news-rooms to which there is free admittance. In front of the building stands an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington by Marochetti. On the north, Queen Street opens into **George Square**, which may be called the Walhalla of Glasgow, showing a little forest of statues, the most striking, those of Sir Walter Scott, Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, Sir John Moore and Lord Clyde (the last two natives of Glasgow), James Watt, Sir Robert Peel, Robert Burns, Livingtone, Thomas Campbell the poet, and Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, unveiled in 1902 by Lord Rosebery. On the south side of the Square stands the *General Post Office;* on the north, the N.B.R. Station and Hotel; on the west, *The Merchants' House*; and on the east the *City Chambers*, an imposing structure in the Renaissance style, with rich internal decorations.

From this central point of business thoroughfares *St. Vincent Street* runs west. A little to the north of it is **Sauchiehall Street**, a main avenue to the west end. Here is the *Institute of Fine Arts*, in which are held annual exhibitions. The permanent *Art Gallery*, which was here, has been removed to Kelvingrove Park. Glasgow society is noted for its artistic tastes, another proof of which is the new *School of Art* close to this main street.

At the western extremity of Sauchiehall Street rise various Terraces and Crescents, which form the fashionable quarter known as the **Park** district. The highly picturesque lands on the banks of the Kelvin now form *The West-end Park*. The ground was laid out by the late Sir Joseph Paxton, and includes

the "Kelvin Grove" commemorated in the well-known song of that name. Here is the magnificent building known as the **Art Gallery and Museum**, open free daily. This originated in the balance of the money over from the International Exhibition of 1888. It was opened in 1902, and its art treasures bear comparison with those of any similar institution in the world.

Above this Park, on the top of *Gilmore Hill* stands **The University of Glasgow**, a striking contrast to the original monastic structure it superseded (1870). The new building was designed by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, in the general style of Early English architecture, intermixed with the best forms of Scoto-French domestic and secular style of a somewhat later period. It is surmounted by a central tower 300 feet in height. The common Hall of the University, added by the late Marquis of Bute, possesses important architectural features. The Museum and Library founded by the celebrated Dr. W. Hunter, who studied at Glasgow, is rich in rare books and MSS., in Greek and other coins, as well as in its geological and various collections.

To the north-west of the University are the **Botanic Gardens**, containing the *Kibble Crystal Art Palace*, a large glass building for popular recreation. The *Observatory* occupies a lofty eminence south-west of the gardens. By them runs the fine **Great Western Road**, which would take us back to the business quarter.

The Broomielaw, the harbour of Glasgow, is upwards of 400 feet wide, and more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile in length. The quays along each side accommodate vessels of every description. The widening and deepening of the Clyde has, of course, been a main factor in the prosperity of Glasgow. The Steamboat Quay is a little to the south of the Central Station. The Docks and Shipbuilding yards extend on both sides of the river down to *Govan*.

About half a mile eastwards from the Broomielaw up the bank of the river is **Glasgow Green**, the oldest public park, where the annual *Fair* is held in the month of July, a time of saturnalia which strangers should not choose for travelling in the neighbourhood. It is encircled by a carriage-drive of over 2 miles. A fine People's Palace has been erected on this place of popular resort. From an obelisk, erected to the memory

of Nelson, a striking view is obtained of the various bridges and the long ranges of buildings on the banks of the river. On the west of the Green are the Court-Houses and Jail, and to the south of these is the *Albert Bridge*, a structure of remarkable beauty. Near it is the massive bridge by which the Union Railway crosses the Clyde. Farther down, the river is crossed by the *Victoria* and *Glasgow* bridges.

The **South Side** of the Clyde, with a population exceeding 100,000, contains extensive locomotive engine and malleable iron works; and others where the processes of spinning, weaving, dyeing, and calico-printing are carried on upon a vast scale. The *Queen's* or *South-Side Park* is upwards of 100 acres in extent, approached by electric tram from Trongate along one of the handsomest thoroughfares in the city, for a mile nearly in a straight line from Argyle Street to the flag-staff at the summit of the park. Closely adjoining the park is **Langside**, scene of Queen Mary's final defeat in 1568, here commemorated by a column.

Glasgow has several other recreation grounds, among which the *Alexandra Park*, in the north-east, contains a golf course, a swimming basin open all day, and a model yacht pond.

EXCURSIONS FROM GLASGOW

The immediate neighbourhood, though not without pleasant spots, is too much built on and begrimed to be recommended to strangers. But within easy reach of Glasgow, by train or steamboat, are several points of high interest, which we shall mention before going on to those trips "down the water" which form its great resource in the way of pleasure-seeking.

HAMILTON AND BOTHWELL.

[North British, *Queen Street*; and Caledonian, *Central Station*.]

Hamilton (*Royal Hotel*) is the capital of the Middle Ward of Lanarkshire, and an ancient parliamentary burgh, carrying on a considerable trade in weaving. It is situated in the midst of an iron and coal district, and was nevertheless until quite recently noted for its fruit and flower gardens, now being rapidly built over.

Hamilton Palace (admission Tuesdays and Fridays), the seat of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, stands on a plain between the

G. W. Wilson & Co., Ltd.

THE BROOMIELAW, GLASGOW.

town and the river. It is a large classical building, with a projecting pillared portico, after the style of the Temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome, 264 feet in length and 60 feet in height. The pillars of the portico (12 in number), each formed of a solid block of stone, are 25 feet high, and fully 10 feet in span. The interior of the palace was at one time famed for the number of costly works of art and virtu which it contained, and when the collection was sold, only a few pictures, including some Van Dycks, were retained.

About 2 miles to the south-east of Hamilton is **Cadzow Castle**, the original residence of the Hamilton family, celebrated in Scott's spirited ballad. It occupies a romantic site, overhanging the Avon, and surrounded by part of the old Caledonian Forest, where still roam the white breed of Scottish wild cattle. Nearly opposite Cadzow, and connected with the palace by a magnificent avenue, is the so-called château of *Chatelherault.*

Bothwell Bridge, which crosses the Clyde 2 miles north of Hamilton, is the scene of the battle (1679) between the Royal forces, under the Duke of Monmouth, and the Covenanters. The bridge has been much altered, but a part of the ancient structure still remains. The reader may be reminded of the spirited description given of this engagement in Scott's novel of *Old Mortality*, as well as in the ballad contained in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.* Near this is **Bothwell**, and the picturesque ruins of its Castle (the Countess of Home) which occupy the right bank of the Clyde, about a mile distant. (Open between 10 and 4 on Tuesdays, when the family are not at home.) The entrance is about a mile from the stations either of *Uddingston* or *Bothwell.*

The building is a noble relic of Norman architecture, and consists of a large oblong quadrangle, flanked towards the south by two huge circular towers, and covering an area of 234 feet in length and 99 feet in breadth. Some parts of the walls are 14 feet thick and 60 feet in height. The fosse can still be traced, and so also may the flying buttresses and ramparts. The chapel at the east end, or rather part of it, is recognised by the shafted windows; the font, altar-stance, etc., are in the open space beyond. A circular dungeon, 24 feet by 12, called Wallace's Beef-barrel, is still shown. The Clyde here makes a beautiful sweep, and forms the semicircular declivity celebrated in Scottish song as Bothwell Bank.

LANARK AND THE FALLS OF CLYDE

(About 25 miles from Glasgow, rather farther from Edinburgh, by Caledonian Railway. In summer, circular tour tickets from Glasgow are given by *Lanark, Tillietudlem*, and *Hamilton.*)

Lanark (Hotels: *Clydesdale* (C.), *Black Bull*) is a county

town whose vicinity was the scene of many of Wallace's exploits, as commemorated by his statue at the Parish Church. The ruined church of St. Kentigern is near the station. The main tourist interest is in the adjacent *Falls of the Clyde*, 2 and 3 miles above and below the town. As the Falls are in private grounds, tickets must be taken at the Lodges by those unprovided with the railway tour tickets. (6d. to the two upper Falls, and 3d. to *Stonebyres* below.)

The Falls of Clyde.—*Bonnington Linn* (the uppermost fall) is reached by a romantic path through the grounds of Bonnington. In Bonnington House are preserved two relics of Sir William Wallace—a portrait, and a curious chair on which he is said to have sat. Here the river, moving along very slowly, bends suddenly towards the north-west, and, dividing its current on either side, throws itself over a perpendicular rock of about 30 feet into a deep basin.

At *Corra Linn*, considered the finest of the falls, the river takes three distinct leaps and falls altogether a height of about 84 feet. The best view is obtained from a pavilion on the opposite cliff. Here also are the old castle of Corra and the mansion of Corehouse. About half a mile below Corra Linn are the mills of New Lanark, founded 1783 by David Dale of Glasgow, father-in-law of Robert Owen.

Stonebyres, the fall of greatest volume, is nearly 3 miles below Lanark, where the river being broader, rushes over its precipitous bed with great grandeur. The access to the Fall is by the scrambling and somewhat dangerous steps called "*Jacob's Ladder*," but fine views can be had from the path not far from the entrance lodge.

Above Stonebyres, *Cartland Crags* form a romantic scene on the Mouse Water, about a mile north-west from Lanark. These are in the grounds of *Cleghorn*, where we understand that tourists would not be refused admission (entrance by a stile near Cleghorn station). The stream flows through a deep chasm, where the rocks rise to a height of nearly 400 feet. A bridge is thrown across this ravine, consisting of three arches, 128 feet in height. A short distance beneath is an old bridge supposed to be of Roman origin. On the north side of the stream, a few yards above the new bridge, is the Cave where Wallace took refuge after he had slain Haselrig, the English sheriff.

Below Stonebyres, the ruins of *Craignethan Castle*, prototype of the "Tillietudlem" of *Old Mortality*, are situated on the river Nethan about a mile above its junction with the Clyde, near the village of Crossford. Within a mile is *Tillietudlem Station.*

AYR AND THE RELICS OF BURNS

This trip also may be made on a circular round taking in Lanark, or direct from Glasgow, in an hour or so, by many trains on more than one route.

Ayr (Hotels: *Station* (large), *King's Arms*, etc.), on the

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BURNS'S COTTAGE, AYR.

sea-coast, at the mouth of the river Ayr, is 40½ miles from Glasgow by rail and 34 by road. In front of the station stands a bronze statue of Burns, looking along the road to his birthplace, about 2 miles off. The river is crossed by Burns's "Twa Brigs"—the *Auld Brig*, said to have been built in the reign of Alexander III. by two maiden sisters, whose effigies were carved on the eastern parapet; the *New Bridge*, erected in 1788, through the exertions of Provost Ballantyne (to whom Burns dedicated his poem), and since reconstructed. The *Victoria Bridge*, opened 1898, connects the station with the Agricultural Association show-ground.

The principal streets are wide and handsome in appearance and contain several fine buildings. The *Town Buildings*, with their tower, are at the junction of *High Street* and *Bridge Street*. In *Wellington Square* stand the County Buildings, modelled after the temple of Isis at Rome, also statues of the late Earl of Eglinton (of tournament renown) and Brigadier-General Neill, a native of Ayr, killed at the relief of Lucknow. A Gothic building, erected on the site of the tower in which Wallace was confined, contains his statue, the clock and bells of the Dungeon steeple. Another Wallace statue occupies a niche in the site of the ancient court-house, where, according to Blind Harry, the Scottish lords were treacherously hanged. Fragments remain of the fort of Ayr built by Oliver Cromwell in 1652; and an old tower, which formed part of St. John's Church, 12th century, has been repaired. "The Old Church," as it is now called, behind the main street near the river, was erected during the Protectorate of Cromwell to supply the place of this ancient church of St. John, which he had incorporated in the new fort he built at Ayr. It is a venerable structure surrounded by the town's burial-ground. One of the charms of Ayr is the fine open view it commands of the Firth of Clyde and Arran. It has a good harbour and pier, and the new Esplanade affords a pleasant promenade.

Robert Burns's Birthplace.—Electric trams now run continually between the town and Burns's Monument. They pass the scenes of "Tam o' Shanter"—at Slaphouse Farm "The ford, where in the snaw the chapman smoored"; and a little farther on, in the grounds of Belleisle, "The meikle stane, where drucken Charlie brak 's neck-bane." Past the mansions of Roselle and Cambusdoon, at the distance of about 2 miles from Ayr, we reach **Burns's Cottage** (admission 2d.). The original erection was a *clay bigging*, consisting of two apartments, the kitchen and the *spence* or sitting-room. The cottage remains somewhat in its pristine condition; and in the kitchen is shown

a recess where the poet was born, 25th January 1759. A collection of Burns' relics has been removed to a new building adjacent.

The farm of Mount Oliphant, which Burns's father rented on leaving this cottage, may be seen on an eminence about a mile and a half to the south-east.

Proceeding towards Burns's Monument, we pass by "**Alloway's auld haunted Kirk**," with its roofless walls, still retaining the old belfry. In the area of the kirk Lord Alloway, one of the Judges of the Court of Session, is interred; and near the gate of the churchyard are the graves of Burns's father and of his nieces, the Misses Burns Begg. In the grounds adjoining the kirk is "Mungo's Well." A handsome new parish church of *Alloway* has been erected on the opposite side of the road.

Burns's Monument rises from the river bank. Erected 1820 in a rather inappropriate classical style, it contains several relics—editions of the poet's works, a copy of the original portrait of Burns by Nasmyth, the Bible given by Burns to his Highland Mary, etc. It is enclosed in pretty grounds, which include a grotto containing statues of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie by Thom of Ayr. A few hundred yards off is the "Auld Brig" of Doon, which figures conspicuously in the tale of "Tam o' Shanter."

The "bonny Doon," to which the writings of Burns have given such celebrity, rises in a lake of the same name, about 8 miles in length, in the district of Dalmellington (p. 16). A pleasant walk from Ayr, a mile or so longer than the road, is along the sea-shore southwards, then from the river mouth up the Doon to the New Bridge, beside the monument.

The sea-coast to the north of Ayr is flat and sandy, and at *Prestwick* (3 miles off) is skirted by a fine stretch of golf links. Southwards it becomes bold and rocky, projecting into the well-known landmarks called the "Heads of Ayr." Within a few miles are the ruins of *Greenan* and *Dunure* Castles. Farther south towards *Girvan* is **Culzean** (pron. *Colleen*) **Castle** (Marquis of Ailsa), about 2 miles from the village of Kirkoswald, upon the verge of a massive cliff overhanging the sea. This stately and picturesque seat contains an extensive collection of arms and armour. Underneath are the *Coves of Culzean*, according to popular report a favourite haunt of fairies. To the south stand the ruins of **Turnberry Castle**, during the 12th and 13th centuries the stronghold of the Earls of Carrick. Robert Bruce, if not born in Turnberry Castle, must have spent many of his youthful years in it; and it was here that a fire, accidentally kindled, was mistaken by him for an appointed signal to attempt

the deliverance of his country. All this part of the coast deserves to be better known than it is to tourists.

THE CLYDE

Under this head, the other excursions from Glasgow may be conveniently indicated, as they are more fully in our Guide to the Clyde. Some of the pleasure boats which abound on these waters may be taken all the way from the quay at Glasgow, but the winding river and the throng of traffic make this slow work, so it is more usual to embark at one of the ports lower down,—*Greenock*, *Gourock*, and *Wemyss Bay* on one side, or *Helensburgh* on the other, all which may be reached by train in less than an hour.

On the left bank of the Clyde stands **Renfrew**, a small county town overshadowed by its great neighbour, whose suburbs threaten to swallow it up. A little way back, on the railway to Greenock lies **Paisley** (Hotels: *Globe*, *George*, etc.), a place of nearly 80,000 people, chief seat of the thread manufacture. This gave birth to two celebrated Wilsons, one the American ornithologist, the other "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Magazine* in its roistering days. The poet Tannahill was also born here, and here was spent the youth of a later Scottish poet, Alexander Smith.

Besides fine public buildings and the remarkable *Coats Memorial Church*, Paisley has one point of high antiquarian interest in the **Abbey Church**, founded about 1163 by Walter Stuart, ancestor of the royal family of Scotland. The chancel remains entire, and is used as a parish church. Attached to the south side is a small chapel, containing the tomb of Marjory, daughter of Robert Bruce, and wife of the founder. A complete restoration of this church has lately been carried out.

Greenock (Hotels: *Tontine*, *White Hart*, etc.) is another huge town, with sugar-refining and shipbuilding as its staples, besides being what may be called the Gravesend of Glasgow, where the river opens out into a marine estuary. It is not a very interesting place to strangers, unless for the *Watt Institute and Museum* (Union Street), in memory of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, born here 1736. This contains a statue of him by Chantrey, and a portrait of John Galt, the too-much-forgotten Scottish novelist who founded what has been

called "Kailyard" school of fiction. In the burying-ground of the *Old West Church*, an elaborate sculpture marks the grave of Burns's "Highland Mary." There is a lofty monument to Watt in the finely-placed cemetery.

Behind this smoky shore, there is some finer moorland scenery than might be guessed, which could be explored from the high-built Hydropathic of **Kilmalcolm** (5 miles) on the G. & S.W.R.

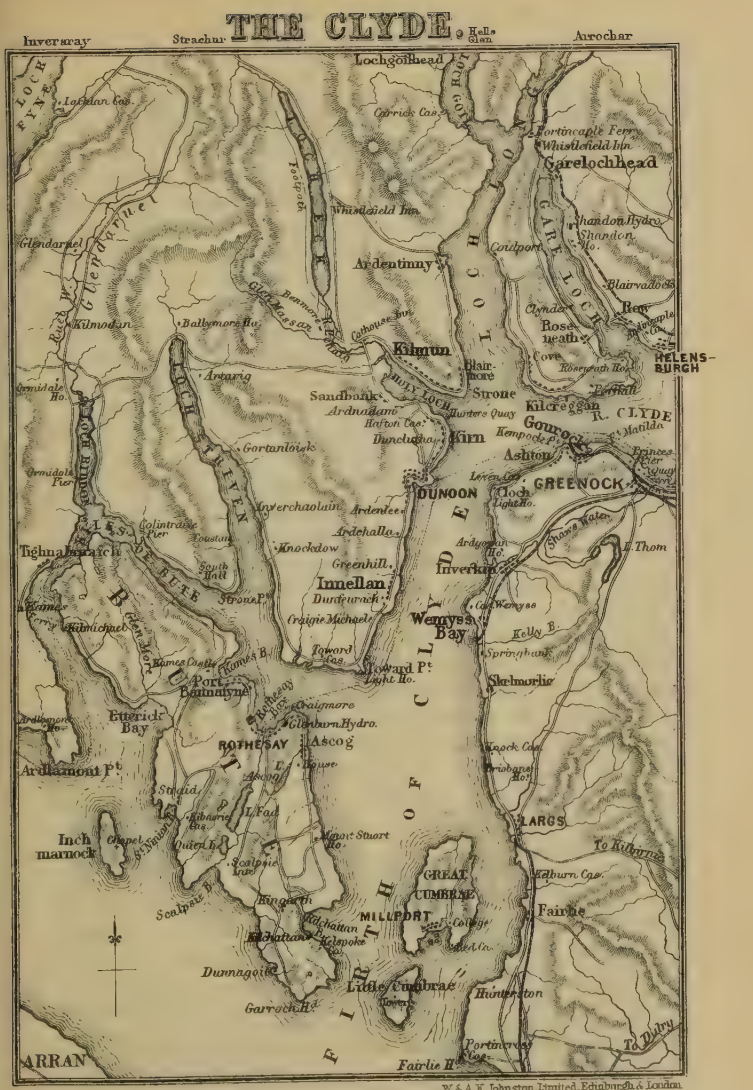
Opposite Greenock, a sandbank called the Tail of the Bank forms the best anchorage in the Clyde. A few miles below is the suburb of **Gourock** (Hotels: *Ashton*, *Queen's*), where the Caledonian Railway steamers start in connection with their line.

Craigendoran, on the other side of the estuary, is the pier of Helensburgh, and terminus of steamers in alliance with the North British Railway. This line runs down the right bank of the Clyde, passing **Dumbarton** (*Elephant Hotel*, etc.), which has as its lion the ancient Castle, turned into a modern barrack, on a rock 240 feet high. A part of the castle bears the name of "Wallace's Tower," in commemoration of the Scottish hero, who was confined within its walls; and a huge two-handed sword, said to have been his, is still shown.

Here we reach the mouth of the Leven, whose vale has been so warmly praised by Smollett as the scene of his early days. At Dumbarton is the junction of the line by which we can reach *Loch Lomond* (p. 113) or *Aberfoyle* (p. 66). By the Clyde, the line holds on either to *Craigendoran* Pier or to **Helensburgh** (Hotels: *Queen's*, *Imperial*, etc.) stretching along the side of the **Gareloch** opposite Greenock, with which there is frequent communication. The lower end of Loch Lomond is a few miles off; and up the Gareloch goes the *West Highland Railway* (p. 115) starting from *Craigendoran Pier*, about a mile from the town, as do the N.B.R. steamers.

Henry Bell of Helensburgh introduced steam navigation in 1812. The first British steamer was built at *Port-Glasgow* on the opposite bank, and voyaged between Glasgow and Greenock.

As it is impossible to tell by which line of countless steamers the stranger may choose to explore the Clyde, the best we can do for him now is to mention the chief points and inlets in a circle, beginning along the north side.


THE CLYDE
Inveraray
Strachur
Hell Glen
Arrochar
Lochgoilhead
Carrick Cas.
Portincaple Ferry
Whistlefield Inn.
Garelochhead
Shandon Hydro
Shandon Ho.
Coulport
Ardentinny
Blairvadoch
Rosneath
Clynder
Roseneath Ho.
Kilmun
Strone
Kilcreggan
Gourock
R. CLYDE
Ashton
GREENOCK
DUNOON
Kirn
Sandbank
Innellan
Dunoon Cas.
Inverchaolain
Knockdow
Greenhill
Wemyss Bay
Kelly B.
Skelmorlie
Toward Pt
Toward Cas.
Port Bannatyne
Rothesay
Ascog
Ardbeg
Craigmore
Kames
Kames Castle
Tighnabruaich
Colintraive
Strone Pt.
Ardlamont Pt
Inch marnock
Scalpsie Bay
Kilbirnie Loch
Largs
Millport
Great Cumbrae
Fairlie
Kilbirnie Cas.
Dumagoil
Garrochhd
Little Cumbrae
Hunterston
Portincraig
Fairlie Roads
ARRAN
FIRTH OF CLYDE
LOCH LONG
LOCH GOIL
LOCH EACHAIG
LOCH STRIVEN
LOCH RIDDON
LOCH FYNE
Glendaruel R.
Ballymore Ho.
Arearig
Gortanloisk
Ardendee
Ardchallo
Ardmaleish Ho.
Toward Ho.
Craigmore
Rothesay Hydro.
Mount Stuart Ho.
Kilmichael
Ormidale Ho.
Ormidale Pier
Hafton Cas.
Duncluchay
Ardmaleish Pier
Toward Light Ho.
Cloch Light Ho.
Knock Cas.
Kilbirnie Ho.
Kilbrannan Sd.
Kilbrannan Kilspoke
Portincraig Tow.
Fairlie Pt.
To Largs
To Dalry
Scale of Miles
0 1 2 3 4 5
Main Roads
W. & A. K. Johnston, Limited, Edinburgh & London.
Published by A. & C. Black, London.

Rosneath, to which there is a ferry from *Row* on the east side of the *Gareloch*, is noted for its mild sheltered climate, and for its old Castle, with the modern mansion of the Duke of Argyll on the promontory separating the Gare (*short*) loch from **Loch Long.** Some miles up the former is **Shandon** and its popular *Hydropathic;* then from the head, at *Whistlefield* station of the W.H.R., a short walk takes us across the isthmus to Loch Long, which is navigated by steamboats, most of them running up the inlet of **Loch Goil,** to connect with a coach for Inveraray (p. 56). A railway from *Arrochar* (p. 115) near the upper part of Loch Long and the shattered summit of the "Cobbler," is projected, which will make a shorter route to Inveraray.

At *Strone Point* opens the short **Holy Loch,** running up by *Kilmun* the burial-place of the Argylls, no longer a quiet home of death, but beset by clusters of summer residences. On the other side of this inlet, the bank of the Clyde becomes a line of bathing-places and yachting stations, the chief one **Dunoon** (Hotels: *Argyle, M'Coll's, Crown, Douglas* Temperance, etc., also *Royal Marine* at Hunter's Quay and *Queen's* at Kirn), the largest place in Argyllshire, of interest for the remains of its old Castle on the hill above the pier, and the statue of "Highland Mary" below. Upwards of £40,000 has been spent by the Corporation in making an esplanade 2 m. long on the sea-front.

A little farther south is **Innellan** (*New Royal Hotel*), beyond which comes *Toward Point;* then, leaving the long arm of *Loch Striven* to the right, all steamers will stand across to the island of **Bute,** whose capital makes the ganglion of Clyde steamer excursions, and the principal of Glasgow watering-places.

Rothesay (Hotels: *Royal, Bute Arms, Victoria, Queen's* (C.), *Lorne,* three Temperance, *Craigmore,* etc., and two *Hydropathics*) curves round a bay opening to the north. It has a mild winter climate like that of Devonshire, but is most crowded as a summer resort, though not very well adapted for bathing.

The *Town Hall* and county buildings form a fine castellated building with a square clock illuminated at night. On the too frequent wet days tourists can take refuge in the *Museum* of the Physical Society of Bute, the *Norman Stewart Institute,* a sort of popular club, and the *Aquarium* or the *Swimming Bath* beside it. The Esplanade makes a fine sweep of some 2 miles. In the middle of the town are the ruins of *Rothesay Castle,* once a royal residence, and supposed to

have been built about the year 1100. Robert II. created his eldest son Duke of Rothesay, a title still borne by the Prince of Wales. The castle was burned by a brother of the Earl of Argyll in 1685, and has since lain in ruins now cleared and enclosed by the Marquis of Bute. Adjoining the Parish Church, situated about half a mile southwards, are the ruins of the old kirk of *St. Mary's*, containing several interesting stone effigies, and the burial-vault of the Bute family. **Mount Stuart**, their native seat, is a splendid modern building in the Gothic style (the previous house having been destroyed by fire), 5 miles from Rothesay ; its grounds with their zoological curiosities may be visited. *Barone Hill*, the highest and central point of the island, makes an easy ascent for a fine view.

Rothesay is headquarters of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, with a grand Regatta in July. At all times of the summer, there is a great coming and going of steamers, by which we can fare westwards through the picturesque **Kyles of Bute** (*kyles*—straits : cf. *Calais*). This narrow winding passage, like a salt-water river, separates Bute from the mainland, on which are *Colintraive* and *Tighnabruaich* Piers to either side of the inlet called *Loch Ridden*. Turning southward, the Kyles open out at *Ardlamont Point*, to which attention was drawn a few years ago by the sensational trial of a tutor, acquitted on the charge of shooting his pupil here.

Loch Fyne, famous for herrings, now runs up to the north, near the head of which is **Inveraray** (Hotels : *Argyll Arms*, *George*), the county town of *Argyllshire*, one of the largest counties in Britain, but itself hardly more than a village, living under the shadow of the ducal Castle. There is a ferry across the loch to *St. Catherine's* (Hotel).

Inveraray consists mainly of one street, near the centre of which stands the Church, where a monument has been erected to several members of the clan Campbell who were massacred near the spot in 1685. The *Episcopal Chapel* has a fine monument to the late Duchess. The ancient market-cross is an example of the sculptured stones peculiar to Scotland.

A little way above stands *Inveraray Castle*, seat of the Duke of Argyll, built on the site of the old castle in 1748 and partly restored, with some alterations, after a fire in our own time. It is a square building, constructed of chlorite-slate, flanked with round towers, and surmounted with a square winged pavilion. It contains a spacious hall, and the drawing-room is adorned with some fine tapestry. There are numerous family portraits, including those of the great Marquis of Argyll and his son. The grounds are open under certain restrictions.

Duniquoich Hill, a cone 800 feet high, overlooks the town and castle, and is an excellent point of vantage for a view.

There is no regular coach running between Inveraray and *Loch Awe*, so anyone wishing to go this way must hire to *Dalmally* (2 horse vehicle, 28s.), or trust to his own powers. The road goes up *Glen Aray*, involving a stiff pull.

The *Columba*, the most popular of the Clyde steamers, does not go all the way to *Inveraray*, but turns up the inlet of **Loch Gilp**, where its terminus is at **Ardrishaig** (Hotel), the opening point of the *Crinan Canal* (p. 117). Beyond Ardrishaig, on this bay are *Lochgilphead*, and on the opposite side *Kilmory Castle*.

The *Loch Fyne* steamers call at **Tarbert** (Hotels : *Columba*, *Tarbet*, etc.) on the neck joining the long peninsula of **Kintyre** to the mainland. The name *Tarbert* or *Tarbet*, which we shall find recurring in Highland geography, seems to imply a portage between two waters. This one is a quiet but rising watering-place, where the ruins of an old castle, built by Robert Bruce in 1326, overlook the harbour. From the west side of the isthmus there go steamers to **Islay**, the richest, but not most romantic of the Western Isles.

A coach runs during summer to **Campbeltown** (*Argyle Arms*, *White Hart*) in a bay near the southern extremity of Kintyre. It is well built, and contains a beautifully sculptured market-cross. Five miles west of Campbeltown lies *Machrihanish* (*Ugadale Arms*), where there are good golf-links—this and whisky being the chief interest of the neighbourhood. Campbeltown may be reached by steamer from Glasgow and other ports.

The island of **Arran**, reached by steamer from Campbeltown, as from Craigendoran, Greenock, Gourock, Ardrossan, or Wemyss Bay, contains within its circuit of some 60 miles what many think the cream of Scottish scenery. The Hamilton family, to whom it nearly all belongs, though now divorced from the Dukedom, have discouraged building, so that quarters are scarce and dear in summer when the few hotels may be found overcrowded.

The Campbeltown steamers land one at **Loch Ranza** (Hotel) on the north end, whence a coach goes to **Brodick** (*Douglas Hotel*) on the east side, the chief place, near which are the beautiful *Glen Sannox* and *Glen Rosa;* and behind it, above *Brodick Castle*, rises the peak of *Goatfell*, to be ascended in a couple of hours. The Clyde boats reach Brodick by **Corrie** (Hotel) a few miles to the north, and go on southwards to

Lamlash (Hotels: *Lamlash*, *Ship*) built on the edge of a bay of the same name sheltered by the *Holy Island*, an irregular cone 900 feet high. Here St. Molios, a disciple of St. Columba, is said to have founded a church, and the cave in which he resided is still pointed out. At the southerly point of Lamlash Bay (3 miles from the village) *King's Cross*, a simple unhewn monolith, marks the spot whence Robert Bruce embarked for the coast of Carrick. About a mile south of this is *Whiting Bay* (Hotel). Other hostelries can be found at more sequestered points of this island so abounding in beauty and interest.

Specimens of rude sepulchral pillars, cairns, and circles are to be found in various parts of the island—not to speak of the ruins of an old castle, once a royal hunting seat, at Loch Ranza—while to the geologist and botanist it presents very interesting features. The shores are, for the most part, formed of red sandstone. The next most conspicuous rocks are of a schistose nature, and of various composition. The soil gives birth to a varied system of vegetation; we have plants of the seashore, secluded glen, open morass, and bleak mountain-top, within the compass of a few miles. In cryptogamic plants Arran is peculiarly rich.

Ardrossan (*Eglinton Arms*, etc.) is a considerable port, with fine pleasure steamers plying, in connection with rail from Glasgow, to Arran and other points; even as far as Belfast one can go and come back in the day. To the south of it lie its close neighbour *Saltcoats*, *Irvine* with its rifle range, **Troon** (Hotels: *Marine*, *South Beach*, *Mar Lodge*, etc.), a favourite bathing place, and *Ayr* (p. 50). Out at sea stands up the grand rocky cone of **Ailsa Craig**, with its columnar cliffs and countless sea-fowl. There are frequent trips by the Arran and other boats to this far-seen sea-mark, that gives warning to ships by a lighthouse and powerful fog-horn.

On the way to Ardrossan by rail, inland, is **Kilwinning** (*Eglinton Arms*), a small town chiefly supported by the surrounding mineral works. Saint Winnin, who settled here at an early period, gave rise to the monastery subsequently founded by Hugh de Moreville in 1140. The remains of the Abbey subsequently erected consist mainly of the south transept, a beautiful fragment of the First Pointed style. Near Kilwinning is *Eglinton Castle*, seat of the Earl of Eglinton and Wintoun. In its park the anachronism of the Eglinton Tournament took place 1839.

Wanting the background of Highland scenery on the other side, the Ayr and Renfrew banks of the Clyde are not so

attractive, but have many pretty spots and make almost a continuous line of favourite resorts of the Glasgow people. The chief of these, as we return towards Greenock on this side are :—

Millport (Hotels : *Cumbrae Arms*, *Kelburn Arms*, *Royal George*, etc.), on the larger of the **Cumbrae Islands**, has a good harbour, and a College and Cathedral of the Episcopal Church. At Keppel Pier (*Great Cumbrae*) has been opened a *Marine Laboratory*, the upper story of which is a Museum containing the collections of the late Dr. David Robertson, well worth a visit from biologists. On the *Lesser Cumbrae* there are caves and the ruins of a castle.

On the coast of the "adjacent island of Great Britain," behind the Cumbraes, come two quiet sea-side resorts, **Seamill** (*West Kilbride* station) and **Fairlie**, at the former of which there is a small Hydropathic Establishment.

Largs (Hotels : *Royal*, *White Hart*, etc.) is distinguished by some fine modern church architecture and as scene of the battle (1263) where the Norwegian invaders were defeated by Alexander III. The chief point of interest in the country behind is *Kelburn Castle*, with a romantic glen and waterfall, which might also be visited from Fairlie.

Wemyss Bay (Hotel and Hydropathic—pronounced *Weems*) with its annexe *Skelmorlie*, on the height opposite *Toward Point*, makes a fine show of villas much in favour with well-to-do Glasgow people. It is interesting to tourists as terminus of a branch of the Caledonian Railway, and one of the leading points of embarkation for the Clyde pleasure steamers. **Inverkip**, a little higher up, is also rising into note as a bathing place.

STIRLING AND THE TROSSACHS

Stirling is an hour or so's journey from Edinburgh, either by the Caledonian or the North British railways, which go together by *Linlithgow* (p. 38) as far as **Falkirk** (Hotels: *Red Lion*, *Crown*), an ancient and thriving town noted for its cattle markets, with collieries and iron works about it. Almost lost among these modern features are traces of the wall of Antoninus ("Graham's Dyke") by which the Romans sought to fortify their domain between the Forth and the Clyde. Falkirk has given its name to two battles, at one of which the English defeated Wallace; at the other Prince Charlie's army had a last gleam of success.

Near this, at *Polmont* Junction the N.B.R. line turns off to Glasgow; then at *Larbert Junction* the Caledonian line from Glasgow and the south comes in. From *Grahamston* (the Caledonian station at Falkirk) a short branch goes to **Grangemouth** (*Zetland Arms*), a rising port on the Forth, with a good line of steamers to London. Beyond Larbert is passed Bannockburn, and the next station is Stirling. A pleasant, if slower way to Stirling is by the steamers from Leith up the windings of the Forth.

STIRLING

Hotels: *Golden Lion*, *Station*, *Waverley Temperance*, and others.

Stirling stands above the river Forth, on a gradually sloping eminence, so as to present some resemblance to the Old Town of Edinburgh. In the centre of Scotland such a site naturally suggested itself for an important fortress. There was a Roman station here, whence remains of the old Roman road may still be traced towards Falkirk. The Castle dates from the early Feudal period. The ancient dignity of the town is still preserved in some of its features, where the picturesque, the squalid

and the modern are mingled in a striking manner. The present population numbers over 16,000.

The *Station* lies below the Castle, to which we might ascend by more than one way from the modernised thoroughfare skirting the foot of the hill, into which, a little way farther back, at the *Post Office*, a road runs straight up across the railway from the steamboat landing. Opposite the station an Arcade cuts across the corner, round which, to the left, and presently taking a sharp angle right, one may bear up through the steep line of main streets, where the house-fronts still show turrets, crow-stepped gables, and quaint inscriptions of the olden times.

Near the head of the ascent, to the right of the *Town House*, we pass into *Broad Street*. Here Hamilton, the last Roman Catholic Archbishop of Scotland, was hanged (1571) for his complicity in the murders of Darnley and the Regent Murray, an act severely retaliated soon after in the same place.

Mar's Work (the remains of a house built by the Earl of Mar) stands at the head of Broad Street, on the right. Its decorated architecture partakes of the ecclesiastical character; tradition, indeed, says that it was built of stones taken from the ruins of Cambuskenneth, and that for this sacrilege its founder was cut off before it was finished.

To the left here, behind the Parish Church, stands *Cowane's Hospital*, a quaint building surmounted by a turret steeple, one of the most important charitable institutions of Stirling. The statue of its worshipful founder, cap in hand, looks down from his elevation with courtly dignity. The Guild Hall of the hospital is open to the public, and contains some relics. The keeper has charge of the keys of Greyfriars' Church, a small fee for admission being fixed by the Town Council.

The *Parish Church* of Stirling was erected in 1494 by James IV., and some additions were made to the eastern portion by Archbishop James Beaton, uncle of the cardinal. It is a specimen of the later pointed Gothic, a type of architecture peculiar to Scotland; though dating from about the beginning of the 16th century it appears a century older than it is. The massive columns of the interior remain intact, and the external walls are in good preservation. In this church, the Earl of Arran, regent of the kingdom, abjured Romanism in 1543; and the coronation of the youthful James VI. took place in the choir on the 29th of July in 1567, John Knox preaching the coronation sermon. Since the Reformation it has been divided into two places of worship, called the East and West Churches. In one of these, Ebenezer Erskine officiated before he seceded from the Church of Scotland, and he was interred in the mausoleum in front of the church in St. John Street. James Guthrie (the "Martyr"), who was beheaded at Edinburgh, was also one of the ministers, and his monument may be seen close by.

For the Castle we turn to the right, passing *Argyll's Lodging*, now used as a military hospital. It belonged to the accomplished poet, Sir William Alexander, who in the reign of Charles I. was created Earl of Stirling, and afterwards to the Argyll family, who substituted their arms for those of the Alexanders.

By the approach to the Esplanade stands a statue of Bruce, looking proudly over to Bannockburn. On the south side of the Esplanade a new cemetery has been laid out, containing statues of Knox, Henderson, and other Reformers.

The Castle stands on the brow of a steep rock 340 feet above the wide Carse (Vale) of Stirling. It is the headquarters of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Strangers are admitted at all reasonable hours (on Sunday afternoons 1 to 2 P.M. and 4 to 8.30 P.M.) by the drawbridge at the head of the Esplanade, itself worth reaching for the view. (Cab fare from the station 2s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per hour waiting.)

From an early date, Stirling Castle was associated with the history of Scotland. In 1304 it held out for three months against Edward I. Remaining then in the hands of the English for ten years, of such importance was it considered, that to maintain its possession Edward II. assembled a great army, and undertook that invasion of Scotland which terminated in his defeat at Bannockburn. After the death of Bruce it was captured by Edward Baliol, the aspirant to the Scottish throne, and from him it was recovered for King David only after a long and obstinate siege. It was the birthplace of James III. and James IV., and a favourite residence both with James IV. and James V. before Edinburgh became confirmed as the seat of government.

Crossing the drawbridge, and passing below the Overport, we reach the upper square, where is the *Palace*, built by James V., of polished stone, relieved by grotesque figures and other ornamental work. Through a narrow passage at the side of the chapel royal (now a dining hall for the soldiers) is reached an interesting building on the rampart, containing the Douglas room, where James II. stabbed the Earl of Douglas. The view from the battlements is beautiful and extensive, overlooking the Vale of Menteith on the west, bounded by the Highland mountains; to the north and east Cambuskenneth Abbey, the Wallace Monument, Bridge of Allan, the Ochil Hills, and windings of the Forth, then the Campsie Hills close the southern prospect.

A picturesque path, called the *Back Walk*, having its commencement at the lower part of the town, runs with a gradual ascent along the western side of the Castle rock. From this it is interesting to look down and see the turf embankments of the *King's Garden*, with an octagonal mound in the centre called the King's Knot, where the monarch and his courtiers engaged in the favourite amusement of the

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STIRLING.

or Royal Chase, now used for military reviews, golf, and cricket matches. The path passes along parts of the old town wall, and beside the *Trades Hall*, founded, according to the inscription, by "Robert Spittall, Taylor to King James the Fourth, For Relief of decayed Tradesmen."

Below the middle of this walk, in Dumbarton Road, is the *Smith Institute*, endowed by Thomas Stuart Smith, a native of Stirling, and an artist of merit. Not far off, opposite the Exchange, is the Public Library, opened 1904, the building of which was gifted by Mr. Carnegie.

By following the Bridge of Allan tram line to the modern bridge, we may see the *Old Bridge* of Stirling, which existed long before there was any bridge upon the Tay, or any other stone bridge over the Forth, and it made thus the gate between the north and south of Scotland. Here was fought the battle of Stirling, 13th September 1297, when the Scots under Wallace gained their first victory over the English.

THE ENVIRONS OF STIRLING

Not to speak of many fine seats, there are several spots of historic or picturesque interest in the immediate vicinity of Stirling; besides longer trips that could be made by the railways meeting here from the four points of the compass.

The field of **Bannockburn**, 2 miles south, retains scarcely any memorials of the battle save the "Bore Stone" (on which the royal standard was raised). This has been protected from the zeal of relic-hunters by an iron grating, and may be seen on an eminence called Brock's Brae (crowned by a flag-staff). North-east is the village of St. Ninians, near which Bruce's left wing was defended against the English cavalry by a number of honeycombed pits. In the rear of the position occupied by the Scottish army is the Gillies' Hill, where Bruce stationed his baggage, under the charge of the camp followers. At a critical moment, when the English line was wavering, these gillies suddenly appeared on the hill like a new army advancing to battle, and the English, seized with panic, fled in every direction.

The **Wallace Monument**, so conspicuous across the river from the Castle, is 2 miles off, and may be reached by the tram starting near the station (2d.). Raised in our generation through the exertions of Dr. C. Rogers and other ardent patriots, it crowns the *Abbey Craig* (560 feet), a finely-wooded mass of the same green trap rock as forms the base of the Castle. The monument is in the form of a lofty baronial tower (designed by the late Mr. Rochead of Glasgow), 220 feet in height. It contains memorials of other great Scotsmen, a recent addition being a bust of Mr. W. E. Gladstone. The tower may be ascended by a staircase, which winds up at one of the angles to the open crown at the top, whence there is an extensive view of the surrounding country. The Craig is approached by a winding walk from the village of *Causewayhead*, on the Bridge of Allan tram route.

Cambuskenneth Abbey, founded 1147, lies below the Abbey Craig, about 1½ mile from Stirling by the Ferry over the river, which here begins a series of windings known as the *Links of Forth*. The ruins are an interesting fragment of Early English or Pointed Gothic, while the tower, the only part left entire, is of a more massive Norman character. Tradition having pointed out a spot near the high altar as the burial-place of James III. (in 1488) and his queen, excavations led to the discovery of the bodies, reinterred under the present tomb erected by Queen Victoria in 1865. The tomb is ornamented with sculptures of the Scottish arms quartered with those of Denmark. (The key of the tower is kept at a neighbouring cottage.)

Bridge of Allan (Hotels: *Royal*, *Carmichael's Private*, *Queen's*, *Hydropathic*), 3 miles from Stirling. Horse-drawn cars run between the two places every twenty minutes. There is a saline spa and pump-room close by the Hydropathic. Here for a very small charge visitors may read the papers. The walks on the wooded hills above the town are innumerable. The season begins in March; being so sheltered the place is apt to be a little too warm in full summer, but revives in the autumn and is pleasant on to the end of October. The place makes a good centre for excursions, as the Caledonian railway is on one side and the North British at Causewayhead (1½ mile) on the other. The shops are good and the main street bright and pleasant; at the Stirling end is the *Macfarlane Museum* founded by a local collector. There is a good golf course (nine holes) from which the view is superb, including *Ben Lomond*, *Ben Vorlich*, and many another giant. Fishing in the river *Allan* is let at very reasonable rates to visitors under the auspices of the Angling Improvement Association. Salmon and sea-trout from Jan. 15 to Oct. 15, yellow trout from March 1 to Oct. 14. There are also bowling-greens, tennis-courts, croquet-lawns, etc. The grounds of Airthrey are open to the public on Thursdays and those of Keir on Friday afternoons.

The prominent feature is the **Ochils**, behind, a line of steep hills, rising at one summit (*Ben Cleugh*) to 2363 feet, but for the most part less bodily and richly featured than the Highland mountains facing them. The slopes are sometimes finely wooded, and there are several good view-points to be ascended, notably *Dunmyat Hill*, about 3 miles north-east of the Wallace Monument, reached through the village of *Logie*.

From the Bridge of Allan a road runs northwards along the eastern side of these hills, leaving Dunmyat on its right, and reaching in about 5 miles the scene of the battle of *Sheriffmuir*, the Culloden

of 1715, commemorated by a railed stone near the little inn. This is above *Dunblane*, the next station, to which there is a very pleasant hour's walk from the Bridge by a path along "the banks of Allan Water."

THE DEVON VALLEY TO KINROSS

Along the other side of the Ochils, a branch of the N.B.R. takes us to Kinross by several scenes of note. This goes by **Alloa**, the chief town of the county of Clackmannan, with considerable trade and manufactures, and a hereditary fame for the brewing of ale. Close by are the modern mansion of Alloa House (Earl of Kellie), and the remains of the ancient mansion of the Earls of Mar. The square tower of Clackmannan, which stands conspicuously on the summit of a hill 2 miles from Alloa, claims association with King Robert Bruce. The distance by land from Alloa to Stirling Bridge is only 6 miles, while it is twice as far by the windings of the river.

Here we branch off northwards by the manufacturing villages of Tillicoultry and Alva, and in 3 miles reach **Dollar** (Hotel: *Castle Campbell*), noted for its academy. Above it on a bold rock stands **Castle Campbell**, an old fortress of the Argyll family, and one of the most picturesque ruins in Scotland. Part of the castle has an air of rude strength, but other portions are more ornate, as the noble hall with ribbed vaulting.

The romantic spot called **The Rumbling Bridge** (hotel and station) lies 4 miles east of Dollar, taking its name from a narrow arch, embedded under the expanding arch of the new bridge, as if it had been dropped into the cleft. The ravine itself is covered with creeping plants and shrubs, kept green by the spray of the stream which raves below, and farther down makes the **Falls of Devon**. The first but least effective of these is *The Devil's Mill*, whose principal feature is a general hurry-scurry of water among the rocks, causing that thumping sound generally heard in a mill. About a mile below this is *The Cauldron Linn*, a very striking waterfall, and one of the finest in Scotland. At two bounds the river clears its way from the range of the Ochil chain into the vale below. "The clear winding Devon" has been celebrated by Burns in a beautiful lyric.

Seven miles on, the branch joins the N.B.R. Perth line at **Kinross** (Hotels: *Green*, *Kirkland's*, etc.) where boats may be

hired for visiting the ruins of Lochleven Castle, on an island about half a mile from the shore.

This ancient castle derives its chief interest from having been the place of Queen Mary's imprisonment, the story of which is given, with all the embellishments of romance, by Sir Walter Scott in *The Abbot*. The Queen's boat is said to have got ashore on the south side of the lake, whence she was conducted by Lord Seton to Niddry Castle, near Linlithgow. The keys of the castle, which had been thrown into the lake, were found many years afterwards, and presented to the Earl of Morton, representative of the Lochleven Douglases (p. 42).

Lochleven is celebrated for its special breed of trout. The rights of fishing are in the hands of an Association ; but strangers may share the sport by means of a "silver hook," or a gold one in this expensive case.

MENTEITH AND ABERFOYLE

In the other direction the *Forth and Clyde* line carries us up the crooked Forth, by the district of **Menteith**, recently illustrated in a little book by one of its loyal sons.[1] This line would eventually lead to Balloch on Loch Lomond, and by a branch to *Aberfoyle* it is one of the ways to the Trossachs.

The **Lake of Menteith**, 3 miles from the station of that name, is a circular sheet of water about 7 miles in circumference and of considerable beauty. Its two islands may be visited by boat from the small hotel at *Port of Menteith*, 3½ miles from the railway station. *Talla*, or "The Earl," contains the ruins of the feudal fortalice of the great Earls of Menteith. The more interesting island is *Inch-mahome*, or the *Isle of Rest*, with its monastic ruins, traditionally connected with the young Princess Mary, who was conveyed hither after the battle of Pinkie. A summer-house and hawthorn tree in which she took delight still remain near the margin of the lake.

Aberfoyle (Hotels : *Bailie Nicol Jarvie ; Temperance*). The Clachan, by no means so primitive as in Scott's day, has a striking situation at the base of *Craigmore*, an abrupt hill 1271 feet high, in front of which flows the "infant Forth," here known as the *Avon Dhu* (Black Water). This place, as already mentioned, is the terminus of a branch of the Forth and Clyde Railway, which makes it now one of the regular approaches to the Trossachs from Edinburgh and Glasgow. But besides being a station on our route, it is a village where one may spend some days delightfully, even if deprived of "all the comforts of the Sautmarket," as one no longer need be.

[1] *Notes on Menteith*, by R. B. Cunningham Graham. (A. & C. Black. London.)

TROSACHS & LOCH LOMOND

Tyndrum Hotel
Glen Dochart
Loch Dochart
Loch Tubhair
Dochart
Crianlarich Hotel
Ben More 3843
Stobinian 3821
Glen Falloch
Braes of Balquhidder
Balquhidder
L. Dome
LOCH VOIL
Inverarnan
Ben Oss
Ben Chreran
Ardlui Hotel
Glen Ogle
LOCHEARNHEAD
Edinchip
Kings House Inn
Ben Vorrich 3092
Glenogle
Immeroan
Strathfillan
Auchtertyre
Runnacraig
Ardhullary
LOCH LUBNAIG
Forest of Glenfinlas
Glen Finlas
Glengyle
Stronachlachar
Inversnaid Hotel
Strath Gartney
LOCH KATRINE
Ben A'an 1800
Silver Strand
Ellens Isle
Inversnaid
Larkie
TROSACHS Hotel
Sources of the Forth
Ben Venue 2386
Ben Cheathan
Loch Chon
Craigs a Bhenn 2077
BEN LOMOND 3192
Ptarmigan 2393
Rowardennan Hotel
Inversnaid Fall
Water Works Dam
Duchray Water
Duchray Cas.
L. Ard
ABERFOYLE
Loch Lomond
Inverglas
Ben Vreck
Strathcashel
Inch Murrin
Inch Lonaig
Inch Cailliach
Inch Fad
Inch Tavannach
Inch Galbraith
Inch Cruin
Inch Connachan
Inch Lonaig
Inch Tullichgarvan
Inch Tullichcolan
Inch Moan
Inch Lonaig
Inch Tullichmore

Lovely in itself, and teeming with many memories, the Aberfoyle valley forms an attractive complement to its neighbour of the Trossachs. Hither came the immortal Bailie Nicol Jarvie, after jogging across Drymen Moor with his two companions, on their way to keep tryst with Rob Roy. And it was in the primitive tavern of the Clachan of Aberfoyle that the gallant Bailie distinguished himself by his sudden and successful onslaught on his Highland antagonist. That this was no fiction is proved by the fact that the Bailie's weapon, a plough-coulter, may still be seen hanging from a tree opposite the hotel. Moreover, the bough from which he swung suspended by his coat-tails, "like a cloak flung ower a cloak-pin," is even yet pointed out,—a little farther up the valley.

From Aberfoyle up the valley to *Stronachlachar*, at the head of Loch Katrine, is a walk of 12 miles (the road quite practicable to cyclists, though somewhat rough) through charming scenery; and the first few miles are rendered doubly interesting by their association with some of the most stirring passages in *Rob Roy*. It was up this narrow valley that Captain Thornton's regiment, guided by "the Dougal creature," advanced until they were arrested by the imposing figure of Helen Macgregor; and here the accommodating native points out "The Bailie's Rock and Tree," as well as "the famous cave of Rob Roy." **Loch Ard** is reached at 2 miles from Aberfoyle. It is a beautiful little loch, 2½ miles long by about half a mile wide. Near its southern shore are *Eilean Gorm*, "The Green Isle," and the ruins of a castle attributed to Murdoch, Duke of Albany; while above its north-western extremity are the **Falls of Ledard**, easily reached from the road (4½ miles from Aberfoyle). To the devotee of Scott these falls possess a twofold interest. They form the scene of Osbaldistone's farewell to Helen Macgregor, and they have also supplied the author of *Waverley* with the setting to Flora MacIvor's song—

> There is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
> But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.

Two coaches daily in the season run between Aberfoyle and the pier on Loch Katrine, near the Trossachs Hotel, by a private road (7 miles—toll for cyclists 6d.). This is part of the regular circular trip from Edinburgh or Glasgow to the Trossachs, which we shall approach by what may be called the main line, the Caledonian Railway to Oban, on which the coach is taken at Callander.

STIRLING TO THE TROSSACHS

Leaving Stirling by this route we cross the Carse of Stirling, through which meanders the river Forth, and passing the *Bridge of Allan* in a few minutes reach **Dunblane** (*Stirling Arms, Hydropathic*), picturesquely situated on the banks of the river Allan. The Cathedral, one of the few fine specimens of Gothic

architecture in Scotland, which escaped to a great extent the destruction of Reforming zeal, is still used as the parish church, and has been lovingly restored.

It excels both in beauty of proportion and force of moulding. The western window, the beautiful little window in the gable, and the arcading of the triforium, are especially noteworthy. The tower is evidently the oldest part, having decided marks of Norman work. Some of the prebends' stalls and some interesting monuments have been preserved.

One of the prelates of this see was the celebrated Archbishop Leighton, who left his library to the clergy of the diocese. From the back of the hotel there is a romantic walk along the banks of the river Allan to the Bridge of Allan.

We now enter on the scenery of the "Lady of the Lake," commencing with the old village of **Doune** (*Woodside Hotel*) where the Teith is spanned by a noble bridge—the work of Robert Spital, tailor to the queen of James IV. Near it rise the towers of Murdoch of Albany's stronghold, *Doune Castle*, roofless and ruinous, but still a majestic pile, with its two massive square towers and high embattled walls, kept in a state of ruinous repair for visitors (small fee to custodian).

Along the northern bank of the Teith is perceived, on the opposite side, *Lanrick Castle;* and 3 miles farther we pass *Cambusmore*, where Sir Walter Scott spent several summers during his youth, and whence he wandered beyond the Highland line into those scenes that became so deeply imprinted on his memory. By Cambusmore the Kelty mountain stream makes its way towards the Teith, forming the *Bracklinn Falls* as goal of a favourite 2 mile walk from Callander.

Thus we come to **Callander** (Hotels: *Dreadnought, Ancaster Arms;* Temperance — four or five, all small. The large *Hydropathic* a little way out, burned down a few years ago, has now been rebuilt). This meeting-place of the Highlands and the Lowlands is a thriving village at the junction of the Teith and the Leny, near the foot of **Ben Ledi** (2875 feet), the not difficult ascent of which should by no means be omitted by all able-bodied visitors. The country around is exceedingly beautiful in its mixture of mountain and valley scenery. Within a walk are the Pass of **Leny**, Bracklinn Falls, Bocastle, Coilantogle Ford, Lanrick Mead, the Brig of Turk, Glen Finlas, and other spots famous and familiar to all the world in Scott's

verse, where Callander itself might have figured more prominently had its name been less intractable to the metre. The Trossachs are some 8 or 9 miles distant by the shores of Loch Vennachar and Loch Achray; and those bound thither must here leave the railway to take one of the coaches running in connection. To the neighbourhood of Callander we shall return in tracing this line farther (p. 71).

Callander to the Trossachs (9 miles). The coaches start by the road up the Leny, which they leave at *Kilmahog Bridge*, their way there bending back across the river and the rail to wind round the southern flanks of Ben Ledi. On an eminence to the right may be traced the remains of the old Fort of *Bocastle*. A large boulder on the mountain-side, known as "Samson's Putting-Stone," is also a noteworthy object. Thereafter we pass in view of *Coilantogle Ford*—a ford no longer—marked by the buildings connected with the sluices of the Glasgow Water Works at the lower end of **Loch Vennachar**, along which our road lies for half the way.

Ben Venue comes in sight, filling in the background of the view as we go westward; then, as our way begins to quit the lake, and turns up to the right, the green meadow of *Lanrick* is seen below on the left, between the road and the shore. Above Lanrick Mead, we come to Lanrick Lodge, a shooting-box, shortly after passing which is gained the summit of the road, where one has an exquisite view of Ben Venue, the region of the Trossachs, and, in the foreground, of Loch Achray. The road now grows eminently picturesque. *Glenfinlas*, the scene of Scott's ballad of that name, stretches upward on the right hand, with, at its entrance, the scattered cottages of *Brig o' Turk;* but "Duncraggan's huts" do *not* appear to us, peeping "like moss-grown rocks half seen." Presently the Brig itself, spanning the Finlas stream, is "won," whence like Fitz-James we push on, now that the hotel once well-known to travellers has been burnt down. The road then skirts **Loch Achray**, at the upper end of which opens the defile of the *Trossachs*, "the bristling pass."

THE TROSSACHS AND LOCH KATRINE

The traveller who halts here has "Hobson's choice" of hostelry, which in the present case, luckily, leaves little to be

desired. The *Trossachs Hotel* is a large and excellent modern one, with such minor advantages as a tennis-green, telegraph and post-office, a flotilla of boats and free fishing on Loch Achray for visitors. From this loch, on a calm summer evening, there is charming prospect of the billowy range of wooded knolls that form "The Trossachs," and, rising high above them, the "forehead bare" of *Ben A'an* (1750 feet), which makes a good climb from the hotel.

The road runs on through the pass, a long mile to the end of *Loch Katrine*, to which the coaches usually proceed after an hour or so's halt at the hotel. This is a new road, on which presently a board marked *Old Pass* shows pedestrians where to turn off by the wilder track: the whole neighbourhood indeed is well provided with such indicators. Here we might be moved to quote Scott, if the verses in which he has described these scenes were not among the best remembered in our language.

Few will forget the view of **Loch Katrine** that bursts upon them at the end of either road. Eight miles long, and nowhere quite a mile broad, it gathers up the waters of nearly fifty brooks that fall from the surrounding hills. The pretty name, we are sorry to learn from Scott, has no saintly associations, but comes from the *caterans* (robbers) to whom it was once best known.

Having reached the waterside, the road holds on by the north bank, which may be followed up to *Glengyle*, an old fastness of the Macgregors, the clan Scott evidently had in view for his "M'Alpines." In a bay at the loch foot is the pier, where through travellers exchange the coach for the steamer that makes several trips daily up and down to *Stronachlachar*. Here also more leisurely excursionists may hire rowing boats at 1s. 6d. an hour, or 5s. for the day. In fine weather nothing can be more delightful than the voyage of a few miles up Loch Katrine, or a paddle about its lower end, where the poetic interest is concentrated.

Issuing from the little bay on the left, at the base of **Ben Venue** (2393 feet), we see the rocks among which lies the "Goblin's Cave," and higher up *Beal'-nam-bo*, the "Pass of the Cattle." On the other side are *Ellen's Isle* and the *Silver Strand*, the latter in part submerged by the effect of the Glasgow Water

Works, which farther on exhibit more prosaic features on the south bank. At **Stronachlachar** (Hotel) the steamer is exchanged for a coach carrying one across the narrow isthmus to *Inversnaid* on the "bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond." Thence by steamer and railway, the day's round is continued to its termination at Edinburgh or Glasgow (see p. 113).

But the rapid excursionist who performs this *tour de force* obtains only a passing glimpse of scenery crowded with interest to every reader of Sir Walter Scott, not to mention the delighted praise of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Smollett, and a host of other writers. If he have time, and if the Trossachs Hotel have room for him, as may not be the case in the tourist season, if also the weather favour for its part, he should by all means spend a few days here, exploring this beauty spot of Scotland. He will find all directions in the small map supplied by the hotel to its visitors, and more fully in our own *Guide to the Trossachs*, a special feature of which is a full topographical commentary on the "Lady of the Lake" by the late Astronomer-Royal, Sir G. B. Airy.

At *Callander*, also, where there is more choice, the visitor might take up his quarters. This is a well-known summer resort, a little relaxing perhaps in its sheltered situation, but villas and lodgings here are much run upon. In any case, the traveller must return to Callander, if he wishes to continue the line to Oban through the Perthshire Highlands. This line we may now follow as far as *Loch Earn*.

CALLANDER TO LOCH EARN

Our route is now north-westwards through **the Pass of Leny**, by which the river of that name comes down into the Teith. The road goes near the *Falls of Leny* (to be reached by a path along the bank), then by the *Chapel of St. Bride*, and along the 5 miles of **Loch Lubnaig's** mountain-shadowed bosom, on the other side of which runs the railway. At a turn of the loch we pass the huge mass of rock known as *Craig-na-co-heily*. Five miles from Callander by road is the farmhouse of *Ardchullarie*, once the country house of Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, who retired here from the sneers of a sceptical world.

Besides the interest which attaches to this valley in connection with the "Lady of the Lake," it is also notable as answering the description in the opening scene of the *Legend of Montrose*, when the immortal Dugald Dalgetty first comes upon the stage. Any one, in fact, who reads the first two or three chapters of the novel carefully will see that Scott had the whole of this district in view; that Dalgetty was encountered at Ardchullarie, on Loch Lubnaig side; and that

thereafter the party took the hill road leading up from there to Glen Ample, down which they descended to Loch Earn.

Then we pass **Strathyre** (two Hotels), a charming little place, and shortly after see the gleam of Loch Voil on the left. We next come to Balquhidder station, a junction between the Callander and Oban route we have been following, and a line running along Loch Earn to *St. Fillans*, *Comrie*, and *Crieff*, and so back to Perth. It may here be followed back to the central main line of the Caledonian, leaving the rest of the Oban branch to be treated farther on (p. 110).

Balquhidder is a spot to be sought out for another "Waverley" association. It lies on the banks of *Loch Voil*, 2 miles west of the little station of *Kingshouse* (where trains stop only on notice being given), the station bearing its own name being 2½ miles farther. The road leads by the ivy-covered ruins of the old chapel of Balquhidder and the graveyard, where it is not difficult to discover, a few paces in front of the eastern gable, the stone said to cover the grave of Rob Roy—a plain worn-out slab, engraved with fanciful figures.

Loch Earn will seem to some the perfection of lake scenery —a mountain-boundary of fine outline on either side, rich woodlands, with a sprinkling of cultivation, and here and there a gentleman's seat. In tourist chronology it is the most ancient of the Highland lakes; and, perhaps from its accessibility, it appears to have been visited, admired, and sketched, when the Trossachs were deemed a heap of unsightly rocks beyond the limits of civilisation. It is about 7 miles long, and contains trout and salmon. Boats with liberty to fish may be obtained from the hotel-keepers. About a mile from Lochearnhead Hotel stands the old castle of *Edinample* (a seat of the Breadalbane family), where a stream, descending Glen Ample, forms a considerable waterfall. Here also are the ruins of *St. Blane's Chapel*. To the south the chief summit is **Ben Voirlich** (3224 feet). On the shore below stands *Ardvoirlich House*, the "Darnlinvarach" of the *Legend of Montrose*.

The best road follows the north bank of the lake, at the foot of which is the village of **St. Fillans** (*Drummond Arms Hotel*), a name derived from a celebrated Scottish saint, who possessed a sacred fountain on the top of the remarkable conical height (*St. Fillan's Hill*) that shoots up prominently from the middle of the valley. From St. Fillans there is a grand walk over Ben Voirlich to *Strathyre*, where one can take the road to

Callander, or strike over the hills by Balquhidder, for the Trossachs. Near the mouth of the loch here, "Monan's rill," from which "the stag at eve had drunk his fill," falls into the Earn. There is a very good road along the north side of Loch Earn and right on to *Comrie* and *Crieff;* also a secondary road, hillier and not so smooth of surface, on the south side of the loch.

Comrie (Hotels: *Royal*, *Ancaster Arms*, besides three Temperance), at the confluence of the *Ruchill* and the *Lednock* with the Earn, is one of the choicest spots in Scotland for those who love the mingling of Highland with richly-wooded Lowland scenery; and since the opening of the railway from Crieff it seems likely to become a very favourite resort. It has a reputation, happily unique in the British Isles, for earthquakes, slight but not infrequent.

There are lovely walks in the grounds of Dunira and Aberuchill, and a fine fall a mile up the gorge of the Lednock, by which one might mount to the ascent of *Ben Chonzie* (3048 feet), but these are only a few among the beauty spots of the vicinity. On the other side of the Earn, the antiquary would find some remarkable remains of a Roman camp called *Dalginross*, said to represent the place where Galgacus, the Caledonian chief, met Agricola, in what, from a false reading in Tacitus, used to be called the battle of the Grampians. Hence, by a beautiful walk up "lone Glen Artney's hazel shade," Callander may be reached (p. 68).

Six miles of rail brings us to *Crieff* (p. 77), whence we may either go on to *Perth*, or by a short branch strike the Caledonian Railway farther south at *Crieff* Junction, some half-hour's run north of Dunblane, where we left this line to make the round of the Trossachs.

PERTH AND INVERNESS

THE main line of the Caledonian Railway runs on from Stirling to Perth, by several stations of which, beyond Dunblane, the most notable are *Crieff Junction*, *Auchterarder*, and *Forteviot*, a royal seat of the Picts, and the legendary battlefield at which they seem to have been subdued by the Scots (842). Between this and *Forgandenny* is *Dupplin Castle* (Earl of Kinnoull), scene of another battle in Scotland's troubled annals. By a long tunnel under Moncrieff *Hill*, Perth is reached, where, to the right, bursts on us a fine view of the Tay valley backed by Kinnoull Hill.

The shortest line from Edinburgh to Perth is by the N.B.R. over the Forth Bridge to *Kinross* (p. 65). Thence the railway passes through the beautiful defile of **Glenfarg**, a place known in Scottish ecclesiastical history, as here was hatched the original Secession Church, that soon proved such a fissiparous body. The last station is **Bridge of Earn**, near which are the *Pitkeathly* saline well, once in local repute, which of late has been revived and the place aspires to become a spa. On the St. Andrews and Dundee branch, here coming in from Ladybank Junction, a few miles back is **Abernethy**, believed to be an ancient Pictish capital, where is one of the two ancient round towers of Scotland, the other being at *Brechin*.

From *Moncrieff Hill* beyond, it is fondly said that the Romans, catching their first view of Perth, compared it to Rome ; and indeed the green plain by the river might well remind them of their own Campus Martius.

PERTH

Hotels.—*Station*, *Royal British*, *Queen's*, *Waverley*, at the station ; *Royal George*, *Salutation*.

This ancient city, once the abode of royalty, is now best

known to strangers as the central knot of Scottish railways. The station is at the south end of the town, from which a tram runs by High Street to the *Cross*, and on to Scone and other suburbs. The tramway into the town intersects *Scott Street*, a new main thoroughfare between the time-honoured parks, called *Inches*, north and south of Perth. In this are the *Post Office*, the *Sandeman Library*, and other public buildings. From its right side *South Street* or *High Street* leads to *Tay Street*, a long promenade facing the river, where are the *Municipal Buildings*, the *County Hall* containing some fine portraits by Lawrence, the *Natural History Museum* (free), and here once stood *Gowrie House*, scene of the mysterious Gowrie conspiracy.

The "Fair City of Perth" certainly does not live up to its name; with all the makings of a fine town in good situation, river, etc., it is dingy and disappointing, and though a good centre, contains little attraction in itself. To the left of *John Street*, in an open space, is *St. John's*, one of the few collegiate churches of the middle pointed age, where, in its prelatic days, began the demolishing Scotch Reformation with a sermon of John Knox against idolatry. Across High Street (close to the Cross and the new bridge) John Street is almost continued by *George Street*, at the foot of which, by the old bridge leading over to the suburb of Bridgend, is the *Marshall Institute*, with its library and museum of antiquities. Turning round to the left we at once reach the North Inch, opposite this corner of which stood the *Blackfriars' Monastery*, scene of the murder of James I. and other incidents in the troubled life of Scottish royalty. To the left here, down the *North Port*, are some old houses, one now restored and exhibited as that of "the Fair Maid of Perth," to which several direction posts show the way. By the Inch *Athole Street* leads to the *Barracks* and *St. Ninian's* Scottish Episcopal Cathedral.

A pretty walk may be taken up the *North Inch*, scene of the combat between the Clan Chattan and the Clan Kay; and above by the river banks opposite Scone, as far as the confluence of the Almond river (2 miles).

Perth was once the capital of Scotland; and its early kings were crowned at **Scone**, 2 miles up the left bank of the Tay, where now stands *Scone Palace*, the modern castellated home of the Earl of Mansfield. On the removal from Dunstaffnage of the famous Stone of

Destiny, on which the Scottish monarchs were crowned, it was deposited in the adjoining Abbey of Scone, until removed by Edward I. to Westminster, where it still forms part of the coronation-chair of the British monarchs. There is nothing left of *Scone Abbey* but an old aisle, now used as a mausoleum, and containing a marble monument to the memory of the first Viscount Stormont.

The *South Inch*, below the town, close to the station, is not so attractive, but a fine prospect may be had from *Craigie Hill* above it, across the railway. The gloomy group of buildings beyond was once the General Prison for Scotland.

Still finer is the view from *Kinnoull Hill* on the other side of the river. To reach this, cross the old bridge, from which the Grampians should be well seen on a clear day, turn to the right, take the first branch upwards to the left, mounting by a new Roman Catholic convent, above which the gate is entered, and one may walk through richly-wooded grounds to the edge of the crag that here hems the course of the river, looking down the fertile Carse of Gowrie and across to Moncreiffe Hill and the confluence of the Earn. The ruin farther along this height is an artificial one, built to carry out a marked resemblance to the Rhine scenery. Bearing round to the left from the cliff, one can come down into Perth by another road commanding wide prospects northwards.

At the south end of the town, the river may be crossed beneath Kinnoull Hill by a long foot-bridge beside the railway. Between this bridge and the old one at the North Inch, there is the Victoria Bridge.

From Perth, railways go off to all parts of Scotland; and if it were not for a difficulty of getting lodgings this would be as good a centre as Edinburgh for easy-going and economical tourists to fix themselves at as a point of radiation. Large as the Perth joint station is, one might choose to avoid it in the middle of August, when the trains northwards are apt to be crowded and delayed by pilgrims to the shrine of St. Grouse, inconveniently swelling the summer tourist traffic. For Perth is the gate of the Highlands, and the Perthshire moors are the cream of grouse shooting.

Let us now trace the chief routes onward from Perth, ending with the Highland Railway, that carries us forward to Inverness, the capital of the Highlands.

The Carse of Gowrie.—Before turning our backs to the

Lowlands, we may mention the *Perth and Dundee* branch of the Caledonian Railway, which after its abrupt bend round the corner of Kinnoull Hill, runs down the left side of the river through the fertile *Carse* (vale) *of Gowrie*, backed by the *Sidlaw Hills*. There are several old mansions on the way ; and at *Invergowrie* the ruins of the old Church, one of the earliest in Scotland, show some remarkable examples of ancient sculptured monuments. In summer, a pleasant steamboat excursion of a couple of hours may also be taken to *Dundee* (p. 91). The chief place on the right bank is **Newburgh**, near which are the ruins of *Lindores Abbey*. In the Sidlaw Hills, the famous point is **Dunsinane** (*Dunsinnan*), on the north side, 7 or 8 miles from Perth (by Scone), as to which Shakespeare's authorities do not seem to have realised that a broad river ran between it and Birnam Wood. On the top is traced the site of Macbeth's Castle ; and in the neighbourhood are several monuments of dim superstition ascribed to the Druids.

PERTH TO LOCH EARN

From Perth, a Caledonian line runs to Crieff and Lochearnhead. Half a dozen miles out, a short branch goes off to **Methven**, well known under an alias to readers of "Ian Maclaren," for this is his "Kildrummie" junction, the way to "Drumtochty," which in real life is *Logie Almond*. Pedestrians might walk from Perth up the Almond, past *Huntingtower*, scene of a well-known Scotch ballad, to the beautiful scenes of **Glenalmond**, which begin (7 miles by road but farther by the river banks) at *Lynedoch*, with the dell where *Bessy Bell's* and *Mary Gray's* grave preserves another romantic tradition of two maids who retired here to escape the plague in 1666, but died of infection communicated, so the story goes, by a joint lover. Higher up is *Glenalmond College*, a school established by Mr. Gladstone and the late Bishop Charles Wordsworth on the English model.

Crieff (Hotels : *Drummond Arms*, *Royal*, four Temperance, *Commercial* and *Star*) is a town of about 5000 inhabitants. It stands above the Earn, 17 miles from Perth, at the edge of the Highlands, where the old stone cross, the huge iron stocks, and the proverbial "kind gallows of Crieff" remind us how it once was an outpost against the incursions of the clans whose fastnesses were so close at hand. Its dry climate, in

the very centre of Scotland, and its airy situation on the first slope of the Grampians, have made it a favourite health resort. There are saline mineral waters, but these seem not to be taken very seriously. A greater attraction is the popular *Hydropathic*, noted as clinging longer than others to the primitive temperance and simplicity of such establishments, among which it has been one of the most successful, and quarters are not always to be got here in the summer season.

The immediate surroundings are of no small beauty ; and excursions can easily be made into the Highlands. The town is bordered by several fine parks, some of which are open to visitors, notably *Drummond Castle*, with its fine gardens ; and *Ochtertyre*, where Burns wrote his song, "Blythe was she." Another well-known place, however, is now closed—*Ferntower*, home of Sir David Baird, as to whom it is told that when news came of his being among Hyder Ali's prisoners, chained two and two, his Spartan mother made no remark but, "Lord pity the chiel that's chained to our Davy!" On *Tomachastle*, a fine wooded eminence, there is a conspicuous monument to this doughty warrior. The woods of the *Knock* behind the town are very pleasant in summer, but there is some hindrance to the public's enjoyment of them. The *Falls of Turret* are the goal of a favourite walk. Pleasure coaches run on longer trips, by which we might visit the *Sma' Glen*, traditionary burial-place of Ossian, and *Amulree*, where there is good trout-fishing on the loch. By the Sma' Glen there is a grand walk of 22 miles to *Dunkeld*, on the Highland Railway ; but no regular coach runs this way.

The railway goes on to *Balquhidder*, and thence the tourist can join the Callander and Oban line. (See pp. 71-73.)

THE HIGHLAND RAILWAY

This picturesque line leaves Perth along with the Caledonian Railway to Aberdeen. Crossing the Almond, and passing *Luncarty*, scene of "a battle long ago," where are the Stormontfield ponds for breeding salmon, they diverge at *Stanley Junction*, near which is the *Linn of Campsie*, scene of Eachin MacIan's appearance to Catherine Glover after the defeat of his clan. By *Murthly*, the Highland Railway, going off to the left, reaches *Dunkeld* (14 miles from Perth).

Dunkeld (Hotels : *Birnam*, *Atholl Arms* (C.), *New Temperance*, *Parkview House*, etc.) is the Highland border town, in a beautiful neighbourhood, well known to artists and anglers.

The station is in the suburb of Birnam on the right bank of the river, near the lordly Birnam Hotel, erected by the owner of Murthly Castle, who had a rage for pretentious building, as may be seen at more than one point in the neighbourhood. Before the hotel, *Birnam Hill* rises to a height of about 1500 feet, and a good road of 3 miles leads nearly to the top, whence there are fine views, as also from the lower elevation of *Craig-y-barns*, on the other side of the Tay.

Dunkeld itself is on the left bank. We once roused local wrath by speaking of a certain town as cramped and ill built, so we will call this one quaint and picturesque. There are indeed few places of which the first sight is more striking. This is owing to its richly-wooded surroundings, its noble river, crossed by a fine bridge, and its ancient cathedral. The Duke of Atholl is the great man here, and the principal objects of attraction are contained within his grounds, to which strangers are admitted by paying 2s. for one person, 1s. apiece for more.

At the end of *High Street*, we reach first the **Cathedral**, the choir of which is still used as the parish church. It is believed that the origin of this cathedral was a religious cell, established by the disciples of St. Columba (Culdees). The architecture is of a composite character, exhibiting features both of the Norman and Pointed styles; its most characteristic feature is the *Tower*, about 90 feet high, at the west end of the north aisle.

Of the monuments that have survived destruction, the most remarkable is a recumbent figure in armour of the notorious *Wolf of Badenoch*. The most celebrated Bishop of Dunkeld was Gawain Douglas, translator of Virgil.

Near the Cathedral are two of the earliest larches introduced into Britain from the Tyrol, in 1738.

From the Cathedral it is usual to conduct strangers to the cataract of the river **Braan**, where the so-called Ossian's Hall or Hermitage formerly stood. About a mile higher up the same stream a fine waterfall precipitates itself down a narrow and deep chasm, crossed by a bridge, hence called the *Rumbling Bridge*. Into this gulf the river pours itself with great fury, foaming and roaring over massive fragments of rock, and casting up a thick cloud of spray. In picturesque features this fall is not inferior to the other, but both depend much on the state of the weather.

On the way back we pass the hamlet of *Inver*, where lived Neil Gow, the well-known violinist and composer of Scotch reel-tunes.

Many beautiful rambles may be taken about Dunkeld; but perhaps its chief interest to the tourist is as starting-point of the long coach route to Braemar by the *Spital of Glenshee*. This

we give here as the first of a series of diversions from the main Highland line, so denoted by smaller type.

DUNKELD TO BRAEMAR

The first dozen miles of the road, as far as Blairgowrie, takes us through Lowland rather than Highland scenery. Towards the end of this stage comes a chain of small lochs, noted for pike and perch. On an island in *Loch Clunie* is *Clunie Castle*, an old seat of the Crichtons. At *Marlee* there is an hotel for anglers.

Blairgowrie (Hotels: *Queen's, Royal*) is the second town in Perthshire. It possesses a spacious market-place, some handsome dwelling-houses and villas, and may be reached by rail from Perth *vid* Coupar-Angus (p. 94). The river Ericht furnishes water-power for numerous flax-spinning factories. The thriving villages of Old and New Rattray are separated from Blairgowrie by the river. About a mile north is *Craighall* (seat of the Clerk-Rattrays), built on a high wooded rock, above the banks of the Ericht, one of the most picturesquely-situated mansions in Scotland, taking a good place among several candidates for the honour of having suggested the "Tullyveolan" of *Waverley*. The manufactures have not destroyed the beautiful river scenery and fair fishing about Blairgowrie, where flourishes another industry, that of growing strawberries for the London market.

From Blairgowrie the road to Braemar is continued up the right bank of the Ericht to Cally Bridge. Crossing the Ardle, our route ascends the Blackwater (another tributary of the Ericht), having on the east the Forest of Alyth. At *Persie Inn* it enters **Glenshee**, a wild valley lying between *Mount Blair* (2441 feet) on the east, and *Lamh Dearg* (1879 feet) on the west. The upper reach of Glenshee has a sweet pastoral appearance, from which it derives its name, the "peaceful glen." At its head, *The Spital* (*i.e.* hospital or "hospice," a monks' establishment here in olden time) is a hotel (15 miles from Braemar), at which trout-fishing may be had.

Hence the coach runs up the picturesque *Glenbeg*. Across the glen is the *Boar's Loch*, into which Fingal threw his golden goblet to tantalise the dying Diarmid, whose grave is near at hand. The road climbs over the *Cairnwell* mountain by a very steep "zigzag," known as "the Devil's Elbow," and crosses at a height of over 2200 feet. Local legends are told of wild encounters in this pass between Highland reivers and the farmers of Glenshee, the flocks of the latter being a tempting prey to the former. At the top are a cairn showing the boundary line between Perth and Aberdeen shires, and a refreshing spring known as the "Queen's Well." The descent of Glen Clunie to *Braemar* (p. 102) commands grand views towards the lofty Cairngorm mountains, with their great crags and rugged heads, the guardians of the many sources of the noble river Dee, whose main valley is entered upon at the Castleton of Braemar—where our coach arrives late in the afternoon, having started at breakfast time.

From Dunkeld, the Highland Railway holds on through the domains of the Duke of Atholl. At *Dalguise* it crosses the Tay by a castellated bridge. At *Ballinluig* is reached the confluence of the Tummel with the Tay, where up the latter strath is seen the ridge of *Schiehallion.* Here comes the junction of a short branch to Aberfeldy, by which, this time to the left of our main line, another diversion can be made.

LOCH TAY

The branch runs up the Tay, by *Grandtully* (Hotel), where another castle claims to be the original of "Tullyveolan." A few miles brings us to **Aberfeldy** (*Palace, Station, Breadalbane Arms*), noted for tweed manufactures. Near the market is the entrance to the Falls of **Moness**, renowned in Burns's "Birks of Aberfeldy." The Tay is crossed by a bridge, beside which stands a monument to the "Black Watch" (42nd Regiment) first embodied here as a border guard, and named from their dark tartans as contrasted with the "red soldiers" from the south. A mile beyond this bridge is reached *Weem* with its hotel, on the way to romantic **Glen Lyon**, by the Roman camp at *Fortingal*, and the famous yew-tree said to be 3000 years old.

A coach runs (6 miles) in connection with the railway from Aberfeldy to **Kenmore** (*Breadalbane Arms*) at the foot of Loch Tay, close to the entrance to Taymouth Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Breadalbane, head of the Perthshire Campbells. The castle stands at the base of Drummond Hill, within a mile of the village, in beautiful grounds that inspired the muse of Burns.

An excursion may be made from Kenmore to the *Falls of Acharn*, a cascade 2 miles distant, on the south side of Loch Tay. It is about 80 feet high, and an excellent view of it is obtained from the "hermit's mossy cell."

Loch Tay, beautifully enclosed by mountain banks, extends 15 miles from east to west, and is little more than about 1 mile in breadth at any part. At its south-western extremity, near Killin, it receives the united streams of the Dochart and Lochy, and discharges its waters at the north-east end, at Kenmore, by the river Tay. Its depth varies from 15 to 100 fathoms. It has one small island near Kenmore, on which may still be seen the ruins of a priory founded by Alexander I., who deposited within it the remains of his Queen Sybilla, daughter of Henry I. of England. About midway on the north side is **Ben Lawers**, one of the highest mountains in Scotland (3984 feet) and the loftiest in Perthshire, the ascent of which may be made from the hotel at its foot. The loch abounds with salmon and trout, and fishing may be enjoyed by visitors at any of the hotels.

The distance from Kenmore along the north side is 16 miles. The circular tour is continued by a small steamer plying to *Killin*, at the head of the loch, whence a short branch carries us to the railway between Callander and Oban (p. 110).

Killin (Hotels: *Killin, Bridge of Lochay*) is a good specimen of an

old Highland village, formerly the seat of the Clan M'Nab, whose burial-place is situated on an island amid the rushing waters of the Dochart. Near the Free Church a grave is pointed out as that of Fingal, and within a short distance are the ruins of *Finlarig Castle*, and the mausoleum of the Breadalbane family, surrounded by some fine old trees.

Pitlochry (Hotels: *Fisher's*, *Scotland's*, *Craigower* (private); *Atholl* and *Pitlochry* Hydropathics). The main line holds up the Tummel and soon reaches this beautiful village, one of great resort in summer. It stands on the banks of the Tummel below the Pass of Killiecrankie, up which, by the river Garry, there is a grand walk to Blair-Atholl.

Another favourite excursion is to the Falls and Loch of **Tummel**; but, indeed, it is impossible to turn in almost any direction without coming upon fine features of Highland scenery. By the village of Moulin, *Ben Vrackie* (2757 feet) may be ascended; and there is another fine view from the wooded hill of *Craigour*. About a mile east is *Spout-dhu*, a waterfall nearly 100 feet in height, formed by the Edradour Burn.

Plenty of good fishing can be found in the neighbourhood, though not always open to strangers. The village has a reputation for tweeds, which often tempt visitors to a purchase; and the only thing to be said against Pitlochry is its being a little too much shut in, so that one does not get the full benefit of the Highland air, that ought to be more brisk and bracing at this height (300 feet).

Since the opening of the West Highland Railway, a coach has been running from Pitlochry to its *Rannoch Station* (p. 116).

Two miles above Pitlochry, the Tummel and the Garry meet near the beautifully situated mansion of *Faskally;* then the train, by a viaduct of ten arches, enters the famous Pass of **Killiecrankie** (best view on left side) through which also runs the road. A little beyond the north end is the scene of the battle (1689) between the Highland clans under Viscount Dundee, and the troops of King William III.; and a stone in the park fronting Urrard House marks the spot where Dundee received his death-wound.

Next comes **Blair-Atholl** (Hotels: *Atholl Arms*, *Bridge of Tilt*) in the centre of a fine sporting country.

Blair Castle, the ancient residence of the lords of Atholl, once the property of the great family of Comyn, is about half a mile to the north of the village. Above is the old church of *Blair*, where Viscount Dundee was buried after the battle of Killiecrankie.

Near Blair are the *Falls of the Fender* on a streamlet which descends Ben-y-Gloe through a deep ravine, and discharges its waters

into the Tilt. The *Falls of the Bruar*, 3 miles to the westward, form another charming scene. The stream makes two distinct sets of falls, rushing, in the lower, through a perpendicular channel. The upper fall is divided into three parts, the aggregate height of which is estimated at 200 feet. A carriage-road leads as far as the second set of falls, and numerous walks have been cut through the woods, planted by the Duke of Atholl in deference to Burns's "Humble Petition of Bruar Water."

The valley of **Glen Tilt** branches off at Blair-Atholl into the mountain-ranges of **Ben-y-Gloe** (the summit, 3670 feet, may be ascended by the course of the Fender) and the lofty hills that form the northern part of the Atholl forest. This enormous tract of wild mountain extends over nearly 100,000 English acres, estimated to contain several thousand head of deer. There is a mountain path through the glen to Braemar, a distance of 30 miles, a magnificent but fatiguing walk.

At *Struan*, the next station, by a coach meeting the early forenoon train, a diversion may be made to

LOCH RANNOCH (13 miles)

The coach road gives fine glimpses of Highland scenery, particularly as it approaches the valley of the Tummel, issuing from Loch Rannoch. To left here lies *Dunalistair*, associated by tradition with the memory both of Robert Bruce and of Rob Roy. On the other side of the river rises **Schiehallion** (3547 feet), that may be ascended in three hours or so from **Kinloch-Rannoch** (Hotels: *Dunalistair* and *Bunrannoch*) at the foot of the loch, where the coach stops. Several other mountains overlook the neighbourhood, and there is fishing in the loch; but strangers must beware of a local chieftain who has made himself terrible to the tourist. The loch is nearly 10 miles long; and beyond it, over the wild *Moor of Rannoch*, once covered by the Caledonian forest, independent pedestrians might make a long tramp to *Kingshouse* in Glencoe (20 miles at least), or to *Rannoch* station on the West Highland Railway (see p. 116), 14 miles west of Kinloch-Rannoch.

On the main line we have now left behind the varied scenery of the Highland border; and the railway passes through a bare and inhospitable country but thinly populated. Little is to be observed except the bleak features of the surrounding hills which form the great forest of Drumouchter, until the upper end of *Loch Garry* appears on the left, near the shooting-lodge and station of *Dalnaspidal*. Near this the counties of Perth and Inverness join, and the railway attains its summit level of 1484 feet. After passing the mountains called respectively the Badenoch Boar and Atholl Sow, on the left, and the upper end of *Loch Ericht*, we reach *Dalwhinnie*.

Passing through Glentruim we cross the Spey by a bridge above Newtonmore, nearly 300 feet in length, and soon arrive at **Kingussie** (Hotels: *Gordon Arms*, *Wolfenden's*, *Royal*).

On the other side of the Spey are the ruins of *Ruthven Barracks*, formerly one of the principal residences of the Comyns. At *Newtonmore*, the roads to Inverness, Fort-Augustus, and Fort-William meet, the last traversing the district of Badenoch, an immense tract of Highland territory, from which the ancient family of Comyn were designed. For several miles the road to Fort-Augustus (the old military road) is a mere rough bridle-track across *Corrieyairack mountain*, nearly 3000 feet high, a grand walk, to be recommended only to good pedestrians.

Kingussie to Tulloch.—This was long known as the starting-point of the 50-mile coach drive by **Loch Laggan** and the valleys of the Spey and Spean to Fort-William on the Caledonian Canal. Since the opening of the West Highland Railway, the coaches run to its *Tulloch* station, reached in three and a half hours. On the way is passed *Cluny Castle*, seat of the Cluny Macphersons; then the *Bridge of Laggan* has interesting memories of Mrs. Grant, author of *Letters from the Mountains*, which have renowned Badenoch and Speyside, while her *Memoirs of an American Lady* gave a pleasing picture of our transatlantic colonies before the unhappy rupture.

On the railway above Kingussie, the landscape once more becomes beautifully diversified, along the course of the swift Spey to *Loch Insh*. On the left here is the village of *Lynchatt* (Cat's Linn) north of which stands a small monument to Macpherson, the "translator" of Ossian. To the right lies *Loch-an-Eilan*, a beautiful little lake named from the island, on which are the ruins of an old castle. Beyond Loch Insh, at *Kincraig* station, we are close to the seat of the Mackintosh. Next, the pretty loch and parish church of **Alvie** come in sight on the left, and the *Tor of Alvie* upon the right. A grand view can be had from the top of the Tor, where a cairn is erected to the memory of the Highland soldiers who fell at Waterloo, and a monument to one of the Dukes of Gordon, whose seat of *Kinrara* lies hidden on the other side overlooking the river Spey. After passing Tor Alvie are seen on the right the artificial mound called the *Doune of Rothiemurchus*, and the immense pine forests of Rothiemurchus and Glenmore, with the Cairngorm and lower Grampian ranges; on the left is the rugged birch-clad mountain of *Craigellachie* (the Rock of Alarm), the rendezvous in former times of the clan Grant. Thus we come to **Aviemore**, the station for a beautiful neighbourhood,

much resorted to as summer quarters. A fine large *Hotel* has been built to supply a real want.

Aviemore, with its lakes and forests, makes a good base for perhaps the easiest ascent of *Ben Macdhui* (p. 102) and its neighbour peaks ; while another grand day's walk takes one over the pass to *Braemar*.

From Aviemore a branch of the Highland Railway (originally its main line) goes off by the **Boat of Garten**, a little junction having beside it an enlarged hotel, at which, in its primitive days, more than one crowned head has slept. (The prefix *boat*, so common in the Highlands, implies, of course, a ferry.) Here this line again forks, the Highland line going on to *Forres* (p. 107), while another (G.N.S.R.) runs down the Spey to Keith (p. 104). These are dealt with among the East Coast routes.

The direct line to Inverness takes the way of the old coach road, crossing the Findhorn and the Nairn by two remarkable viaducts. In a few miles it reaches **Carr Bridge** (Hotel), a growing place of summer quarters, with fishing in the Dulnain. The other stations are *Tomatin* on the Findhorn, *Moy*, *Daviot* (near *Craggy*, where a road goes off up the Nairn to *Foyers*, p. 125), and lastly *Culloden Moor*, close to the famous field.

Culloden is thus easily reached from Inverness. It is well to go out by railway and walk back, as the way (6 miles) is then downhill with good views.

With this, by a short digression, archæologists can combine a visit to the prehistoric stones of **Clava**, on the other side of the Nairn. From Culloden Station go down a path beside the railway embankment, cross the Nairn by a wooden bridge, turn under the great viaduct, and keep the road up the river for about half a mile till, on its right, beside a group of slated cottages, the *Clava* stones are found half hidden away in the overgrowth of a rough field.

Hence, for Culloden Moor, turn back as far as an iron bridge crossing the river near this, then up the further bank by a way leading into the road that runs along pine-woods from the station, and on over the battlefield, now mostly covered by plantations. Beyond the sixth mile-stone (from Inverness), by the roadside will be seen stones marking the burial trenches of the different clans, and a memorial cairn as tomb for the hopes of the Stuarts.

Culloden House, where Charles Edward spent the night before the battle, lies a mile to the north, in which direction (4 miles) is Culloden Station of the coast line (p. 109).

INVERNESS

Hotels.—*Station, Royal** (close to Station), *Caledonian, Palace, Victoria, Imperial*; *Waverley, Washington* (Temp.), etc.—*Muirtown,* on the Canal.

"The capital of the Highlands" (although, strictly speaking, not a Highland or Gaelic-speaking city), and chief town of the county (population about 23,000), is situated at the mouth of the river Ness, at the spot where the basins of the Moray and Beauly Firths and the Great Glen of Scotland meet one another. It is remarkable about the inhabitants of this district that they speak better English than in other parts of Scotland, or indeed of England, a fact that has been variously explained. The town, which consists of regular streets and elegant houses, is built principally upon the right bank of the river, connected with the other by carriage and foot bridges.

A gathering held annually in September at Inverness, "*The Northern Meeting,*" for the encouragement of Highland sports, bagpipe competitions, etc., is one of the most famous and fashionable of such assemblages. The Wool Fair in July is another annual event, when quarters are hard to get, as indeed often at the height of the tourist season.

Inverness and its beautiful neighbourhood are well described in the late W. Black's last novel, *Wild Eelin*, one of his best, though it has the grave fault of introducing real persons as well as places under a very transparent disguise.

The station is at the east side, in *Academy Street*, one of the main thoroughfares, which at its north end converges with *Church Street*, leading on to the *High Church*. Between them run *Queensgate* (in which is the *Post Office*), *Union Street* (opposite the station), and *High Street* (a little farther south). Up High Street, faced by the spire of the old jail, is the *Town Hall*, the Council Chamber containing some local portraits and a "Holy Family" by Sasso Ferreato. Outside, the Town Cross has been restored by Sir R. Finlay, M.P., and in its base is inserted the palladium of Inverness, *Clach-na-Cudain* (stone of the tubs), so called from having served as a resting-place for the women carrying water from the river. Beyond the Town Hall, on the left, is the eminence where the *Castle*, a modern building serving as court-house and prison, occupies the "pleasant seat" of Macbeth's stronghold, its grounds making a view-point like the Terrace at Berne, and showing a monument to Flora Macdonald.

Below flows the river, up and down which there are walks on either side. On the opposite side will be seen the Scottish Episcopal *Cathedral*, a modern building in the Decorated Gothic style.

The Ness, coming from a lake a few miles off, has a noble flow for one of the shortest of rivers. Trout-fishing here is free, and salmon-fishing on certain days, when only wily anglers have much chance. No visitor should omit the stroll of a mile up either bank to the *Islands*, laid out as a shady pleasure ground, joined to the shore by suspension bridges.

Through the suburb on the farther side, north-westward, a short mile brings one to the steamboat harbour on the *Caledonian Canal*, down each side of which are walks to its mouth.

Going out from the other end of High Street, by the railway line, a mile or so brings one below the heights on which the *Barracks* stand, overlooking the Moray Firth.

Some fine points in the immediate neighbourhood are :—

Tom-na-hurich ("the hill of the fairies)," between the Islands and the Canal, has been beautifully laid out as a cemetery.

Craig-Phadric, the wooded hill across the Canal, above Muirtown Harbour, has a remarkable vitrified fort on it, supposed to mark the seat of a Pictish king.

Craig-Dunain (alias *Duncan Hill*) (940 ft.) can be reached along the ridge southwards from above, or by turning right, off the Fort Augustus road, at the second milestone. From the top there is a grand view over the valley of the Ness and the lakes beyond, overlooked by the peak of *Mealfourvonie* (p. 125), and northwards to the mountains of which *Ben Wyvis* is chief (p. 127).

The Canal bank itself makes a fine walk, available also for cyclists, who have no want of good roads about Inverness, and can cross into the *Black Isle* (p. 126) by the ferry of *Kessock* below the town, or by that at *Fort-George*, farther down.

The many other excursions to be made from Inverness, as that to *Culloden* (p. 85), will be found suggested on the routes leading to it. Having reached it by the quickest and most central line of access, before going farther into the Highlands we turn back to follow the other ways from the south that converge at Inverness. An ideal guide-book would now take its readers back in the direction they travel ; but as we cannot make sure on which line they may reach or leave Inverness, we must treat all its approaches equally by tracing them from south to north, as is the general heading of our course.

THE EASTERN COUNTIES

WHILE the main line of the Caledonian takes us through the centre of Scotland, the North British, from Edinburgh and Glasgow, runs to Aberdeen along the seaboard counties of Fife, Forfar, and Kincardine, crossing the Forth and Tay estuaries by its celebrated bridges.

FIFE

"The kingdom of Fife," as it is jocularly called, has been covered by a network of N.B.R. branches, by which, in time, one can reach almost any part of the county. When this railway has crossed the Forth Bridge, one line goes inland by Dunfermline and Kinross to *Perth* (p. 74) where it becomes a *cul de sac*, so far as this railway is concerned, but, at more than one junction on it, a turning off may be made to other points of the system. Another line turns along the north shore of the Firth, passing *Aberdour* (p. 36) to **Burntisland**, where it comes opposite Edinburgh. Before the building of the Forth Bridge, communication was here made by a steamboat from *Granton*, and this way may still be taken by those who enjoy a few miles of sheltered sea.

From Burntisland the train runs on along the firth now widening towards the open sea, and passes the "long town" of **Kirkcaldy** (*Station Hotel*), a string of prosperous places not very interesting to tourists, except for memories of Carlyle and his friend Edward Irving, who were both schoolmasters here in their young days. The main line turns from the sea to reach first **Thornton Junction**, then **Ladybank Junction**, at one or other of which it is calculated that most inhabitants of Fife lose a considerable part of their lives in waiting for trains.

Between them comes *Falkland Road*, 3 miles to the left of which lie the little town of **Falkland** (*Bruce Arms*) and an old royal palace of the Stuarts, now restored by its owner the

Marquis of Bute. In its present state there is not much ancient about it except the tradition, interwoven into Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth*, that here the dissolute young Duke of Rothesay, son of Robert III., was starved to death by his uncle Albany.

Ladybank Junction is the central ganglion of Fife. A little beyond it, on the main line to Dundee, is reached **Cupar-Fife** (Hotels: *Station*, *Royal*, *Tontine*), the county town, not much visited by tourists, though, as the Scotch proverb has it, "he that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar," and would find there the site of a stronghold of Macduff, Thane of Fife, and several fine mansions in the neighbourhood.

A few miles beyond is *Leuchars Junction* for St. Andrews, a little way off to the right. Here comes in a long loop line that, from *Thornton Junction*, has bent round the windy coast of the "East Neuk of Fife," passing through several small watering-places with golf-links, safe bathing, and bracing air as their attractions. These are **Leven** (*Caledonian Hotel*) and **Largo** (birthplace of Alexander Selkirk), with **Lundin Links** (*Hotel*) growing up between them, near the ancient "Standing Stones" of Lundin; next **Elie** (Hotels: *Marine*, *Victoria*, etc.), a great resort of Edinburgh people, **Anstruther**, birthplace of Dr. Chalmers, and **Crail**, with a collegiate church of antiquity; then at the end of the chain *St. Andrews*, the most important of them, and perhaps the most distinguished resort in Scotland.

St. Andrews (Hotels: *Marine*, *Grand*, *Imperial*, *Cross Keys*, *Royal*, *Golf*. Private hotels: *Alexandra*, *Elder's*, *Seaton House*, etc.) is at once a place of learning and of pleasure: it might be called the Oxford of the North and the Monte Carlo of golf, but for the fact that its university, the oldest in Scotland as it is, has suffered a time of depression, though now its small number of students seems increasing, and alliance with it is sought by the brand-new foundation at Dundee, not far off. The session being a winter one, the students and the visitors play Box and Cox to each other. In summer, St. Andrews is crowded by golfers; and at all seasons it is a favourite sojourn with men of letters and science. The late Mrs. Oliphant often stayed here, and several of her novels put the best face on the somewhat bare features of Fife scenery. Not the least attraction are the noble monuments and romantic ruins which rise among the quiet streets of St. Andrews.

"You have there," said Carlyle, "the essence of all the antiquity of Scotland in good and clean condition." This ancient episcopal city, at the mouth of the Eden, attributes its origin to *St. Rule* (St. Regulus), shipwrecked here about the end of the 4th century; and the ruins of a chapel and a massive tower, known by his name, are still to be seen near the Cathedral, where three main streets converge over the harbour.

The **Cathedral** was founded in the year 1159 by Bishop Arnold, and completed by Bishop Lamberton in 1318, its original length being 350 feet, the breadth 65, and the transept 188 feet. Nearly the whole of the fabric was demolished by an infuriated mob, excited (it is said) by a sermon preached by John Knox against idolatry. The solitary remnants of this once magnificent and extensive edifice consist of the eastern gable, half of the western, part of the south side wall and of the transept.

Not far off the remains of the **Castle** stand upon a rock overlooking the sea. This fortress was founded about the year 1200 by Bishop Roger, and repaired towards the end of the 14th century by Bishop Trail. It was the birthplace of James III., and obtained subsequently a memorable notoriety as the scene of the cruel burning of Wishart the reformer. This event took place in front of the apartment occupied by Cardinal Beaton, who was himself in turn surprised and assassinated by Norman Lesley. The Castle was at that time almost demolished, its picturesque ruins left to serve as a landmark to mariners, and now as a show for tourists.

The **University** of St. Andrews was founded in 1411 by Bishop Wardlaw. It consisted originally of three colleges—St. Salvator's, St. Leonard's, and St. Mary's, the first two being now united. *St. Salvator's* was founded by Bishop Kennedy in 1450, and formed originally an extensive building with a quadrangle, and a gateway surmounted by a spire. That having fallen into decay, the present Hall was erected for the better accommodation of the students. Before the old gateway Patrick Hamilton was burned, as is recorded by a memorial on the Scores to the martyrs of that fiery time. *St. Leonard's* was founded in 1512; the buildings, which include the study of the celebrated George Buchanan, are used as a private dwelling. *New* or *St. Mary's College*, established in 1537, is reserved exclusively for theology. A new *University Hall* has recently been opened for the women students whom St. Andrews welcomes.

The Madras College of St. Andrews is a school established in the year 1833 by the late Dr. Andrew Bell, a native of the town, and inventor of the monitorial system. The buildings stand on the site of the Blackfriars Monastery, the fine old chapel of which still remains. There are several other schools, among which St. Leonard's boarding school for girls has made itself one of the most notable in the kingdom.

The Parish Church, a spacious structure, contains a lofty monument of white marble in honour of Archbishop Sharpe, murdered by exasperated Covenanters on Magus Muir, near St. Andrews. The College Church, which belongs to the United College, is situated to the north of this. It was founded in 1458 by Bishop Kennedy, and

contains a beautiful tomb, erected to his memory, of exquisite Gothic workmanship, though much injured by time. In this tomb—so at least says the legend—there were discovered about 1683 six highly ornamented silver maces, which had been concealed there in times of trouble. Along with these interesting relics are shown John Knox's pulpit, and some silver arrows, inscribed with the arms and names of victors in the annual competitions. The well-known essayist "A. K. H. B." (Dr. Boyd) was long minister at St. Andrews.

At the west end of the town one of the original massive portals is preserved unimpaired. At this end are the Links, considered the finest golf ground in Scotland, while the Club House here may be called the temple of this game, which, a generation ago almost confined to its native heath, has rapidly spread over England, and indeed half the world.

Behind the Golf Club House is the cliff promenade called the *Scores*, projecting from which the *Step Rock* makes an admirable bathing place for swimmers. The *Ladies' Bathing Place* is farther along in a cove underneath the castle. The shore up the Eden, beside the Links, is flat and sandy. In the other direction there are rugged cliffs along which one may walk to the needle-like *Spindle Rock* that makes a striking feature.

From St. Andrews, a few minutes' rail takes us back to the main line at *Leuchars Junction;* and in a quarter of an hour more this railway crosses the Firth of Tay by the celebrated

Tay Bridge.

The *Tay Bridge* is about 2 miles long, but does not rival the Forth Bridge in height or in the width of its single spans, while its curves give it a more graceful effect. This is the second bridge built here, the first having proved the stage for a terrible tragedy. After being in use about eighteen months, the central portion was, during a tremendous gale at the end of 1879, blown away in the night, and a train passing over it was buried in the water.

FORFAR

On the north side of the Tay we enter the county of *Forfar* or *Angus*, a Lowland one that on the inland side rises into Highland scenery. The Tay Bridge leads us at once into its chief town, the third of Scotland in point of population, which in the last half-century has grown from some 20,000 to over 161,000, and now takes new rank as a city.

DUNDEE

Hotels.—*Royal, Queen's, Royal British* ; *Lamb's* and *Mather's, Commercial*, Temperance.

This is one of the chief seats of the linen and the jute trade, engaged too in whale fishing and other maritime enterprises.

To the ordinary tourist it is not a place of very much interest, unless for its great docks and line of quays extending along the banks of the Tay. Within our generation a new University has been established here, by a munificent bequest; but this dignity seems rather swamped in the flood of industrial prosperity that has carried Dundee on to fortune.

The shore is fronted by an *Esplanade*, behind which stands the *Taybridge* Station, that for through trains. Close by is the *West* (Caledonian) Station, and some way down the river, above the Docks, the *East* Station for Arbroath local trains. Outside the Docks, the *Royal Arch* was built to commemorate Queen Victoria's visit, 1844. Behind the Docks comes the central opening of the *High Street* or *Market Square*, from which diverge (west) the *Nethergate* and *Overgate*, (east) the *Murraygate* and *Seagate*. The *Town Hall* is on the south side, from which *Castle Street* leads back to the Docks, and at the foot of this are the *Assembly Rooms*. From the north side *Reform Street* leads up to the *High School* in a crescent. To the left here, in *Ward Road*, is the new *Post Office*. To the right is *Albert Square*, adorned with statues, where stands the *Albert Institute*, as memorial of the Prince Consort, containing Lecture Hall, Museum, Art Gallery, and Free Library, the first of its kind established in any of the large towns of Scotland. Behind this in *Panmure Street* is the *Royal Exchange*.

On the north side of the Nethergate is the remarkable square tower or *Old Steeple of St. Mary's Church*, one of the greatest architectural curiosities in Scotland. It is 156 feet in height, and is said by Hector Boece, the historian (who was born at Dundee), to have been founded by David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of the Scottish monarch William I., out of gratitude for deliverance from shipwreck in the Tay; but it is held by others to be of earlier date. The old church was destroyed by fire in 1841, and has been replaced by two modern churches. The Episcopal Church of *St. Paul's*, at the east end of High Street, is a fine building of the Decorated Gothic order, designed by Sir G. Scott, on the site of the old castle of Dundee.

On the site of Dudhope Castle, the seat of the ancient Constables of Dundee, an Industrial Museum stands on the lower slope of the Law, about half a mile from the High Street. A little to the eastward is *The Royal Infirmary*, the largest and most conspicuous of the public buildings of Dundee. *The Law*, the round green hill in the rear of the town, is 535 feet in height, and commands an extensive panoramic view, including the mouth of the Tay, the Bell Rock Lighthouse, the bay and town of St. Andrews, and the German Ocean. At the north-eastern extremity of the town lies *The Baxter Park* (38 acres in extent), presented to the town by the late Sir David Baxter, Bart., of Kilmaron, and his two sisters, which also has a wide outlook on the surrounding country. The same name (Baxter) is to be associated with the foundation of the *University College*, which will be found off *Nethergate*.

DUNDEE TO MONTROSE

From Dundee there are connections with the Caledonian Railway at Perth and higher up the line. The N.B.R. runs on along the coast, the first station being **Broughty Ferry**, the bathing-place suburb at the mouth of the Tay, where a fragment of an old Castle juts out before a hillside covered with villas. Then come **Monifieth**, **Barry**, and **Carnoustie** on a sandy shore much in favour for golf, bathing, and volunteer encampments. The first station at which express trains stop, in half an hour or so, will be that of the Forfarshire town next to Dundee in size and importance as a seaport.

Arbroath (Hotels: *White Hart*, and others, small) should interest the stranger as being the place Scott must have had in mind for the "Fairport" of his *Antiquary*.

Its fine old *Abbey* was founded by William the Lion in 1178, and dedicated to the English martyr, Thomas à Becket. The founder was interred within its precincts, and a grave composed of hewn freestone, near the site of the high altar, is supposed to contain his remains. The last abbot was the famous Cardinal Beaton. The ruins are greatly dilapidated, but preserve some fine features (at the back of the town. up the main thoroughfare).

There is bathing by the harbour, as on the sands southwards; and walks lead by the shore north and south.

Twelve miles off the coast of Arbroath stands the **Bell Rock** or Inchcape Lighthouse. Formerly the Abbot of Aberbrothock had a floating bell moored on this rock, whose warning toll was heard during a storm. According to a tradition, which forms the subject of one of Southey's ballads, the bell was once wantonly cut away by a pirate, whose vessel afterwards, by a strange retribution, drifted on the rock and perished with her crew.

Between Arbroath and Montrose, the next important station, the coast makes a fine show of cliffs and caves, notably at the village of *Auchmithie*, the "Mussel Crag" of the *Antiquary*, 3 miles on. About as far farther comes the *Red Head* promontory, beyond which curves *Lunan Bay*, where a ruinous sandstone pile called the *Red Castle* is believed to have been a royal residence.

Montrose (Hotels: *Star*, *George*, *Central*, *Queen's* Temperance) is one of the best-built towns in Scotland, situated on a peninsula at the mouth of the South Esk, here expanding into a spacious basin, its channel impeded by the island of *Inchbrayock*, on which are an old churchyard and monuments. The place has a good beach and one of the finest golf courses in the kingdom, and these, with numerous picturesque walks and

drives, qualify it as a very pleasant holiday resort. The High Street, resembling in architecture a Flemish town, contains statues of Joseph Hume, who was born here in 1777, and Sir Robert Peel.

Montrose (population 12,427) carries on a considerable trade in shipping and linen manufacture. Among the historical incidents connected with it is the embarkation of Sir James Douglas for the Holy Land with the heart of King Robert Bruce. The Chevalier de St. George, son of the expatriated James II., disembarked here in 1715; and in the following year he returned to Montrose a fugitive, bidding a last adieu to the country of his fathers. In the subsequent rising of 1745 it was for some time the headquarters of the Royalists; and in the river, between the town and the village of Ferryden, the *Hazard* sloop of war was captured by Captain David Ferrier of Brechin, a notorious Jacobite. The famous Marquis of Montrose was born here in 1612. Montrose is distinguished as the first place in Scotland where the Greek language was taught; and here the learned scholar and divine, Andrew Melville, received his education.

From Montrose a small branch goes off along the coast to *Bervie*. The main line turns inland, and soon leaves Forfarshire, joining the Caledonian Railway from Perth. Before proceeding farther towards Aberdeen, let us take this other line through the centre of the county.

PERTH TO ABERDEEN

The Caledonian Railway, crossing the Tay and then the Isla, enters Forfar at **Coupar-Angus** (*Royal Hotel*), where a short branch goes northward to *Blairgowrie* (p. 80). A few miles to the south is *Dunsinane Hill* (p. 77). Thence it runs on through *Strathmore*, giving off another branch to **Alyth** (Hotels: *Airlie Arms, Commercial*), the gate of the Highland scenery of **Glen Isla**, up which a coach runs for a dozen miles, almost to *Mount Blair*, with its grand view; and the hardy pedestrian might take long tramps on to Glenshee or to Braemar.

Beyond *Alyth Junction* is the station of **Glamis**, for the Earl of Strathmore's fine old baronial Castle and gardens, open to the public on Fridays.

Glamis Castle was the scene of the murder of Malcolm II., and it is whispered to contain a mysterious chamber, the secret of which must be known only to three persons at once, the Earl, his heir, and any third whom they may take into confidence—a mystery which seems to have suggested Mrs. Oliphant's *Wizard's Son*.

Forfar (Hotels: *County*, *Royal*, and others) comes a few miles farther; the county town, and once a royal residence, but now overgrown by two or three of its neighbours, though it has a share in the linen manufacture of the district.

In the County Hall is preserved a curious instrument of torture called "the witches' bridle," which was placed over the heads of the miserable creatures burnt for witchcraft; and on the walls are hung portraits of Admiral Duncan and others by Opie, Raeburn, etc.

The *Reid Hall* has been presented to the town by the late ex-Provost Reid, maker of "Forfar Rock," who also gave a Park to his fellow-citizens. *Castlehill* preserves the site of one royal castle; and another stood by the shore of *Forfar Loch*.

A short branch leads from Forfar to **Kirriemuir** (*Airlie Arms*), famed now as the *Thrums* of Mr. J. M. Barrie, who was born here. By *Glen Clova* and *Glen Muick* there is hence a long Highland tramp to *Ballater* (p. 101), and another by *Glen Doll* to Braemar. About halfway, near the divergence of these routes, **Milton of Clova** (*Ogilvy Arms*), 16 miles from Kirriemuir, is a centre for the beautiful loch and mountain scenery opened out by these glens.

Half-an-hour farther on the main line, at *Bridge of Dun*, another branch would take us to **Brechin** (Hotels: *Commercial*, *Crown*), situated on the banks of the South Esk, 14 miles to the north of Arbroath, and 7½ west from Montrose. It carries on a considerable manufacture of linen, and there are extensive freestone quarries in the neighbourhood.

In ancient times Brechin contained an abbey of Culdees, and a bishopric was subsequently established here by David I. The *Cathedral*, now carefully restored and made into a splendid Parish Church, has been opened for divine service. It had previously been hideously disfigured by the whitewash and heavy galleries of an earlier "restoration." The modern stained glass is very fine. Adjoining the church is a round tower of the same type as that of Abernethy. *Brechin Castle*, a seat of the Maule family, now represented by the Earl of Dalhousie, stands on a precipitous rock. Other chief seats in the neighbourhood are *Auldbar Castle* and *Kinnaird Castle*, both beautifully situated amid forests and ornamental plantations.

An excursion frequently made from Brechin conducts the tourist to **Lochlee**, by the scenery of the North Esk, and along the range of the Grampian mountains on the borders of Forfar and Aberdeen shires. The distance to Lochlee is about 22 miles; and the railway now runs as far as **Edzell** (Hotels: *Panmure Arms*, *Glenesk*, etc.). *Edzell Castle*, an old seat of the Lindsay family, now the property of the Earl of Dalhousie, is a beautiful architectural remnant, the garden-wall

ornamented by a number of elaborate carvings. *Gannochy Bridge* and *The Burn*, about a mile north-east of Edzell village, are romantic spots in the neighbourhood. The drive may be continued to the old kirkyard of *Lochlee*, where a monument has been erected to Alexander Ross, author of *Lindy and Nory, or the Fortunate Shepherdess*. From Invermark shooting-lodge there is a pony-road to Deeside, by Mount Keen, and another from Tarfside to Charleston of Aboyne, both picturesque mountain routes.

It will be seen that most of the places of interest, on this route, lie a little off the line, which on its other side has branches also to *Arbroath* and to *Montrose*. The North British and Caledonian Railways finally join to run lovingly together through

KINCARDINESHIRE

The town of Kincardine is now extinct; but there are some remains of its old royal castle not far from the village of *Fettercairn*, near which is also *Fasque*, the seat of the elder branch of Mr. Gladstone's family. This small county has the alias of "The Mearns." The only place of note passed in it by rail is its chief town and harbour **Stonehaven** (Hotels: *Station, Royal, Commercial*), which is a sea-bathing place as well as one of herring-curing, chiefly carried on in the old town by the harbour, while the smarter new town behind is the resort of visitors.

There is very fine cliff scenery in the neighbourhood, the lion of which is **Dunnottar Castle**, to the south, the ruins covering nearly 3 acres upon a bold rock washed by the sea on all sides but one, where a deep chasm defends the approach.

So strong a fortress was Dunnottar held that, during the Commonwealth, the Scottish regalia were here deposited, and in the ensuing siege the garrison became forced to surrender only by hunger, not till their precious charge had been secretly removed and buried under the pulpit of a parish church. The Castle was also used as a state prison, and by the records on the walls of the *Whig's Vault* has a sad tale to tell of persecuted Covenanters' sufferings. In the churchyard of *Dunnottar* stands the "Martyrs' Monument," which Paterson, the prototype of *Old Mortality*, was engaged in renovating when he was first seen by Sir W. Scott.

On the northern edge of Kincardine, the railway crosses the Dee to the city of *Aberdeen* at its mouth.

ABERDEENSHIRE

The cattle-breeding county of Aberdeen forms, with its

neighbour Banffshire, a lowland promontory into the sea with a southern highland background. In this corner of Scotland, the stranger must understand that he has got behind the Highlands, among a hardy population largely of Scandinavian origin, as is marked in their dialect and other peculiarities. George MacDonald's novels deal much with this district, to which he belonged. But the books that most smack of the soil are the late Mr. Alexander's *Life among my Ain Folk* and *Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk*, which seem hardly known in England, though they are excellent specimens of the "Kailyard" school of romance, whose other masters have been so widely recognised. The proverbial hardheadedness of the Aberdonian is illustrated in the legend of an Englishman charged at an Aberdeen police court with attempting to swindle the natives, when the astonished Bailie's judgment was "Tak' the man awa'—he must be daft!"

ABERDEEN

Hotels.—*Palace* (connected by lift with Station), *Imperial* (Stirling Street), *Grand* (Union Terrace); *Station*, *Central*, *Forsyth* (Temp.).

Aberdeen, "the granite city," ranks next to Edinburgh and Glasgow in point of general importance. Like the metropolis, it consists of an old and new town. Here, however, the old town is a mere suburb, and the new one the centre of business. The larger part of the town is situated on a cluster of low eminences, which rise between the rivers Dee and Don at their confluence with the German Ocean. On the south flows the Dee, crossed by several bridges, one of considerable antiquity, having been begun by Bishop Elphinstone, and finished, about 1527, by Bishop Dunbar. The western or newer part of the city is separated from the older part by the deep valley of the Denburn. On the farther side of the river the growing suburb *Torrie* is a home of fisher folk.

Aberdeen possesses a good harbour, and a long pier. There are extensive manufactories of woollens (Aberdeen winceys being a specialty), cotton, flax, iron, combs, paper, etc. The polished granite stones, so famous for their durability and beauty, form a staple export; and unlike the shoemaker's wife, who goes proverbially worst shod, Aberdeen is filled with creditable specimens of its chief ware. Shipbuilding and fishery carried on largely. The population numbers over 153,000.

The principal thoroughfare is *Union Street*, about a mile in length, which contains most of the public buildings and hotels. At the east end of this is the *Castlegate*, the *place* of Aberdeen, above which, upon Castle Hill, the military barracks occupy the site of the old castle, while below, the *Salvation Army* fortress is a very noticeable modern building. Here stands the *Cross*, with a granite statue of the last Duke of Gordon beside it. Farther along are statues of Queen Victoria and of Prince Albert. From this opening, a central point of tramway lines, there is a fine vista down the line of Union Street, closed by the *Free Church College* at the western end.

Going down Union Street, we have, on the right, the *Municipal and County Offices*, an imposing edifice, whose clock-tower makes a beacon to this centre of the city. In the Entrance Hall of the Town Hall stands a marble statue of the Queen by Alexander Brodie, a native sculptor. The Court-House is adorned with fine portraits of Queen Victoria, by H. L. Smith; Queen Anne, by Kneller; James, fifth Earl of Findlater, and his Countess, by Cosmo Alexander; George, fourth Earl of Aberdeen, by Sir J. Watson Gordon; and the Duke of Gordon, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. At the back of the Municipal Buildings stands the *Advocates' Library*. (Advocate is here a local title of solicitor.)

A little farther west are the *East* and *West Churches*, in a cemetery, separated from the street by an Ionic façade. They are joined by *Drum's Aisle*, the burial-place of the ancient family of Irvine of Drum, which formed the transept of the original church of St. Nicholas, a fabric of the 12th century. In the churchyard repose Dr. James Beattie (the author of *The Minstrel*) and other worthies.

On the left *Market Street* turns down to the Docks, with the covered *Market* on the west side. Union Street is carried over the Denburn valley by means of a bridge of one arch, 130 feet in span, and 50 feet high. Close to the south-east corner of this bridge is the *Trades Hall*, a fine granite structure, in which are some interesting portraits by Jameson and others, also a set of oak carved antique chairs, dating from 1574. Opposite, *Belmont Street* leads northwards, by the *South Church*, a handsome granite building with a fine tower, and the *Free East*, *High*, and *South* churches, conjoined in a cruciform building

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ABERDEEN MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS AND MARKET CROSS.

with a brick spire. Below the bridge, to the left lies the *Joint Railway Station*; on the other side the slope of the Denburn valley has been laid out in fine gardens.

West of the bridge, along Union Street, we have on the right the *Music Hall* and *Assembly Rooms*. On the left is *Crown Street*, with the fine General Post Office, and the chapel of *St. John the Evangelist*; in *Huntly Street* is the Roman Catholic cathedral, a large and tasteful Gothic structure in granite. Farther west come two more Free Churches, each with a fine spire.

We may now turn up from the bridge, by *Union Terrace*, above the Gardens, where half-way is a bronze statue of *Burns;* and the Terrace, at its junction with the Denburn Viaduct, brings us to a Colossal Statue of *Wallace*, opposite the *Free Library*. Not far off is a statue of *General Gordon*.

Turning eastward again, we are here in the *Schoolhill* quarter, so called from the old *Grammar School*, dating from the 13th century, on the site of which now stands an *Art Gallery* and *Museum*, while the school is some way to the west. Close to its old site is *Gordon's Hospital*, an endowed school of the same class as those we have seen flourishing at Edinburgh. By *St. Nicholas Street* or *Broad Street*, we could now strike back into Union Street at its eastern end. There are some interesting examples of ancient street architecture in the *Schoolhill*, *Gallowgate*, *Wallace Tower Nook*, and *Broad Street*, in which last (No. 64) Lord Byron lived when a boy at the Grammar School.

The **University** of Aberdeen includes two separate colleges, one in the new town and one in the old, more than a mile apart.

Marischal College, in Broad Street, was founded by George Keith, Earl Marischal, in 1593. It is a massive granite structure, which was for long blocked up by other buildings, but this reproach is now taken away. The old college has been rebuilt and supplemented by recent structures, the Mitchell Hall, the Students' Union, etc. From the centre of the building springs a tower 100 feet high, containing the principal entry and the staircase leading to the Hall, Library, and Museum. The Mitchell Hall, Tower, and Portrait-gallery, etc., are open 11-12 daily and also 2.30 to 3.30 in the summer months on payment of a few pence. Apply to the Sacrist in the courtyard.

From Castlegate, to the right of our starting-point, *King Street* and its tram line leads out to **Old Aberdeen**, about a mile to the north of the new city, near the mouth of the river Don.

It is the seat of the ancient college and cathedral, and boasts of great antiquity, having received various privileges from Gregory the Great, a monarch supposed to have died in the year 892. Its *Town House* (in High Street) has a small spire, and above the doorway are the town arms—a pot of lilies with three salmon.

King's College is a venerable edifice, founded in 1495 by Bishop William Elphinstone of Aberdeen. The fabric is large and stately, in the form of a square, two sides of which have been recently rebuilt. In the chapel, used for public worship during session, there still remain the original fine fittings of the choir. The tower is vaulted with a double cross arch, surmounted by a sculptured crown, emblematical of the royal support. In the chapel are to be seen the tombs of the founder, and of Hector Boece, the first principal, and friend of Erasmus.

A little to the north of the college is the **Cathedral of St. Machar**, a noble structure, commenced in 1366, whose antique spires and crowded burying-ground are rich in time-worn sculpture. The nave is nearly perfect; and its western front (with two lofty spires), built of the obdurate granite of the country, is stately in its simple design. The choir seems never to have been finished; and of the transepts only the foundations now remain. The great western window has seven long lights, which have been filled in with painted glass. One of the side aisle windows commemorates three of Aberdeen's celebrated artists, viz. Jameson, Dyce, and Phillip.

The *Brig of Balgownie* or *Old Bridge of Don*, celebrated by Lord Byron in the tenth canto of "Don Juan," is about a mile from Old Aberdeen. This is reached on the narrow line of street, *Spittal*, continuing Broad Street and Gallowgate past King's College, while the broader thoroughfare of King Street (*tram*) leads out to the new Don Bridge.

A good way of seeing the city is by tram through it from the Don to the Dee, or by the diverging circular routes.

Between the mouths of the two rivers are the seaside Links and bathing-place. (Establishment with hot and cold baths: motor cars run frequently from Market Street.)

While most part of Aberdeenshire is lowland, the course of the Dee, its southern boundary, soon takes us into fine Highland scenery, whither all strangers turn for their first excursion.

THE DEESIDE HIGHLANDS

[By Railway to Ballater, thence by public motor.]

The valley of the Dee, or Deeside, as it is called, has long been a favourite route for tourists, as highway to the wild

scenery of Braemar and the beautiful district selected by Queen Victoria for her Highland residence.

The railway follows at first the north bank of the Dee, then for a time bends away north, with views of its wooded hills. Near **Murtle** *Station* (west) is the large *Deeside Hydropathic*, and at **Banchory** (*Tor-na-coille Hotel*), the sanatorium for consumption. Near *Torphins* (Hotel), the line leaves the river as far as Aboyne. At **Aboyne** (*Huntly Arms*) there is a suspension bridge over the river, and on the top of a hill an obelisk to the memory of the late *Marquis of Huntly*. The line runs almost due west from this for 8 miles, passing through the *Muir of Dinnet* (Hotel at *Dinnet* Station), shut in by a prospect of fine hills, which rise terrace-wise to the westward, highest of all, *Lochnagar*, the mountain monarch of the district.

After crossing the Tullich Water, and passing Monaltrie House, we reach **Ballater** (Hotels : *Invercauld Arms*, *Temperance*, *Loirston House*, and others), a favourite resort in the summer months on account of its elevated position (660 feet). Across the Dee (nearly 2 miles) are the chalybeate mineral wells of **Pananich**, with an hotel and lodgings.

A steep round height called *Craigendarroch*, or the Rock of Oaks, rises right up from the village to the height of 800 feet, and affords an extensive view. Another rocky hill, 5 miles to the east, is frequently scaled on account of Byron's couplet—

> When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
> I think on the rocks that o'ershadow *Culbleen*.

From like associations, the farmhouse of *Ballatrich*, on the south side of the river, where Byron lived, "rude as the rocks where his infancy grew," may be visited. Five miles distant is the *Burn of the Vat*, so termed on account of the water perforating a huge natural well in a perpendicular rock. From Ballater a fine mountain route crosses the hills, by way of Glen Muick, and descends by the Capel into Glen Esk in Forfarshire, near Clova Inn (p. 95). **Lochnagar** (3775 feet) may be ascended in a long walk, or after driving to the foot.

From Ballater, the journey to Braemar is continued by motor in about 1½ hour. The road still follows the north bank of the river. After skirting the base of Craigendarroch, the Gairn Water is crossed, and about a mile farther on rises *Craig Youzie* (the Rock of Firs). Opposite the remains of a pristine Highland clachan, called The Micras, stands *Abergeldie Castle*, one of the Royal shooting-lodges. A little beyond this is the

village of *Crathie* with its parish church. Opposite the post-office, the river is crossed by an iron bridge, the nearest approach to **Balmoral Castle**, the favourite residence of our late Queen, whose memory will nowhere be held in truer affection.

Passing *Inver*, we cross the bridge of *Invercauld*, thrown over a rocky strait of the river, and soon after wind round the foot of *Craig Cluny*. Beyond this the strath opens, showing *Invercauld House* (Colonel Farquharson), the most beautifully situated mansion on Deeside. About the centre of the strath, and on the south side of the river, is *Mar Castle*, a high bare tower of modern erection. Immediately beyond comes the little capital of the elevated district of **Braemar**, standing over 1000 feet above the sea, ringed round by some of the loftiest mountains in Scotland.

Castleton of Braemar (Hotels: *Invercauld Arms*, *Fife Arms*) is a collection of straggling houses on broken ground, where the turbulent Cluny rushes down to join the Dee. Here the Earl of Mar raised the standard of rebellion in 1715. The country about is a region of deer-forests, extending for miles in nearly every direction.

The principal of the nearer excursions from Braemar comprise the *Falls of the Garrawalt* (5 miles), *Falls of Corriemulzie* (3 miles), the *Colonel's Bed* (5 miles), the *Linn of Quoich* (3 miles), the *Linn of Dee* (6¼ miles). The *Falls of the Garrawalt*, on the declivity of the pine-forest of Ballochbowie, form a very attractive scene. They are approached by passing Braemar Castle on the left, and turning off at the Bridge of Invercauld, by the road to the right. A neat wooden bridge crosses the stream, and conducts to a favourite point of view. The Falls of Corriemulzie, and Linns of Quoich and Dee, are also well worth visiting. Near the last named, a bridge of granite was thrown across the river in 1857.

Lochnagar may be ascended in a walk of 12 miles; and it is nearly 20 miles to the top of **Ben Macdhui**, the summit of the Cairngorm range, long renowned as the highest mountain in Britain, but now dethroned by some hundred feet in favour of *Ben Nevis* (4406 feet). Rough paths lead to *Glentilt* (p. 83) to *Glen Clova* (p. 95), to *Aviemore* (p. 84), to *Abernethy* in Strathspey, and to *Tomintoul* in the Banffshire Highlands (22 miles, see p. 105). These long tramps are not to be recommended to inexperienced mountaineers, without guidance. In most cases ponies may be taken; but it will be seen that the delights of this keen air are chiefly for able-bodied visitors. The only high road, besides that from Ballater, is by *Glenshee* to Blairgowrie, on which a coach runs in the season (p. 80).

ABERDEEN TO ELGIN

We now take the *Great North of Scotland* Railway, which connects the East Coast line with the Highland Railway to Inverness, and by various branches opens up Aberdeenshire and Banffshire. At *Dyce Junction* a branch turns off through the district of **Buchan**, which may be called the most Aberdeenish part of Aberdeen. It has a rugged coast, showing remarkable rock scenery, notably the *Bullers of Buchan*, a huge cauldron, into which the sea rushes through a natural arch, north of *Slains Castle*, the Earl of Erroll's modern seat. Between this and the ruins of the ancient *Slains*, **Cruden Bay** is now developed into a resort by a large hotel and good golf links, on a branch to *Boddam*, near *Buchan Ness*, the most easterly point of Scotland. A little above comes the terminus of another branch at **Peterhead** (Hotels : *Royal*, *North-Eastern*), which has the name of being the coldest town in Scotland, and once was the chief seat of the whaling trade. Another line takes us to **Fraserburgh** (*Royal Hotel*) farther north, a great fishing port, where Fraser is such a common name as to be no distinction. Here *Kinnaird Head* makes the corner of this great promontory, whence by road one can go westward along a fine coast to Banff.

By rail we hold on the main line of the G.N.S.R. as far as *Inveramsay Junction*, where a branch goes off by *Turriff* (*Fife Arms*), passing near **Fyvie Castle**, an interesting specimen of the baronial style of architecture, with a secret chamber which the laird must not open on pain of death. By the Deveron valley we reach the sea, where on one side stands the fishing town of **Macduff** (*Fife Arms*), and on the other

Banff (Hotels : *Fife Arms*, *Market*, etc.), an ancient royal burgh with some fine buildings. The *Castle*, now an unpretentious private residence, was once a seat of the Earls of Seafield and birthplace of Archbishop Sharpe ; it is said to have been originally a royal palace. There is good bathing on the beach (for swimmers "the Pot" among the rocks), and fine cliff scenery on either side.

At the end of the town open the grounds of **Duff House**, gifted by the Duke of Fife, whose mansion it was, to the townships of Banff and Macduff. It has now been leased to a syndicate who have opened it as a first-class hotel, with golf, fishing, and other entertainments. The splendid grounds are in themselves a great attraction to visitors.

Banff and *Banff Bridge* stations are on opposite sides of the river, and on separate branches of the G.N.S.R., which is so frittered away in side lines that we find it difficult to trace its main course. It offers two routes from Aberdeen to Inverness, one by the coast, one by the mountains, uniting at *Elgin* (p. 106). From *Inveramsay Junction* both still keep together by the valley of *Gaudy*, famous in Scotch song, and along *Bogieside* to **Huntly** (*Gordon Arms*), where the "Gay Gordons" are lords. Near this are the ruins of *Huntly Castle*; and the modern residence of *Huntly Lodge* has a gateway erected in honour of her husband by the last Duchess of Gordon. Beyond this, at *Grange*, turns off the coast line along the Moray Firth. But let us first go on the landward route by the valley of the Isla to **Keith** (Hotels: *Royal*, *Gordon Arms*, etc.), a considerable town, close to which may be seen the ruins of *Castle Oliphant*. No part of Scotland, indeed, more abounds in old strongholds, many of them not so accessible as this.

Keith has two stations, one making a junction of the G.N.S.R. and the Highland Railway. The straight way hence for Inverness is the latter line to Elgin, by *Orbliston Junction*, where a short branch goes off to **Fochabers** (*Gordon Arms Hotel*), close to which is the lordly park of *Gordon Castle* (Duke of Richmond and Gordon), a modern one built beside an ancient keep. At Spey Bay, the mouth of the river, is a new first-class hotel with a golf-course ranking with the best in Scotland. In the other direction the line runs up a prettily wooded valley by **Dufftown** (*Fife Arms*, etc.), from which there is a road to *Tomintoul*, and a grand day's walk might be taken to *Ballindalloch* (p. 105) over **Ben Rinnes** (2755 feet), a northern point of the Grampians looking down into the Spey valley. A little farther south is reached **Craigellachie** (Hotel), a charming spot for a railway junction, where we meet the Speyside line from *Boat of Garten* (p. 85), that may now be traced downwards.

At the *Boat of Garten* was another junction of the two northern lines, the Highland Railway forking off here to *Forres* (p. 107). The G.N.S.R. train down **Speyside** to Craigellachie does not hurry itself, giving all the more time for seeing this beautiful valley, the country of the Grants, and a choice haunt of anglers, though not to every one is it given to master "the Spey cast." Along it are several fine seats, and more than one of the airy villages above its banks are coming

into high repute as *sommerfrische* stations. The first of these, with its ruins of *Castle Roy*, is **Nethy Bridge** (Hotel), from which wild walks may be taken across the *Cairngorm* range to Deeside (p. 102). The next station is for **Grantown** (Hotels: *Grant Arms, Palace, Strathspey*, and others), the capital of Speyside, which, though little more than a village, from its bracing air and dry soil (700 feet) has gained a position as health resort and centre for excursions to the Forest of Rothiemurchus, the Cairngorms, etc. *Castle Grant*, close by, contains some interesting paintings. Its lord, the Earl of Seafield, is the chief of the Grants, a clan in which, as among some of their neighbours, the Roman Catholic faith still flourishes. Another thing that flourishes on Speyside is not according to teetotal principles. *Ballindalloch* is the nearest station for the famous Glenlivet distillery; here, too, a coach connects with *Tomintoul* (15 miles), to which a railway branch is talked of.

[With or without a railway, **Tomintoul** (*Richmond Arms, Gordon Arms*) must be visited, standing as it does the second highest village in Scotland (1160 feet), on the southern border of the Banffshire Highlands. There is fine scenery hereabouts, as well as fine air and good fishing; and with modern hotels this out-of-the-way place now sets itself up as a health resort of no small natural merits, that begin to bring well-advised strangers in summer to swell its population of a few hundreds, nearly all Roman Catholics, a fact helping to give the village its subalpine character. Within a mile there is a chalybeate well, which may some day make Tomintoul a Scottish Buxton.]

From *Craigellachie*, the G.N.S. line to Elgin turns north to **Rothes** (Hotel), where are the ruins of a castle of the Leslies, Earls of Rothes. From Glen Rothes we look back on the Grampians, coming down now into the lowlands of Moray at *Elgin* (p. 106), to join the Highland line from Keith by *Orbliston* (p. 104).

Let us now turn back for the coast line to Elgin.

THE MORAY FIRTH

The shores of this deep indentation are noted for a genial winter climate, in marked contrast to that of Aberdeeen. Along part of it runs an alternative line, on which the G.N.S.R. would fain compete with the Highland Railway by express trains with through carriages between Inverness and Aberdeen for London. The ordinary trains are rather slow; but if the traveller chooses this route, he will have a good view across the Firth, with glimpses of its black cliffs and little fisher havens, more than one of which now aspires to be a sea-side resort by the help of golf links and sands for bathing. This line turns off at *Grange*

(p. 104) for *Tillynaught Junction* (and *Banff*, p. 103), and reaches the sea at **Portsoy** (*Commercial Hotel*), a fishing town, which now boldly advertises its links, mineral well, and other attractions for idle strangers. The ruins of *Findlater Castle* stand between this and **Cullen** (*Grant Arms*), an old burgh, near a seat of the Earls of Seafield. Farther on comes an important fishing town, **Buckie** (*Commercial Hotel*), west of which the line crosses the Spey near its mouth at *Fochabers-on-Spey*, a station 4 miles north of *Fochabers* (p. 104). Turning inland, the line joins a short branch to **Lossiemouth** (*Stotfield Hotel*), the bathing-place of Elgin, recommended by fine cliffs to the west, swarming with sea-fowl, by a great stretch of sand on the other side, by the inland waters of *Loch Spynie*, and by the scenes of some of Dr. Macdonald's novels.

At *Elgin* we join the lines dealt with above.

Elgin (Hotels : *Gordon Arms*, *Station*, *Grand*, *Palace*, etc.), like many other Scottish towns, has a long *High Street*, forming the backbone, whence numerous side streets and alleys diverge. The general aspect is a pleasant and thriving one, as becomes the capital of a rich agricultural district. The city has several public institutions, including a *Museum* with a good collection of the sandstone fossils of the neighbourhood. Its chief interest to strangers, however, is the ruins of the once magnificent cathedral on the north-east side, the station being to the south of the town.

The **Cathedral** of Elgin was founded in 1223, during the time of Bishop Moray. It has been at one time covered with a profusion of sculpture, but, like most buildings of the kind in Scotland, is now much dilapidated. The principal entrance is on the west side, between the bulky masses of the western towers, 84 feet in height. The encircling arch of this grand entrance presents some beautiful and delicately-chiselled ornaments, in a much earlier style of architecture than the recorded date of the foundation. The decorations of the turrets on the east, and of certain of the pilasters, exhibit good specimens of later art. The most complete part of the building is the *Chapter-house* on the north-east, the "'Prentice Aisle," as it is called, from a tradition like that of the "'Prentice Pillar" at Roslin.

Passing on we enter the *Choir*, then the *Chancel* with its splendid double row of lancet-windows, under which stood the high altar and tomb of the founder. Adjoining, and entered by a gate, is *St. Mary's Aisle*, the burial-place of the ducal family of Gordon. There are several other tombs of interest, including one of the first Marquis of

Huntly. Among several fragments of statues, one is said to represent Bishop Innes, the founder of the now lost middle tower. A broken stone coffin is shown as that in which the body of King Duncan was buried.

Adjacent are the ruins of the *Bishop's Palace*. The old *Greyfriars Nunnery* has been restored by the late Marquis of Bute.

Elgin is surrounded by very pleasing scenery, well viewed from the summit of *Ladyhill*, an eminence to the west, on which are the remains of a castle, and a lofty column with a statue of the last Duke of Gordon. In the neighbourhood are some very interesting antiquities. To the north, upon the margin of *Loch Spynie*, stand the ruins of **Spynie Palace**, formerly a fortified residence of the Bishops of Moray. On the other side of Elgin, in a sheltered valley about 6 miles south-west, is **Pluscarden Priory**, founded by Alexander II. in 1230, and dedicated to St. Andrew. The building had been partly in the first, partly in the second, Pointed styles. It was recently restored by the late Lord Bute, who proved such a profitable convert to the old Church.

From Elgin to Forres the railway runs on by *Kinloss*, where are the scanty ruins of an Abbey, and the fine valley of the Findhorn, 3 or 4 miles from the mouth of which the Highland line from Aviemore joins that from Aberdeen.

The Highland line that forked off at *Boat of Garten* (p. 105) was till the making of the Carr Bridge branch (p. 85) the main route from Perth to Inverness. Leaving Strathspey to the right, after crossing the Water of Allan the train reaches *Grantown*, which, standing in the fork of the two lines, has a station on each (p. 105). Beyond, the railway enters *Brae Moray*, a wild district of country. To the west of *Dava* Station lies the desolate **Loch-an-Dorb**, with the ruins of an extensive castle, which figured as a royal fortress in the early history of Scotland, and afterwards as a possession of the Earls of Moray and Campbells of Cawdor. Crossing the Divie by means of a viaduct, below which the church and burial-ground of *Edinkillie* are picturesquely situated, we reach *Dunphail*. A district of lowland country succeeds, and at times views are obtained of the Moray Firth, the Sutors of Cromarty, and the northern mountains. The village of *Rafford* and the old whitewashed town of *Blervie* to the right, and on the left *Sanquhar House*, bring us to *Forres*.

Forres (Hotels: *Royal Station*, *Commercial*, *Moray*) is a pleasant place, with a good name as a health resort, which has given it the *Cluny Hill Hydropathic* close at hand, with miles of pine-wood walks within the grounds. Shakespeare made a

mistake if he imagined Forres a bleak and blasted scene, fit for "murders, treasons, stratagems." On the contrary, this district is one of thriving farmers, as appears from the large Agricultural Hall near the station; and though close to some of the coldest parts of Scotland, it enjoys a rarely favourable climate, the average temperature being that of London, cooler in summer and warmer in winter, with a range of only 24°. The rainfall, about 23 inches, as against 27 at London and from 40 to 50 in the Western Highlands, is quoted as the lowest in the kingdom, a contention we leave to be settled between Forres and the east coast of Suffolk. A dry and porous soil is a main constituent of this genial climate, which begins to attract invalids from the south, though some stretch of faith be required to cross the Grampians in search of a winter health resort.

The neighbourhood has many points of beauty and interest—the famous *Forres Pillar* or "Sueno's Stone"; *Cluny Hill*, with its monument to Nelson, from which there is a view of the Sutherland mountains across the Cromarty Firth; the "blasted heath" pointed out as the scene of Macbeth's interview with the witches; the fine grounds of *Brodie Castle* and of *Altyre;* the beautiful river scenery of the *Findhorn Glen;* the *Culbin Sands*, a shifting desert that has overwhelmed thousands of acres of what was once the most fertile land in Morayshire; the ruins of *Blervie* and *Burgie;* the *Loch of the Romach*, with its romantic wood and water scenery,—all these are close at hand or within a walk.

On its short way to Nairn, the train crosses the Findhorn and passes *Brodie House*, the ancient seat of the family of this name, near which is *Hardmoor*, traditional meeting-place of Macbeth and Banquo with the witches. About a mile southwards is the Earl of Moray's *Darnaway Castle*, with a noble hall 95 feet long by 35 broad, capable of holding 1000 men under arms.

Nairn (Hotels: *Marine*, *Station*, *Imperial Golf*, *Star*, *Waverley Temperance*, *Royal*), on the Moray Firth, at the mouth of the river Nairn, 15 miles east from Inverness, is an old royal burgh of quaint aspect, and, according to the boast of a Scottish king, so long as to have one end in the Highlands, the other in the Lowlands—a way of describing its double stock of inhabitants, who still keep themselves much to their own quarters. It contains town and county buildings, a public

hall with museum and reading-room, and a bathing establishment with a remarkable glass-covered swimming bath. A number of new houses have been built of the light-tinted freestone which abounds in this district. The climate of Nairn is dry and bracing, and there is a very low average rainfall. A golf course of 3 miles has been laid out. In consequence of these many attractions this "Brighton of the North" receives its full quota of summer visitors, and is well able to welcome winter guests also. Several pensions of a kind more common at English than Scotch resorts have been opened here—*Shaw's, Johnston's, Golf View, Washington.*

On a height to the south of the station the Duke of Cumberland encamped his army the day before the battle of Culloden (1746); and at *Auldearn*, also in this vicinity, Montrose defeated General Urrey and the Covenanting clans in 1645, with great slaughter, when Nairn and Elgin were plundered and the principal buildings set on fire. About 5 miles to the south of Nairn stands **Cawdor Castle**, a residence of the Earl of Cawdor, interesting alike from its architecture and historic associations, though the legend that King Duncan was murdered here by Macbeth is wholly without foundation. Within 3 miles of Cawdor is *Kilravock Castle*, in equally good preservation, and forming a fine object from the river bank. The Roses of Kilravock are said to have been proprietors of this estate since 1292. The ruins of *Rait, Dunphail*, and *Inshoch* are to be visited, as also the vitrified forts of *Dunevan* and *Castle Finlay*, and the "crannogs" or lacustrine dwellings at the Loch of the Clans.

On leaving Nairn we enter Inverness-shire near *Gollanfield Junction*, whence a branch (2 miles) goes off to **Fort-George**, on a point of the Firth, where is a ferry to Fortrose in the *Black Isle* (p. 126). The fort, constructed after 1745 to keep the Highlanders in subjection, is now the depot of the Seaforth Regiment. The main line skirts the shore, passing the ruins of *Castle Stuart*, and the station for *Culloden*, some miles off to the south, more easily visited from the new station on the direct line (see p. 85). A few minutes more bring us into *Inverness* (p. 85).

WEST HIGHLAND ROUTES

In this section we follow the various routes from Glasgow, or from Edinburgh, through the West Highlands towards Inverness, on the way to which these routes unite in the line of the Caledonian Canal.

TO OBAN (by rail)

This Caledonian line we have already taken from Edinburgh as route to the Trossachs (p. 60). From Glasgow the railway starts through a district of rubbish heaps and iron works—the Black Country of Scotland—and there is no place of note till by Larbert Junction it reaches Stirling (p. 60). At *Dunblane* (p. 67) it turns off the main north line, passing by *Callander* (p. 69) and the road to the Trossachs. Having now entered the Highlands, it reaches *Balquhidder* (p. 72), the branch for *Comrie* (p. 73).

Beyond Lochearnhead, the railway traverses *Glen Ogle* ("the terrific glen") by several viaducts, giving a view of its wild features. At *Killin Junction* goes off the branch to the head of Loch Tay (p. 81). The Oban line runs on up *Glen Dochart* to *Luib* (Hotel), a good fishing centre; then passing along the margin of Loch Dochart with the ruins of a castle on an islet, and the base of Ben More, it reaches the valley of the Fillan, to cross the *West Highland Railway* at the junction of *Crianlarich*, and to keep parallel to it as far as *Tyndrum* (see p. 116).

Entering Argyllshire, we go on for half an hour, without stopping, through a desolate country, till *Glen Orchy* opens a beautiful stretch of Highland landscape, where **Dalmally** (Hotel) makes a favourite halting-place, well known to anglers.

The **Glen Orchy** district was at one time peopled by the Macgregors, and the old churchyard which surrounds the parish church contains some ancient gravestones of the clan. The stiff ascent of *Ben*

Cruachan, noted for its bold proportions and graceful outline (3650 feet), may be made from 2 miles west of Dalmally. *Ben Lui* (3708 feet), 7 miles east of Dalmally (at whose northern base is the highest source of the Tay, and the streams on the other sides of which flow to Lochs Awe, Fyne, and Lomond respectively), is also worth ascending.

As before stated (see p. 57), there is no coach or other connection by public conveyance between Dalmally and Inveraray, and he who goes that way must trust to his own initiative.

On leaving Dalmally the railway gradually descends until it comes within a short distance of Loch Awe, where it crosses the Orchy by a viaduct a few hundred yards above the mouth of the stream. From the centre of this a good view is obtained of the loch with its numerous islets, and the ruins of **Kilchurn Castle** (pron. *Kilhooren*). There is a good hotel at *Loch Awe* station, whence a small steamer runs up to the head of the loch at *Ford* (coach to *Ardrishaig*, p. 57), with good small hotel. There is no hotel at *Portinsherrich* on the left bank, but one on either side of the ferry at *Portsonachan* and *Taycreggan*.

Loch Awe, one of the most picturesque of Highland lochs, is 30 miles in length and from 1 to 2 in breadth, shut in by lofty mountains, whose towering proportions, along with numerous wooded islands, give a striking character to the scenery. It is famed also for its fishing.

At the northern extremity stands *Kilchurn Castle*, a fine feudal relic, the ancient abode of the Campbells of Loch Awe. The main tower of this Highland stronghold is said to have been erected in 1449 by the lady of Sir Colin Campbell, the Black Knight of Rhodes, second son of Sir Duncan Campbell of Loch Awe, ancestor of the Argyll family; but the greater part of it is comparatively recent. Sir Colin acquired by marriage a large portion of the Lorn estates, and was the founder of the family of Breadalbane. "It's a far cry to Lochawe" was an old boast of the clan, indicating the impossibility of reaching their remote fastnesses. This romantic scenery forms the subject of Wordsworth's address to Kilchurn Castle, which is the Ardenvohr of *The Legend of Montrose*.

Near Cladich is the peninsula of *Innistrynich*, or the Island of the Druids. Opposite lies the island of *Inishail*, famed by the late P. G. Hamerton as the site of his "Painter's Camp in the Highlands." Its old churchyard contains a number of ancient tombstones, many bearing the name "MacArthur," a clan which originally inhabited these shores. *Inis Fraoch* was granted in 1267, by Alexander III., to Gilbert Macnaghten, whose descendants took part with Macdougall of Lorn in the attack on Robert Bruce at Dail Righ, and the ruins of their castle still remain. This isle is fabled, like the Hesperides, to have derived its name from an adventurous lover, who, in his

attempt to gratify his fair one with its delicious fruit, destroyed the guardian serpent, but perished himself in the conflict.

From *Cladich*, 6 miles south of Dalmally, the road to Inveraray on Loch Fyne strikes east (9 miles). Half-way up the loch, and near its eastern shore (9 miles from Portsonachan, or 15 miles from Kilchurn) is *Innis Chonnel*, on which are the ruins of the ancient Castle of *Ardchonnel*, "first nest of feudal Argyll." This is not far from *Portinsherrich*, whence may also be visited *Erreth*, the isle of tombs, and the Falls of *Blarghour*. In the ancient burying-ground at *Kilchrenan*, near Taycreggan (*North* Portsonachan), on the western side of the lake, a massive granite monument has been erected by the Duke of Argyll in memory of his ancestor *Cailean Mor*, who distinguished himself in forays against the neighbouring clans, and in particular against the Macdougalls of Lorn.

Our line passes along the outlet of the Awe, to enter the **Pass of Brander**, where are (a mile or so on) the *Falls of Cruachan*. Through this Pass the waters of Loch Awe discharge into *Loch Etive*. Cairns on the opposite side of the stream mark the scene of the conflict in which the Macdougalls of Lorn were almost destroyed by Robert Bruce. The railway crosses the river a little to the west of the old *Bridge of Awe*, scene of Sir W. Scott's *Highland Widow*.

Two miles on come *Taynuilt* station (two hotels), on the Nant, which runs almost parallel with the Awe, falling into Loch Etive within half a mile of it. A road leads from Taynuilt to *Taycreggan* on Loch Awe (*coach*—8 miles). About a mile to the north are the village and iron furnace of *Bonawe*. Here is a ferry across **Loch Etive**, the upper portion of which possesses a high degree of sequestered grandeur.

Taynuilt to Ballachulish.—A steamer plies during the tourist season on Loch Etive, in connection with a coach up Glen Etive and across to Glencoe, and so down to Ballachulish (p. 121). The whole route (40 miles) is through magnificent scenery.

Bonawe to Ballachulish is a picturesque route for pedestrians of about 25 miles by *Glen Salach* and *Loch Creran*.

For some distance the view of Loch Etive is lost as the railway passes west of Taynuilt, but it again opens upon a wide and picturesque scene at *Ach-na-cloich* (station and pier). Across the water, at *Ardchattan*, there is an old priory (13th century). Three miles farther on come the station and ferry of **Connel**, (*Falls of Lora Hotel*), near which are the so-called Falls of Connel—the Ossianic *Falls of Lora*, caused by the rushing of

the tide over a reef of rocks. They are best seen when the tide is receding, and when near low water.

Two miles north of Connel is the vitrified fort *Beregonium*, or as the Highlanders have called it for thirty generations, Dunmacsniochan. Here, long ages ago, was one of the most extensive vitrified forts in Scotland, as proved by the series of trenches dug out in 1875. From the plain on the southern side—a supposed site of Ptolemy's fabled Pictish camp—the top is reached by a steep defile called *Bealach-na-Ban-righ*, the Queen's Pass.

At the entrance to Loch Etive stand the modern house and fine old ruin of *Dunstaffnage Castle*. Thence the railway passes on a steep incline, emerging through a deep cutting of the rock upon **Oban**, to which we shall come again presently by way of water (p. 118).

LOCH LOMOND

This finest of all the Scotch lakes is not only a favourite excursion from Glasgow or Stirling, but also one of the routes into the Highlands, as, going up it by steamer, one can from its head gain either the Caledonian line to Oban or the West Highland Railway to Fort-William.

The foot of the lake is reached at **Balloch**, by *Dumbarton* (p. 54). The road that hence skirts the western shore is said to be one of the best cyclists' tracks in the kingdom. Steamers ply thrice daily in each direction during the season, threading their way through the beautiful archipelago at the lower end, and touching at half a dozen stations on the two sides. The lake is about 23 miles long, and 5 miles broad at its widest.

On the right hand, immediately after leaving Balloch Pier, are *Balloch Castle*, and thereafter *Boturich Castle;* while on the left hand are the mansions of *Cameron House*, *Auchendennan*, *Auchenheglish*, and *Arden*. Close to Arden is *Glen Fruin*, overhanging which are the ruins of the Castle of *Banachara*, anciently the residence of the Colquhouns, where the chief of that clan was slain by one of the Clan Macfarlane in 1592. Turning to the east side, our steamer makes for Balmaha pier, past the island deer-park of *Inch Murrin*, at the southern end of which stand the ruins of *Lennox Castle*. On the mainland, to the right, will be seen *Ross Priory*, where Scott lived for a time in 1817 when he was writing *Rob Roy*, and the Duke of Montrose's seat of *Buchanan Castle*, both situated at the south-eastern angle of the lake.

At **Balmaha**, one might land to explore the *Pass of Balmaha*, a rugged little defile of two or three hundred yards, which makes the

gateway of the Highlands at this part of the "Highland Line," and the traveller realises after emerging from it that he has quite left the scenery and characteristics of the Lowlands behind him. From Balmaha up to Rowardennan, the next pier on the east side, is a walk of 6 miles, and it takes one through a delightful bit of country, not visible from the deck of the steamer. *Conic Hill*, 1175 feet above the pass, might be ascended.

The steamer now turns north-west to the pretty little village of **Luss** (Hotel), on the opposite shore, a favourite place for summer quarters, especially with anglers. A picturesque fragment of the ancient Castle of Luss still remains behind *Rossdhu House* on the shore, seat of the Colquhoun family (pron. *Cohoune*), to which belongs Mrs. L. B. Walford, the popular novelist.

The islands which the steamer passes in making the transit from Balmaha to Luss are: first, *Inchcailliach* ("Nuns' Island"), site of the old parish church of Buchanan, with a graveyard containing some 17th-century tombstones; then the flat green *Inchfad* (Long Island); and thereafter, on the "starboard bow," *Inchlonaig*, clad with yew-trees, and measuring 1 by ½ mile, now used as a deer-park. On the left hand, after Inchfad, are: *Inchcruin*, *Inchmoan*, *Inchconnachan* (the three forming a little island-bay), and finally the high and wooded *Inchtavannach*, formerly the seat of a monastery, as its name, signifying Monk-House Island, indicates. The tiny islet of *Inchgalbraith*, immediately south-east of Inchtavannach, but unseen from the steamer, is noteworthy for its fragments of an ancient castle of the Galbraith family.

Beyond Luss, the character of the lake scenery completely changes. Hitherto, Loch Lomond has been a broad sheet of water dotted over with islands, where the general aspect is mildly beautiful. But a mile or two to the north of Luss the opposite shores approach each other closely, the mountains rise up on either side in rugged majesty, and from this point onward, for the remaining 12 miles of its length, the loch is transformed into a narrow fjord, picturesque as ever, but in a more wild and savage style.

Rowardennan (Hotel), on the east side, is the next pier, whence is usually made the ascent of **Ben Lomond** (3192 feet), a matter of 5 or 6 miles, by a well-marked path on which ponies may be taken. This gradual climb is quite easy and rewarded by a superb prospect.

To **Inverbeg**, on the opposite side, there is a ferry (6d.) across the loch from Rowardennan. The tongue of land at the mouth of the Douglas Water here, has some pretty scenes; and from Inverbeg Inn to the side of Loch Long would be a charming upland walk of 6 miles.

After leaving Rowardennan the steamer skirts the base of Ben Lomond, on which is *Rob Roy's Prison*, an arch-shaped cavern some height above the water, formed by huge masses of fallen rocks.

Hence the steamer slants across the lake northward to **Tarbet.** The hotel here is the largest and best appointed on the lake; and for its situation and variety of walks, Tarbet may be recommended above all the other Loch Lomond halting-places. As the Gaelic name denotes, it stands upon a narrow isthmus separating Loch Lomond

from the salt-water fjord of Loch Long, in which direction many most interesting excursions can be made. It is close to the *Arrochar and Tarbet* station of the West Highland Railway, and to **Arrochar** (*Colquhoun Arms*, *Ross's*, and *Temp. Inn*) at the head of Loch Long. Omnibuses from both sides await the trains, and connect the steamers on the two lochs.

From Tarbet the steamer crosses to **Inversnaid**, where we should join it coming from Loch Katrine (p. 71). This station is simply an hotel, situated just beside the waterfall (30 feet) made by the *Arklet Water* as it descends into the lake. Here it was that Wordsworth met the "sweet Highland girl" whose praises he has sung.

About a mile to the right from the hotel, on the same side of the loch, will be found *Rob Roy's Cave*, a deep recess in a steep rugged rock, a little above the water's edge, the narrow entrance partly concealed by fallen blocks, where Robert Bruce is said to have sought a refuge as well as that freebooter with whose name it is associated. Other points attainable by boat (1s. 6d. per hour, or 2s. 6d. with boatman) from the pier in a couple of hours, are *Inveruglas Isle* and *Eilean Vow* ("The Brownie's Isle") renowned by Wordsworth. A short trip from Inversnaid is to cross to *Inveruglas Glen*, on the opposite side of the loch, and walk up the 3 miles to *Loch Sloy*, whose name was, in former days, the war-cry of "the wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan."

From Inversnaid several coaches a day connect with the Trossachs route (p. 71) and thence with the Caledonian line at Callander (p. 68). On the other side of the loch, the West Highland Railway may be taken either at Tarbet, or at **Ardlui**, at the head of the Loch, to which the steamer makes its final stage, passing on the way Rob Roy's Cave, and Eilean Vow above mentioned. There are coaches twice a day from Ardlui up Glen Falloch to *Crianlarich* (see below). Southwards one can return by the Loch Long steamers (p. 55), and a light railway may possibly some day run across to Inveraray from Arrochar.

THE WEST HIGHLAND RAILWAY

The West Highland Line belongs to the North British Railway Company, a fact which is not generally known, as it was opened more recently than the rest of the system, and has a name of its own, which sometimes leads to confusion with the Highland Railway. By this justly famed line, one can penetrate some of the grandest scenery in Scotland.

From Helensburgh, the line runs up first the *Gareloch* (p. 55), then by the head of *Loch Long*, where the railway's high elevation gives it fine views; whence it crosses at *Arrochar* to skirt the eastern side of *Loch Lomond*. The station here is for "Arrochar and Tarbet," distant respectively $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile and $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, the first on Loch Long, the second on Loch Lomond (see above).

From the Loch Lomond steamers the train may also be joined at the next station *Ardlui* (see above), at the entrance of **Glen Falloch**, here a flat strath with the river Falloch gliding between green meadows. Up this, from the head of the loch, we now run north to **Crianlarich**, where our railway crosses the Caledonian line to Oban, and transference may be made from one to the other. The hotel at Crianlarich would make a good base for the ascent of **Ben More** (3843 feet).

The two lines now keep on together for a few miles up **Strathfillan**, but on opposite sides of the valley, to **Tyndrum**, where they part company. The *Tyndrum Hotel* is midway between the rival stations; and here still passengers have a chance of changing their minds as to route. This is a good centre for mountaineering excursions, and for some grand pedestrian routes, as that (36 miles) by Kingshouse Inn and Glencoe to *Ballachulish* (p. 121), and on the other side of the line about as far to *Fortingall* (p. 81) by Glen Lyon. In *Strathfillan* are the Chapel and Holy Pool of St. Fillan, and the scene of Bruce's glorious defeat at Dalry.

Beyond Tyndrum the West Highland Railway, running north, crosses into Argyllshire over a watershed more than a thousand feet above the sea. Near *Ben Doran* (3523 feet) opens *Glen Lyon;* then comes **Bridge of Orchy** station (*Inveroran* Hotel, some way off), where coach may be taken down Glencoe to *Ballachulish*. The line now keeps by the Orchy, and the vast *Black Mount* Deer Forest, a waste of heather, only here and there broken, as beyond *Loch Tulla*, by patches of forest in the modern sense. Few houses are seen, rather cairns marking the abodes of the dead, and near the banks of Tulla Water a fragment of *Achallader Castle*, grim monument of "battles long ago."

Near *Gortan*, whence it is proposed to make a coach road up Glen Lyon, begins the **Moor of Rannoch** (p. 83), once covered by the great Caledonian Forest, now a waste of about 20 miles, on which many a shepherd has perished in the snow, famous now as the scene of the hunting of David Balfour and Alan Breck in R. L. Stevenson's *Kidnapped*. At **Rannoch** station a road goes to *Pitlochry* (p. 82), connecting at Kinloch-Rannoch with the mail for *Struan*, another station on the Highland Railway. *Loch Lydoch* is passed on the left; then on the right opens up *Glen Ericht* with *Ben Alder* (3757 feet)

at its head, on whose dark sides Prince Charles Edward lay hid in fact, as David Balfour in fiction.

Having passed the Moor of Rannoch at *Corrour*, we reach the highest point of the line (1350 feet). *Corrour Lodge* here (1723 feet) used to boast of being the highest habitation in Scotland, and in Britain for that matter ; it was outdone by the Observatory on Ben Nevis, now again closed owing to lack of means. Beyond *Loch Treig* and its river, we come to the Spean at **Tulloch** station (*Inverlair*). Here is struck the coach road for *Loch Laggan* and *Kingussie* (p. 84) ; and here our line turns due west by the rushing Spean through the *Braes of Lochaber*, dear to Highland memory. At *Roy Bridge* (Hotel) is passed the entrance to **Glenroy**, a name known for the "Parallel Roads" which have excited so much controversy in the scientific world, but are now generally admitted to be natural terraces showing the successive levels of a loch. This is the country of the Macdonells of Keppoch, whose cairns are monuments of many a forgotten feud and many a gallant warrior ; and it appears to be in part the scene of Mr. W. Black's novel *Briseis*. From **Spean Bridge** (Hotel) a branch line (25 miles) goes off to *Fort-Augustus* (p. 124), winding round the flanks of Ben Nevis, as does the main line for the rest of its course (9 miles) to **Fort-William** (p. 122).

The main line is at present continued through *Banavie*, at the foot of the Caledonian Canal, and after this continues farther on to *Mallaig*, opposite the southern end of Skye (p. 123).

THE CRINAN CANAL ROUTE

The routes given above, at different points, join a grand water-way which, with all tourists who have time and weather for this famous trip, makes the main line of travel in the West Highlands. The Clyde voyage is made daily by the *Columba*, that in its sumptuous appointments will remind American visitors of their own floating palaces. From Glasgow and Greenock it goes by *Rothesay* (p. 55) and the *Kyles of Bute*, then strikes north up *Loch Fyne*, and, turning into its inlet *Loch Gilp*, reaches **Ardrishaig** (Hotel) where passengers change into the small steamer that carries them through the *Crinan Canal*. In connection with the *Columba*, a coach crosses to *Ford* at the

head of *Loch Awe* (p. 111), whence a steamer would take passengers down to the railway for Oban at its foot.

The Crinan Canal is only 9 miles long, but saves a 70 miles voyage round the head of the Mull of Kintyre. There are fifteen locks on it, so that active passengers may as well walk along the banks most of the way, done in about 2 hours. After going on board we pass, on the left, *Auchindarroch* House, and, on the right, *Cairnbaan Inn*, a good station for anglers. Along the whole course of the canal there stretches an extensive plain, on the rising ground to the right of which is *Poltalloch House;* at the farther end is the old village of *Crinan*, built upon a rock which becomes an island at high water. The modern village of Crinan forms the north-western terminus of the canal (Hotel near). To the right, on the opposite side of the bay, is the castle of *Duntroon;* and northward stretches **Loch Craignish**, an arm of the sea, intersected by a chain of islands.

Here we re-embark upon salt water for another couple of hours' sail to Oban. The steamer proceeds through the *Dorus Mòr* or Great Gate, at the point of *Craignish*, with its new pier, then through the sound of *Scarba*, stopping generally at the islet of *Easdale* (Hotel), where there are slate-quarries, separated from Seil by a narrow rocky strait.

Farther on, the mountains of Mull appear, the highest of which is *Benmore* (3185 feet). *Loch Feochan* opens on the right, disclosing Ben Cruachan to view ; then the ruins of *Gylen Castle*, an old stronghold of the Macleans of Duart, appear on the island of *Kerrera*. Well on in the afternoon, the steamer passes through the channel between the mainland and this island, forming a natural breakwater to the Bay of Oban, at the farther horn of which stand the ruins of *Dunolly Castle;* but the conspicuous structure on the brow above the town is nothing more romantic than the shell of an unhatched Hydropathic, that may yet come to be added to the long list of hotels flourishing here.

Oban, the terminus of the Caledonian line (described p. 110), is a quite modern place, chiefly consisting of hotels and lodging houses, the former so numerous that we must confine ourselves to naming a few of different kinds (*Station*, *Great Western*, *Alexandra*, *Royal*, *King's Arms*, *Imperial*, *Victoria* Temperance, *Marine* Temperance, etc.). Most steamboat journeys being here

suspended for the night, one must usually put up at Oban, which has been well nicknamed the "Charing Cross of the Highlands." Dark mists and downpours, indeed, too often make it rather like a station on the Underground Railway, from which hasty comers and goers carry away no impression but that of a universal deluge with red-funnelled arks of escape as the cheerfullest spots in the outlook. But there is lovely scenery round this junction of ways, from which several fine excursions may be made by rail and steamer; and the whole "Land of Lorne" is rich in song and story, as the late Professor Blackie and Mr. Robert Buchanan could tell us, if we care to go beyond the time-table literature of the place.

To **Staffa** and **Iona** is the best of these excursions, made daily in the season, weather permitting, by the *Sound of Mull*, passing **Tobermory** (*Mishnish* Hotel, etc.), the little capital of that island. At *Duart Point* a memorial tower, serving as a beacon, is erected to the late William Black, whose *Highland Cousins* and other works dwell so lovingly on this region. The round takes all day, an hour or so being allowed on each island, where passengers, if possible, are landed in boats. This trip combines so much of beauty and interest that no one who can possibly manage it should leave Oban without doing it. The boat leaves early, and the time taken is about 10 hours; but the sea is often as smooth as a mill-pond, when the passenger experiences no discomfort. On the way home, the steamer rounds the *Ross of Mull* (to which there is a ferry from Iona), and, passing the mouth of *Loch Buy*, with the ivy-clad Castle of *Moy* at its head, comes back by the Sound of Kerrera to Oban.

The Island of Staffa is about 8 miles distant from the western coast of Mull, and, lying as it does in the same longitude as the Giant's Causeway on the north coast of Ireland, has probably been produced by the same violent effort of nature. It is of an irregularly oval shape, about 1½ mile in circumference, and 144 feet at its highest point. In calm weather passengers are conveyed from the steamer in small boats into *Fingal's Cave*, accessible at all states of the tide except that of extreme high water. The cave is nearly 70 feet in height, and recedes about 230 feet. The entire front, as well as the sides, is composed of ranges of columns, beautifully jointed, and of most symmetrical forms; and the roof exhibits a rich grouping of overhanging pillars.

The other caves are the *Clam* or *Scallop-shell*, in which the basaltic columns are bent like the ribs of a ship, and *Buachaille*, or the *Herds-*

man, a conoidal pile of columns about 30 feet high, whence the pillars extend along the whole face of the cliff to the entrance of Fingal's Cave.

Iona or *Icolmkill* (Temperance Inns, *Columba* and *Argyle*), about 9 miles to the south of Staffa, is nearly 3 miles in length and 1 in breadth, containing about 500 inhabitants. It is celebrated as an early seat of Christianity, and as the spot where Saint Columba, an Irish Christian missionary, took up his abode in the year 563.[1]

The stranger is generally conducted first to the *Nunnery* of St. Mary, which is in comparatively good preservation. Among the tombs may be seen that of the Prioress Anna, of date 1511. From this we proceed along the *street of the dead* to *Reilig Oran*, the burial-ground of Iona, passing on the way one of those Runic crosses for which this island is famous, named Maclean's Cross. The tombs of this cemetery are disposed in nine rows, one being appropriated by the Macleans, another by the Macdonalds, while a third is pointed out as the spot where "The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid." As a specimen of Celtic art, the finest tomb is the memorial slab of the four Friars, which occurs in the fifth row. **St. Oran's Chapel**, which appears to have been erected about the close of the 12th century on the site of St. Columba's original cell, is of Norman architecture, but not of the oldest style. It contains some interesting monuments, brought to light by the exertions of the Iona club.

Before entering the ruins of the Cathedral, we should examine the beautiful *St. Martin's Cross*, considered a model of handsome proportions. It is formed of one piece of red granite, 14 feet high, covered with Runic sculpture. **The Cathedral Church of St. Mary** is built of fine sienite stone in the usual form of a cross; the length being 160 feet and the breadth 24; length of transept 70. It consists of nave, transepts, and choir, at the north side of which is a sacristy, and there are side chapels on the south. It is chiefly in the First Pointed style of architecture; but, as in other buildings of the same kind in Scotland, there is a mixture of the Romanesque and Second Pointed styles, indicating different periods of erection, ranging from the 13th to the 16th centuries. The tower, which is divided into three stories, has four windows, seen from the exterior; these should be particularly noticed. Near the place where the high altar stood is a black marble tombstone of *Abbot Mackinnon*, whose cross is in St. Oran's Chapel; and opposite is one of *Abbot Kenneth*. In the centre of the chancel is the tomb of *Macleod of Macleod*, the largest tombstone in Iona. On the north are the ruins of the cloisters, consisting of a chapter-house and library.

The Cathedral has now been restored; no doubt the roofing was necessary, but the modern masonry put in on the north side is a serious defect, being entirely out of keeping with the rest of the building.

From Oban there go steamers to various points of the

[1] For an interesting account of St. Columba and his adopted home, see the work on Iona by the late Duke of Argyll.

"Highlands and Islands," that phrase which is sure to come right one way or other in a cockney mouth. For the sailings hence or from the Clyde, to the islands of *Mull*, *Jura*, *Islay*, and *Colonsay*, as well as to more distant ones, we must refer our readers to Messrs. MacBrayne's lists. The main line for tourists is by the steamers which hold northward up the lochs. But there is also the alternative of going by rail *via* Ballachulish.

OBAN TO FORT-WILLIAM

This is a grand sail of two or three hours through a combination of mountain and loch scenery. Beyond *Dunolly* and *Dunstaffnage* Castles, on the right opens the narrow mouth of *Loch Etive* (p. 112), up which an excursion might be taken by steamer, then by coach, to *Glencoe* (see below). Our boat bears away to pass by the island of *Lismore* ("the Great Garden"), once an episcopal seat, but showing few traces of its old dignity. To the north end of it a ferry crosses from **Appin** (Station Hotel), reached after we have passed the opening of *Loch Creran*. Beyond two smaller islands, *Stalker* and *Shuna*, each with its castle, we pass into the open waters of **Loch Linnhe**. The steamer then rounds *Ben Vair*, and stands up **Loch Leven** to the place which Saxons may make shift to pronounce as "Ballahoolish."

Ballachulish (Hotels: *Ballachulish*, *Loch Leven* Temperance, the former some way from the pier, the latter on the north side of the ferry here). The railway from Oban goes to the village of Glencoe, but does not affect coaches, which still run in connection with the steamers, meeting passengers at the pier and conveying them up the famous Pass.

The historic tragedy of Glencoe is too well known to need relation, and the grimly sublime scenery of the glen is in keeping with its memories. Here a crowd of mountains are massed in wild confusion, conspicuous among them being those popularly called the three sisters, *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*. The glen, opening 4 or 5 miles above Ballachulish, is several miles long, divided by a gentle ridge into an upper and a lower valley. Some green patches and ruined huts by the river side indicate the scene of the massacre, commemorated by a cross near the bridge over the Coe at the lower end, where a handsome mansion has been built by Lord Strathcona, now the owner of Glencoe, which till quite recently remained in the hands of a descendant of the Macdonalds. In the middle the stream gathers into a small loch, above which opens "Ossian's Cave." On the south side the mountains

rise to their highest peak, *Bidean nam Bian*, 3766 feet. At the head of the glen, under the peaks of *Buachaille Etive*, the road crosses to **Kingshouse Inn**, where Glen Etive opens out. It is, by the road, on to the *Bridge of Orchy* station on the West Highland Railway (p. 116), a drive of nearly 40 miles. Another conveyance diverges down *Glen Etive* to connect with its steamers (p. 112). There are also excursion cars running up and down Glencoe from Ballachulish in the season.

Before leaving Ballachulish, one might well visit the Fall of **Kinlochmore** at the head of Loch Leven, which some pronounce the finest in the Highlands. The road (10 miles) is a very beautiful one, or a boat may be taken to within a mile of the Fall. Here the wild road called the **Devil's Staircase** descends from Kingshouse.

From Ballachulish the boat resumes its way up *Loch Linnhe*, whose inner reach is entered by the strait between *Ardgour* and *Corran* (Hotel and ferry). Ten miles of this straight channel brings us to *Fort-William*, where connection is made with the West Highland line (p. 117), the station adjoining the pier.

Fort-William (Hotels: *Station*, *Alexandra*, *Caledonian*, *North British*, *Argyll*, and others — Temperance: *Central*, *Waverley*, etc.), a town that boasts electric light and several monuments, is named from the fort built here by General Monk and strengthened in William III.'s reign to overawe the turbulent Camerons, before they became tamed into one of the loyalest regiments of the British army. This, in old days, was one of the keys of the Highlands, connected by military roads with Stirling and Inverness. At the mouth of the Lochy, stand the ruined walls of *Inverlochy Castle*, at one time a stronghold of the Comyns, where Montrose defeated Argyll in 1645. But the tourist fame of Fort-William comes from **Ben Nevis** (4406 feet), the highest mountain in the British Isles, rising grandly behind this little town.

Three hours' walking, more or less, will take the sturdy pedestrian up the path to the top, where an Observatory was for some years capably garrisoned by a band of intrepid weather watchers, dwelling amid scudding mists and patches of dirty snow in the middle of summer, yet sometimes enjoying spells of alpine sunshine at Christmas time, and strange visions of glory that may burst upon them at any season through the drifting cloud wracks. Beside the Observatory buildings, now closed, a primitive hotel is open in summer, where one can get refreshments and some kind of bed at prices proportioned to the altitude. There has been talk of a mountain railway up Ben Nevis, the latter part of which makes a stiff climb, that may be done on pony back.

From below, also, the precipices of *Ben Nevis* make a grand sight; and there is a fine walk of some half-dozen miles up *Glen Nevis* (opening about a mile from the town) by the Nevis stream and its falls. (Coach drive daily.)

At **Corpach** (Hotel), 1 mile above Fort-William, is the sea entrance to the Caledonian Canal; it is only separated by a narrow isthmus from **Banavie** (Hotel), whence canal steamers start. Banavie was for some time the terminus of the West Highland Railway, which has eventually been opened onwards to **Arisaig** (Hotel), on the Inverness coast, and beyond to **Mallaig** (Hotel), on the Sound of Sleat, which has thus become a port for Skye (p. 128). This has put an end to the former coach drive from Fort-William to Arisaig (35 miles).

By the banks of *Loch Eil* and by *Kilmallie*, where a tall column has been erected to the memory of Colonel Cameron of the 92nd Highlanders who fell at Quatre Bras, this beautiful road goes on to the head of *Loch Shiel* (Stagehouse Inn). Another monument commemorates the raising of Prince Charles Edward's standard in Glenfinnan. The whole of the scenery on this route is very fine. At *Arisaig*, where in summer Messrs. MacBrayne's steamers call, weather permitting, one of the finest pedestrian routes in the Highlands leads northwards—crossing Lochs Morar, Nevis, and Hourn—to Glenelg and Skye.

THE CALEDONIAN CANAL

The Caledonian Canal consists of a chain of salt and fresh water lakes, extending obliquely from the Atlantic to the German Ocean, through what is called the Great Glen of Scotland, a distance of 60 miles, about two-thirds natural sheets of water, the rest artificial cuttings carried out in the early part of the 19th century. The difficulties of such an enterprise are seen at the outset, where a chain of locks called "Neptune's Staircase" rises to Banavie. The word *loch* is the shibboleth of Englishmen in Scotland; but they will be more at home with the locks that form such a frequent feature of this canal, sometimes letting one get out and walk along the bank. The steamers take about 8 hours to Inverness.

From *Banavie* the canal follows the course of the Lochy, on which stands ($1\frac{1}{2}$ mile) the ruin of *Torcastle*, traditional home of Banquo, Thane of Lochaber. The Lochy and the Spean join to enter **Loch Lochy**, 10 miles in length by about 1 in breadth. In a narrow valley near the foot of its western side lie *Loch Arkaig* and *Achnacarry*, the seat of Cameron of

Lochiel. Between Achnacarry and Loch Arkaig is a wooded defile, known as the "**Dark Mile**," about a mile in length, which rivals the Trossachs. On the eastern side of Loch Lochy is *Invergloy*, in the neighbourhood of the celebrated Parallel Roads of Glens Roy and Gloy (p. 117).

By the locks at *Laggan*, where the Great Glen is hemmed in by a line of dreary mountain ramparts seamed by countless torrents, we ascend to **Loch Oich**, 4 miles long and over 100 feet above the sea, at once the highest and the smallest of the chain. From its western side runs back **Glen Garry**; and here are the *Invergarry* Hotel (a little way up the river), *Invergarry* House, and the ruins of the old castle, a former stronghold of the chief of Macdonell, burnt in the rebellion of 1745. On the roadside a monument commemorates the summary vengeance inflicted by a former chief of Glengarry on the murderers of the Keppoch family. By the other side, as a contrasting feature of modern civilisation, now runs the railway from *Spean Bridge* (p. 117) to Fort-Augustus, belonging to the Highland Railway Co.

From Aberchalder the steamer descends by seven locks to **Fort-Augustus** (Hotels: *Lovat Arms* and *Douglas*) on Loch Ness. This fort (built shortly after the rebellion of 1715) was sold to Lord Lovat in 1867, and is now converted into St. Benedict's College and Monastery. As about 50 minutes are occupied by the steamer in passing the locks, passengers have time to look about this Highland village, which is more modernised than some others.

Loch Ness is more than 20 miles in length, averaging about a mile in breadth, and in many places is so deep that it never freezes. Six miles north from Fort-Augustus are *Invermoriston* pier and hotel, whence a carriage-road, nearly 40 miles in length, leads through Glen Moriston, Glen Cluny, and Glen Shiel to *Loch Duich* on the west coast. The scenery throughout is magnificent. The hotel at the foot of **Glen Shiel** is well situated for an exploration of fine mountain scenery, which includes the falls of **Glomach**, 400 feet in height, the highest and grandest fall in Britain.

The steamer calls next at the pier and hotel of **Foyers**, to afford passengers an opportunity of viewing the falls here, which as being so accessible are the most celebrated in Scotland. (Unfortunately, as is well known, these falls have been taken

possession of by a Company for the extraction of aluminium ; and their use as water-power has interfered seriously with the beauties of nature.)

The falls are in two portions, about a quarter of a mile asunder, the lower being the more imposing. This lower fall makes its descent, in a sheet of spray about 100 feet in height, into a deep linn, surrounded by rocks. The upper fall is about thirty feet high, twice broken in its descent, and may be viewed from a bridge underneath. Close at hand is the romantic pass of *Inverfarigaig*, through which a road leads from *Stratherrick*, as the south shores of Loch Ness are here called. At the entrance is the "Black Rock." A road from the southern extremity of the pass conducts westwards towards the upper fall of Foyers, disclosing some fine scenery, and making a pleasant round from Foyers hotel of about 11 miles. The vale of *Killean*, down which the Foyers water descends, is worthy of a walk ; as is the road which skirts the hillside overhanging Loch Ness between Fort-Augustus and Inverness. A little way back from this side of Loch Ness, is a series of small lakes forming the head waters of the river Nairn, whose valley would lead down over the Highland Railway (see p. 85) to the coast of the Moray Firth.

On the opposite side the isolated peak of *Mealfourvonie* rises to the height of 2284 feet, in its form resembling a hayrick, for which reason it serves as a landmark at a great distance. On a peninsula at its northern base are the ruins of *Urquhart Castle*, once a strong and extensive building. About a mile behind *Urquhart Bay* pier is *Drumnadrochit Hotel*, from which may be explored the beautiful scenery of *Glen Affric* (Hotel, 14 miles from Drumnadrochit) and *Glen Strathfarrar*.

As the boat nears the outlet of Loch Ness, *Aldourie House*, birthplace of Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, is seen on the right, and on the other side *Dochfour House*.

At the ferry of *Bona*, 8 miles from Drumnadrochit, the steamer enters **Loch Dochfour**, and we find ourselves emerging from the wilder Highlands. This small opening is succeeded by the last reach of the canal, holding down the fertile strath of the river Ness to *Muirtown*, an outskirt of Inverness, where omnibuses and cabs are in waiting to carry us across to the railway. (See p. 85.)

THE FAR NORTH AND THE ISLANDS

THE majority of Highland tourists do not go beyond Inverness. In this, as usual, the majority are wrong; but the fact standing so, our descriptions henceforth must contract themselves accordingly. It may be said, however, that the far north of Scotland is becoming more and more frequented, to the disgust of the sportsmen and adventurous wanderers who once had it much to themselves; and visitors will come in greater numbers as they learn what grand scenery is opened up by the northern sections of the Highland Railway, and what a fine climate may here be found, though not often at its best in the holiday season.

INVERNESS TO SKYE

From Inverness the railway at first holds west along the shore of the *Beauly Basin*, at the head of which is passed **Beauly** (Hotels: *Priory*, *Lovat Arms*) with its stately old trees and ruins of an ancient Priory, close to Beaufort Castle, seat of Lord Lovat, and 2 miles from the fine *Falls of Kilmorack*. Hence it turns northwards along the neck of the peninsula known as the **Black Isle**, formed by the Cromarty and Moray Firths.

This is now opened up by a branch line going off at Muir of Ord to **Fortrose** (*Station Hotel*) opposite *Fort-George*, to which there is a ferry. Fortrose was once a cathedral town, and it still has a fragment of the old Church, and a family burying-ground of the Mackenzies who are in such force about Ross, the large county we have now entered.

From Fortrose a coach takes us on 10 miles to **Cromarty** (Hotels: *Royal*, *Cromarty Arms*) the small capital of the county so named. Several other Scottish counties have outlying detached portions immemorially connected with them in a manner not easy to account for; but this one has the peculiarity of being all little bits split up among its neighbours. The county town is noted as the birthplace of *Hugh Miller*, the self-taught geologist, whose statue fittingly overlooks a neighbourhood renowned by his writings. Cromarty stands at the point of the peninsula on a bay guarded by the bold rocks called the *Soutars;* and a steamer would take us over the Firth to rejoin the Highland Railway at *Invergordon*.

The main line goes on to **Dingwall** (Hotels: *National*, *Caledonian*), the county town of Ross, at the foot of the Cromarty Firth. Dingwall is a quiet little place, perhaps best known to strangers through its flourishing neighbour *Strathpeffer*, which has its own short branch, besides being within easy reach of the *Auchterneed* station on the line to Skye, that turns off the main north route at Dingwall.

Strathpeffer (Hotels: *Ben Wyvis*, *Spa*, *Strathpeffer*, etc. Private Hotels: *MacGregor's* (temp.), *Kildonan*, and several Boarding Houses) is now the most rising spa in Scotland, a prosperity it owes to strong sulphur and chalybeate waters as well as to a fine bracing air on the drier eastern side of the hills that give it such beautiful surroundings. No one would regret stopping here for a few days, but the difficulty will be to get quarters in the season. Fine points in the vicinity are the *Cat's Back* leading to the vitrified fort of *Knockfarril*, the *Falls of Rogie*, the *Falls of Conon*, *Loch Achilty* with its *Tor*, *Brahan Castle*; and **Ben Wyvis** (3422 feet), that with a walk of 10 miles may be ascended for a view taking in the summits of Argyll, of Aberdeen, of Sutherland, and of Skye.

Resuming the line to Skye, the next station after Dingwall is Auchterneed; then we pass by *Loch Garve*. From **Garve** (Hotel) a coach goes to **Ullapool** (*Royal*, *Caledonian*); here we can cross to Lewis (p. 129). Then by **Loch Luichart** and near other peak-enclosed waters, the most celebrated of them **Loch Fannich** a few miles to the north, the railway enters *Strathbran*, at the head of which lies **Achnasheen** (Hotel).

From this a very fine diversion is made by coach to **Loch Maree**, one of the grandest scenes of Scotland, shut in, as it is, by bare rocky heights, among which stands conspicuous **Ben Slioch** (3217 feet). The first stop (10 miles) is at *Kinlochewe* (Hotel), where a branch route would take us to the Alpine scenery of **Loch Torridon** on the west coast. A steamer plies on Loch Maree, or in 10 miles more the coach reaches *Loch Maree Hotel*, and about as far farther the hotel on the **Gairloch**, a marine inlet, where steamers may be taken on a favourite round by *Portree* and *Tobermory* to Oban.

The railway goes on among lochs and glens to **Strome Ferry** (*Hotel*) which used to be its terminus, 53 miles from Dingwall; but it is now pushed on to **Kyle Lochalsh** (*Hotel*) separated by a narrow strait from *Kyle Akin* in Skye. The two *Kyles* (strait) are connected only by a ferry; and a steamer will

take one direct to *Portree*, going on in the tourist season once a week to *Lochinver* (p. 132). There is also a daily steamer to *Stornoway;* both places more irregularly reached by the boats from Glasgow and Oban, which are in some parts the only communication with the Hebrides. The passage by sailing boat, as Dr. Johnson found, may prove an adventurous and sometimes tedious voyage.

SKYE

This outlying portion of Inverness is one of the most considerable islands of the Hebrides, its greatest length 54 miles, and breadth 33, varying, however, to so little as 3 miles. It is separated from the mainland by the sounds of Sleat and Raasay, but at the ferry of *Glenelg*, near the south-east end, it is not more than half a mile from the mainland. Skye is celebrated for the wild grandeur of its mountains, some of them snow-capped at midsummer, and for the boldness of its rocky coasts.

The only town is **Portree** (Hotels: *Royal*, *Portree*), standing on a steep acclivity over the loch of the same name, which here forms a land-locked natural harbour, enclosed by fine headlands, commencement of a noble range of coast scenery extending northward to the point of *Aird*.

Five miles to the eastward of Portree lies the island of *Raasay*, where Dr. Johnson and Boswell spent several days. Upon it are the hill of Duncan and the ruins of *Brochel Castle*. On the coast, 4 miles northwards of Portree, there is a cave where Prince Charles lay concealed for some time during his wanderings. Seven miles from Portree comes the remarkable mountain called **The Storr Rock** (2341 feet), the spire-like summit of which is cut in a vertical face for some hundreds of feet, while the steep declivity below is covered with huge masses of detached rock, combined in a variety of intricate groups, presenting forms of castles and towers. The prospect from the top of the Storr embraces the greater part of Skye and other islands of the Hebrides.

The Quiraing (1774 feet), about 20 miles to the north of Portree, is another height famous for its formation—a verdant platform approached through heaps of stones and rubbish, with all around gigantic columns of rock, for the most part inaccessible. To reach this one can take the coach which leaves Portree at 9 A.M. Less than half-way, on the left is passed *Kingsburgh House*, once the home of Flora Macdonald, then (about 15 miles) the inn at *Uig* is reached, whence the road ascends north-east into the wild recesses about the Quiraing. In the churchyard of *Kilmuir*, 5 miles north of Uig, is Flora Macdonald's grave, distinguished by a Celtic cross. Three miles farther north are the ruins of *Duntulm Castle*.

In settled weather, this long and somewhat dreary drive might be

avoided by taking the steamer up the east coast of Skye for Lochmaddy. By arrangement this would land passengers at *Staffin Bay*, above which tower the mountains round the Quiraing.

Dunvegan Castle (Macleod of Macleod), 22 miles from Portree, is situated on the deep inlet to the west of *Vaternish*, the northern promontory of the island. The Castle contains some remarkable relics and portraits. Near it, at the village of *Dunvegan*, is a hostelry, from which the wonderful rock scenery of the north end can be visited.

Nearly 10 miles south of Portree, between two extraordinary peaks, lies **Sligachan** (*Hotel*), a good point for getting at the lions of the west coast, the **Cuchullin Hills** (pron. *Coolin*), the sterile grandeur of **Loch Coruisk**, described in Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, and the inlet of **Loch Scavaig** with its caverns, in one of which Charles Edward lay hid before his escape to France. Round the southern point is reached the *Spar Cave of Strathaird*, its crystallised recesses penetrating 160 feet into the rock. By passing round the head of *Loch Slapin*, and below *Mount Blaven* (3019 feet) we can take the road to **Broadford** (2 hotels), one of the disembarking points in the southern part of the island, beyond which comes the *Kyle Akin* Ferry, and to the south-east of this the narrower one of *Kyle Rhea*. At the latter we can cross to **Glenelg** (Hotel), with its notable Pictish towers in *Glen Beg*, on the mainland.

THE OUTER HEBRIDES

The largest of the other islands is divided into two parts, the northern **Lewis** (the *Lews*) belonging to Ross, the southern **Harris** to Inverness. Both of them are noted for the manufactures of homespun cloth. Except for a few ancient remains, and some good mountain scenery at the south end, their chief interest is to sportsmen. The only town is **Stornoway** (Hotels: *Imperial*, *Royal*, *Lewis*), a great fishing station at the head of a bay on the east side of Lewis. Overlooking the town is the castellated Tudor mansion of the Matheson family, who have spent enormous sums on this island and got little gratitude in return from the people.

Garrynahine, on the opposite coast (14 miles), has a hotel frequented by anglers, about a mile from the Standing Stones or **Temple of Callernish**, which have been called the most perfect remains of their kind in Britain.

Following the road north from Callernish, by the side of Loch Roag, we reach (7 miles) the hamlet of *Carloway*, with its "Doon," a good, although ruined specimen of those archaic circular towers, with chambered walls, of which the best existing British example is the "Broch of Mousa" in Shetland (p. 137). From Carloway, the road leads north-east by the coast some ten or eleven miles to *Barvas*, where there is a small temperance inn. Here may be bought specimens of

the native pottery, but sadly vulgarised for tourist custom, and shaped into such modern forms as tea-pots. (The genuine article, hand-made and primitive, is still made for home use, near the Butt of Lewis.) From Barvas one may return to Stornoway (12 miles) by taking the south-east road. But the cyclist, prepared to spend a night at the extremity of the island, may push northward, and, passing the *Clach an Truiseal*, a gray monolith at *Siadeir Uarach*, a few hundred yards below the road on the left hand, he will attain the village of *Ness*, some 14 miles from Barvas, where little but Gaelic is spoken, but where he might find quarters if he arrive at a timely hour, and if there be room to spare in the only house which receives lodgers. Next day, he may visit "*The Butt*," northern point of Lewis, and Lloyd's Signal Station, before returning to Stornoway by the same road. The track down the east coast, from Ness to *Tolsta*, is impossible for cyclists, and a little risky for strangers without a guide, being across rough moor and peat-bogs. About half-way between Tolsta and Stornoway, on the east coast, is *Gress*, with its famous seal cave, and an underground house. There is a good road from Tolsta to Stornoway.

Between Stornoway and Tarbert in **Harris** (near the south end of the island) direct steamer communication is made only every alternate week, and the voyage is often made by zig-zagging back to Skye ; the road, some forty miles, is practicable for cyclists, but toilsome as one enters the Harris mountains. Those driving usually arrange by telegraph the day before for a fresh horse from Tarbert to meet them at *Balallan*, a hamlet about mid-way. **Tarbert** (Hotel), which occupies the isthmus between east and west *Loch Tarbert*, almost cutting Harris in two, is well known to anglers fishing the Harris lochs.

Coasting southward hence, the steamer lands passengers (by small boat) at *Rodil*, where there is a ruined cruciform church, the remnant of an Augustinian monastery, itself the successor of a Culdee cell. At *Obe*, 3 miles north-west from Rodil, there is a small temperance *inn*.

From Rodil the steamer proceeds southwards across the east entrance of the Sound of Harris, and turns in at **Loch Maddy**, in **North Uist**, where there is a hotel. There is also an inn at *Claddach-Kirkibost*, on the other side of the island, 10 miles west of Loch Maddy ; and another at *Carinish*, at the south end of North Uist. Here begins the "North Ford" to the island of **Benbecula**, which separates the islands of North and South Uist. These fords are deep straits at high water, but when the tide recedes are pretty safe for pedestrians, with occasional wading, and of course for vehicles. Strangers should have a guide, as accidents sometimes happen. At the north end of Benbecula, near the ford, is a small temperance *inn ;* and at the south end of the same island, 5 miles, *Creagorry Inn*, a snug anglers' haunt. At Creagorry begins the "South Ford," leading across to a temperance inn on the shore of **South Uist**. From this the road leads (20 miles) due south to **Loch Boisdale** (Hotel), where there are numerous fishing lochs. This is best reached by the daily steamer going north or south.

Eight miles up the coast from Loch Boisdale is "the Prince's

Cave," where poor Charles Edward found shelter after Culloden; and a mile or two beyond is Usinish with its ruined *weems*, or underground houses,[1] and its modern *lighthouse* at the promontory.

Proceeding southward, and passing the little island of *Eriskay*, where Prince Charles Edward landed from the "Doutelle" on 23rd July 1745, the steamer next stops at *Castle Bay*, in the island of **Barra** (*Hotel*), which is an important station of the herring-fishing in the Western Isles. It has a large Roman Catholic church, the islanders having clung almost exclusively to the old faith; and on a tiny islet stands the ruined castle of *Kisamul*. On the west side of the island is *Borve*, with its Roman Catholic chapel; two miles north of which comes the parish church, attended by the Protestant minority. Two miles east of the church is a small temperance inn; and a mile or more north of it stretches the wide expanse of *Traigh Mhòr*, otherwise known as "Cockle Bay." It may be mentioned that *Barra Head*, with its lighthouse, which by day or night is the first point of the Outer Hebrides seen from the south, is not on the main island of Barra, but on the small one of *Berneray*, the most southerly of the "Barra Isles."

From Castle Bay, the steamer turns south-east to Oban, by the Sound of Mull: a five or six hours' voyage. This trip may, of course, be taken the reverse way or from Skye. The Outer Hebrides are well served by telegraph; and a company has been formed for the construction of light railways in Lewis and Skye.

A peculiar interest attaches to the lonely island of **St. Kilda**, lying more than 50 miles to the west of Harris, and containing a population of nearly 100 people. In the winter months severed from civilisation, St. Kilda is visited weekly in summer by the "Dunara Castle" or the "Hebridean," which, sailing from Glasgow and Greenock, and touching at many Hebridean piers, give their passengers an opportunity of spending some hours here, unless the ocean waves prevent a landing.

In this region of broken land and fretful sea, Mr. W. Black's *Princess of Thule* and other novels will be as good as a guide-book; and we may also mention Alexander Smith, the poet's, *Summer in Skye*.

SUTHERLAND AND CAITHNESS

From *Dingwall* (p. 127) the main Highland line winds its way northwards by the shore of the Cromarty Firth, which may be crossed at *Invergordon*. At **Tain** (*Royal Hotel*) an ancient burgh of Ross with a fine restored church, is reached the shore of the *Dornoch* Firth; and at *Bonar Bridge* (Hotel) we cross into **Sutherland**, the southern half of the projection

[1] See "Some Hebridean Antiquities," in *The Reliquary* of October 1895.

almost cut off by deep inlets and by a chain of fresh waters, in which **Loch Shin** is the largest link, nearly 20 miles long with an average of a mile broad. At the east end of this lies **Lairg** (Hotel), the chief knot of communications through the county, so long as a proposed railway branch to *Loch Inver* on the west coast remains "in the air." This would probably start from *Invershin* (Hotel), a few miles farther back, from which the Highland line runs up the fine gorge of the Shin to Lairg.

Sutherland is washed by the ocean on three of its five sides. On the west and north coast, and in the section of country intermediate between the extreme points of these, are groups of huge mountains, the highest point **Ben More** (3273 feet), while the rest consists mainly of open moorlands, edged by chains of lower hills. The mountains are characterised by their general isolation from each other, but all of them rest on a tableland of considerable elevation. There is little wood, except by the eastern shore, and on the river courses. The whole county is intersected by good roads. Angling is one of the great attractions, and some of the innkeepers have the privilege of salmon-fishing. On the lakes there is more license, and trout-fishing may be had at most of the hotels. In the parish of Assynt alone there are upwards of 400 sheets of water yielding sport. In the fjords of the north and west coast, salt-water fishing may be had among magnificent scenery.

From *Lairg*, motor-cars start to **Loch Assynt** and **Loch Inver** (46 miles), to **Durness** (56 miles), and to **Tongue** (37 miles). Other points passed or reached by cross routes are **Scourie**, **Rhiconich**, **Altnaharra**, and **Oykel Bridge**. **Inchnadamph** at the head of *Loch Assynt* is the best station for the ascent of *Ben More*, and within reach is the precipitous mass of *Quinaig*. The coast scenery about *Loch Inver* is very fine; still finer is that about **Kyle Sku** to the north of it; and there is another grand drive of over 30 miles southwards to *Ullapool* (p. 127). *Durness* with its wonderful cave of **Smoo** lies on the north coast some fifteen miles from *Cape Wrath*. At all these places and others, will be found good hotels or comfortable inns, whose angling patrons might not thank us for dwelling on the sequestered marvels of their surroundings.

From Lairg the railway turns back by *Strathfleet* and *Rogart* station (Hotel) to the east coast, more soft in its character than the broken shores of the west. Where the road crosses the Fleet inlet by a *Mound*, that gives its name to the station, a light railway has been branched off to *Dornoch* (7 miles), facing Tain from the northern side of the Firth.

Dornoch (Hotels: *Station* (very large), *Sutherland Arms*, etc.) has hitherto been left neglected by direct routes, but now comes into notice through its golf links, for which thousands of acres are avail-

able, not to speak of sea-bathing and a fine climate. In more ways than one Dornoch, with its air of stranded dignity, suggests St. Andrews. It was the old seat of the Bishop of Sutherland and Caithness, and still has to show its restored cathedral and a striking tower, all that remains of the castle, on the site of which stand the county buildings and a "handsome prison," now disused as needless among the honest Highlanders.

Curving round a bold rocky headland, the main line enters upon a broad plain, where on the left the traveller will see *Ben Bhraggie*, surmounted by Chantrey's statue of the late Duke of Sutherland. The next station is **Golspie** (Hotel). On the coast to the north stands **Dunrobin Castle** (Duke of Sutherland), in the French chateau style, with details borrowed from the best old Scottish models. *Dunrobin Glen* may be visited; a footpath, commencing at the hotel, extends for about a mile up the burn and passes a waterfall half-way. Gold was at one time found in considerable quantities in the neighbourhood.

About 5 miles from Golspie we reach **Brora** (*Sutherland Arms*), at the mouth of the stream of this name. It is inhabited chiefly by workers in the neighbouring freestone quarries, a stone abounding in fossil shells. An excursion may be made from this up *Strathbrora*, to the rock *Carrol*, *Kilcalmkill* (which still perpetuates St. Columba's name), and *Cole's Castle*, a fortress of enormous strength built of uncemented stone. At *Kintradwell* upon the roadside may be seen a Pictish tower, which has been pronounced one of the most remarkable in Scotland.

Beyond *Portgower* (Inn) comes the fishing station of **Helmsdale** (several Inns), where there is a good harbour and a ruined castle, and the height of the *Ord* beyond beckons us into **Caithness.**

Through this bare and thinly-peopled county, where hardly a house or even a tree will be seen for miles, the railway runs inland up *Strath Ullie* to *Forsinard*, whence a road leads (15 miles) to **Melvich** (Hotel) through dreary scenery. At Melvich there is plenty of fishing to be had, and parts of the coast in the neighbourhood are fine.

The main line, at *Georgemas Junction* giving off a branch for *Thurso*, goes on to its terminus at **Wick** (Hotels: *Station*, *Commercial*), a great seat of the herring trade, with some remarkable caves and rocks about its bay.

Hence the due excursion is along the castled cliffs of the coast, by mail car or other conveyance to (17 miles) **John o' Groat's House**, the northernmost point of the British mainland. There is a hotel here, in front of which a grassy mound represents the house of the legendary John, who is said to have built it with eight doors and windows, and an octagonal table, that the heads of his eight-branched family might enter at once without any dispute for precedence. In the hotel are treasured verses by "J. S. B." (the late Professor Blackie), describing the dreary country around :—

> With flagstones and slates in a row,
> Where hedges are frightened to grow.

The beautiful white beach is famed for the fine shells cast up on it by the rapid tides of the Pentland Firth, in which, opposite, lies the Island of *Stroma*. More than a mile to the east is *Duncansbay Head ;* and a dozen miles westward *Dunnet Head*, round which we can go on to Thurso.

Thurso (Hotels : *Royal, Commercial*) is the most northerly town in Scotland, lying in the wide bay sheltered to the east by the precipices of *Dunnet Head*. On this side stands the fine old castle of the Sinclairs, and farther on *Harold's Tower*, erected over the tomb of Earl Harold, once the lord of half Orkney, Shetland, and Caithness. On the west side of the bay are the ruins of a residence of the Bishops of Caithness. Thurso is a place of no small interest, but most often visited as stepping-stone to the Orkney Islands beyond. From its haven at *Scrabster* (once a fortnight from *Wick*) go the regular mail steamers to *Stromness*, calling at *Scapa* for Kirkwall ; while from Leith, Aberdeen, and Wick is made the longer voyage to *Kirkwall* (240 miles from Edinburgh). The Langlands line of steamers from Liverpool to Leith round the North of Scotland touch at Stromness, Stornoway, and other ports of our Thule.

THE ORKNEYS AND SHETLANDS

These two groups of islands form one of the counties of Scotland. They are separated from the coast of Caithness by the Pentland Firth, a strait of about 8 miles in breadth, whose turbulent and angry waters form a terrible barrier between them and the mainland. The **Orkneys** number some sixty islands and islets, about half of them inhabited, the population amounting to upwards of 28,000. The inhabitants are Scandinavian and Lowlanders, by no means Highland, and even rejecting the name of Scotch. Indeed, we hold these islands only as pledge for the

dowry of a Norse princess. Their general appearance is bleak, owing to the want of wood, and the tracts of waste uncultivated land. These latter, however, are diminishing; and now, both on the Mainland and other islands, there are some good agricultural and grazing farms. The chief interest to strangers is the fishing on the numerous fresh-water lakes, rather spoiled in many cases by netting. Communications are difficult, unless by boat, and voyaging in these strong running channels often proves no holiday work. The climate is apt to be cool in summer, mild and variable in winter, unless during the east wind season.

Pomona or *Mainland* is the name of the largest island, and on the east side of it **Kirkwall** (Hotels: *Kirkwall, Castle, Royal, Temperance*, etc.) is the chief town, distinguished for its Cathedral, a stately and imposing pile, founded in 1138 by Ronald, Earl of Orkney, and dedicated to his relative Magnus, who had been murdered some years previously, and canonised by the Pope.

The spire was struck by lightning and burned down on the 9th January 1671, and never afterwards rebuilt. There are several monumental stones in the side walls, one of which is sacred to the memory of *Malcolm Laing* the historian, others to Dr. W. B. Baikie the African, and Dr. John Rae the Arctic, explorer. The remains of Haco, King of Norway (1263), were once interred here, but not so, in spite of tradition, those of Margaret, the "Maid of Norway." The choir has been screened off and fitted up as the parish church. At the east end is a splendid rose window 36 feet high and 12 feet wide. A dark winding stair conducts to the top of the tower. Adjoining are the ruins of two old palaces.

The great interest of the Orkneys, besides fishing, is in their remarkable antiquities. The chambered mound of *Quanterness* is about a mile north of the inlet called the *Peerie Sea* at Kirkwall; there is another such mound a short distance westward on the slope of *Wideford Hill*, and a kindred structure at *Saveroch* in the same neighbourhood. But the most famous chambered mound in Orkney is that of **Maes Howe**, between Kirkwall and Stromness, which two towns have coach communication twice daily, each way. Maes Howe is about a mile to the north-east of the Orcadian Stonehenge, **"The Standing Stones of Stenness"**; and **Stenness**, a good fishing centre, has a hotel open during the summer months. Stenness is only a few miles from **Stromness** (Hotels: *Stromness, Mason's Arms*, etc.), a quaint little seaport on the west side, rather unsavoury in May and June, when the population is increased by some 5000 herring-fishers. At Birsay (Hotel), where there is a ruined palace of the "Yarls," situated

some 13 miles north of Stromness, anglers fishing the Birsay lochs will find quarters.

Off Stromness is the island of **Hoy**, renowned in the *Pirate*, showing the cream of Orkney scenery, and on the west side some of the grandest cliffs in Britain; but their exploration, whether by land or sea, needs some caution in the rough or foggy weather so common here. There is an inn at *Longhope*, at the south end. The finest part is near the north end (reached by small boat from Stromness), where *St. John's Head* rises to over 1100 feet, and the *Old Man of Hoy*, an isolated sandstone column, towers above the cliff line. The highest point is the *Ward Hill*, 1556 feet, to the south-east of which lies the "Dwarfie Stone."

Westray, with two inns, comes next among the islands in interest. Off the east coast of its dependent island, *Papa Westray*, there is a *holm* possessing "the finest chambered mound in the Orkneys, after Maes Howe, and, perhaps, Quanterness." Similar antiquities occur in the islands of *Stronsay*, *Sanday*, and *Eday*, also to be visited by local steamers. In summer there is a daily mail-boat from Kirkwall to the adjacent **Shapinshay**, where the main attraction is *Balfour Castle*, with its un-Orcadian gardens and plantations, but as this boat does not return till next day, it offers a snare to strangers. **Rousay**, north of Shapinshay, has the best hill scenery after Hoy.

The **Fair Isle**, about midway between the Orkneys and Shetlands, would be a good retreat for those who dislike "the madding crowd," but seems in the way of being chiefly visited by means of shipwreck. The Moorish patterns of the hosiery made here, identical with some still seen in Spain, are believed to have come through the wrecked crew of one of the Armada vessels in 1588. The name does not imply beauty, but grazing, like that of the Faroe Islands farther north (Norse *faar*, a sheep).

The **Shetlands** are still more remote and, if possible, more bleak and barren than the Orkneys, but, like them, grow in favour as a resort for the holiday-maker, the angler, the antiquary, and the student of natural science; while the facilities for reaching these islands, and for moving from point to point, are yearly increasing. One may join the Shetland steamer at Leith, at Aberdeen, or at Kirkwall, from which places it takes respectively thirty-six, twenty-four, and twelve hours to reach *Lerwick*, the capital of the archipelago. Telegraphic communication throughout is more perfectly developed than probably in any other part of the British Islands, of equal area and as thinly populated; and although hotels are not numerous, lodgings are to be had in all the most frequented districts.

The picturesque and somewhat Dutch-looking seaport of **Lerwick** (Hotels : *Grand, Queen's, Royal* Temperance) is situated in the centre of the **Mainland**, as the principal island is called, and stretches for nearly a mile along the shores of a crescent-shaped bay. *Commercial Street*, which runs zig-zag throughout its whole extent, is the only thoroughfare, its shops chiefly displaying the hosiery peculiar to these islands. The richly-decorated *Town Hall* (admission 6d.) makes an unexpected architectural feature. The fine harbour is a rendezvous of whalers and other fishing vessels.

Opposite Lerwick lies the island of **Bressay**, which a local steamer circumnavigates on fine afternoons in the tourist season for a view of its grand cliff and cavern scenery, haunted by eagles, falcons, and sea-fowl. The small island of **Noss** beside it has one magnificent cliff, the *Noup*, nearly 600 feet high. Here the only means of access was once by the celebrated "Cradle of Noss."

Across the Mainland from Lerwick (5 miles) lies **Scalloway**, the ancient capital of Shetland, now a mere village, with two *inns* and the ruined *castle*, built in 1600. The home of *Magnus Troil* is supposed to have been in this neighbourhood. Going due south from Lerwick by road, we reach (12 miles) the pier of *Sand Lodge*, and here the antiquary will not fail to visit the most perfect example in the British Islands of the curious structure known as a "broch" or "doon." This circular tower stands on the island of **Mousa**, opposite Sand Lodge, where a boat may be taken across the strait.

Towards the south-west end may be visited *Fitful Head* (928 feet) and other scenery identified with the creations of that great author who has famed so many points of Scotland. *Sumburgh Head* is the south-eastern extremity.

Anglers will get good sport among the lochs and *voes* of **Walls**, reached by steamer from Scalloway. Six miles north-east of Walls is the *Voe of Clousta* (Hotel). Other fishing quarters will be found throughout the group, to be reached commonly by steamer from Lerwick. Off the northern point of our *Ultima Thule*, **Unst**, the lighthouse on the *Muckle Flugga* rock is the most northerly habitation of the British Isles.

All tourists here read the *Pirate*, as *Lorna Doone* on Exmoor. *The Orkneys and Shetlands*, by John R. Tudor, with appendices on their geology and flora by specialists, would make another good companion in these remote islands, which for many visitors have a strange fascination. Treeless and barren as they appear, their peculiar charms of rocky headland, of winding *voe*, of wide sea outlook, soon grow upon the lover of nature. And if one's experience be during the long days of the northern

summer, when night is little more than a gentle twilight, and when, as *sometimes* happens, a cloudless sky of Mediterranean blue may stretch above land and sea, day after day, this naked region will long be remembered among the many beauties of "Caledonia, stern and wild."

A CHAPTER

ON

CYCLING

AND

AUTOMOBILISM

BY

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CYCLING AND AUTOMOBILISM IN SCOTLAND

ALL things considered, Scotland may be regarded as the most desirable portion of the British Isles in which to tour awheel. Beautiful as many portions of England undoubtedly are, one cannot pass from one to another without intermediate stages of more or less grimy manufacturing districts and populous towns. The Englishman must be a person of very limited topographical experience, moreover, who can cycle far in any given direction in his own country without encountering some place or places with which he is already familiar, and the passion for adventure and discovery is almost inevitably quiescent, and the interest of the tour reduced accordingly.

Scotland, on the other hand, is neither over-populated nor overrun with factories. Its natural beauties are very great, both as regards its lakes, its mountains, its rivers, and its coast-lines; its climate, except in the actual vicinity of the lakes, is agreeably bracing; and in its northern half, at least, it is sufficiently remote from the "madding crowd" to impart a sense of welcome release from the conventionalities of town life. Probably there are but few who realise that to the Londoner the north of Scotland is much more than twice as distant as Paris; nay, it is even farther than the frontier of Switzerland itself.

Apart, moreover, from all these attractions, there is the important factor that Scotland contains some excellent main roads. The country has fewer cross-roads than any other section of the United Kingdom, owing to the lack of population, the number of mountain ranges, and the large areas of enclosed land; but great highways, engineered by Telford himself, extend even to the northernmost limits, and, despite certain bad stretches, the cyclist who tours in Scotland for the first time will probably be surprised at the average good quality of the surfaces over which he rides.

FERRIES

It is always advisable, before proposing to cycle in any other country than one's own, to take into consideration the conditions which are peculiar to the new ground about to be traversed. Of these Scotland has several. The most prominent, perhaps, is the frequent necessity for resorting to the ferry-boat as a means of obviating long detours, when touring within measurable distance of the coast. In the case of the Firth of Forth, recourse may be had to the train, but it must be pointed out that the engineering wonders of the great Bridge are never so fully appreciated as from the water below. North of Inverness there are several ferries on the John o' Groats route, the most important being that of Meikle, between Tain and Dornoch, which saves a detour of some nineteen miles. The probabilities are that no ferryman will be in sight when it is desired to cross, and it is necessary to hold up a white handkerchief as a signal to the opposite shore. Some little time may elapse before it is observed, and it is as well to lay in a stock of patience in advance. There is usually no difficulty about shipping the cycle or cycles, the boat being broad enough to take them athwart the stern. Ferry charges for both passengers and machines vary considerably at places where the traffic is intermittent, and may rise as high as 1s. 6d. for the cycle, though the average fee is 6d. It falls as low as 2d., however, in one or two cases where there is a regular steam service. At other spots there may be no recognised ferry at all, and a bargain must be struck with a local fisherman.

AWKWARD FEATURES

Another peculiarity more often met with on Scottish roads than elsewhere is the "S" turn, which occurs inconveniently at times when the wheelman is revelling in the delights of a long "coast." In a general way, of course, one should always be on the look-out for right and left turns, wherever touring, but they occur so unexpectedly in certain instances in Scotland that caution in this respect may be specially enjoined. It may also be mentioned that the difficulty of rounding the second turn at high speed is frequently intensified by the roughness of the road at that particular spot, although in the main the surface is of excellent quality, and we have seen experienced riders come to grief owing to their being taken so completely unawares. Just where it becomes

necessary to change quickly the direction of the machine, and heel over considerably to counteract its centrifugal force, a rough patch of stones may be planted, or the road may be worn into deep ruts on a stretch which, previously to that point, was remarkable for its smoothness.

Bridges are another item to which it is desirable to call attention, so far as concerns those which cross the "burns," or small streams, especially in the more remote districts. They were built, of course, at a time when fast traffic was undreamt of, and are often slung across the stream without the slightest reference to the angle at which the road approaches or departs. When, as sometimes happens, the bridge is situate at the bottom of a steep decline, the danger is intensified, to the incautious rider especially. Unscientifically constructed bridges of this kind may even be found at times on main roads in comparatively populous localities. The rider whose machine is furnished with a well-fitted rim-brake has nothing to fear under this head, but those cyclists who still trust to the old form of plunger, or even tempt fate by carrying no brake at all, would do well to exercise every care in the circumstances described.

Some of these small bridges, too, have extraordinarily high crowns, and the gradient is so accentuated towards the top that the rider may find himself "stuck" within the last two or three yards, and obliged to dismount summarily, with more awkwardness than grace. Several bridges of this type, for example, may be found on the right-hand side of the Caledonian Canal, when proceeding from Inverness to Fort-Augustus. The nature of the crown is such that it even throws a severe strain upon the machine at the moment the front wheel begins to descend, and tandem riders should specially be careful; we have known a double machine break into halves when the front rider was over the top and the weight of the rear rider still on the other side.

Another natural feature which may affect the comfort of the cycling tourist is the terrific strength which the wind at times attains, either in the mountain defiles or on the open moorland. If it be behind so much the better, but if the opposite be the cyclist's luck, his programme for the day may have to suffer considerable curtailment. A very "draughty" stretch, for instance, is that between Fort-Augustus and Fort-William. Caithness, too, being almost treeless, may prove a particularly trying county if the fates be adverse, while, on the other hand, if the day's journey and the wind's direction be identical the pace will be all but furious. The

tourist who has embarked on a through route cannot conveniently change his plans, but it is possible sometimes to dodge the wind by a little circumspection. If he find himself at Wick, for example, and wishes to reach John o' Groats and then ride, say, to Thurso. with a view to returning by train, nothing could be easier, provided the wind be quiescent or actively in the rear. But if it be blowing hard from the north-west, the ride to John o' Groats will be arduous in the extreme, and in the circumstances a cross journey by train from Wick to Thurso should by all means be taken, and the road followed in the reverse direction to that which was originally intended.

LONG TWILIGHTS

Agreeable rather than otherwise is one peculiarity of the north of Scotland, and that is the lengthy twilight. Long after the legal hour for the lighting of the cyclist's lamp it is practically daylight at Wick, and at John o' Groats it is possible in June to read a newspaper at midnight in the open air. It is thus open to the cyclist to ride much later in the day than in more southerly latitudes, for even if he lights his lamp as a matter of form it is quite superfluous, as the road is perfectly clear. Apart from the length of the twilight, moreover, the legal hour for lighting up is itself much later in the far north than in any other portion of the United Kingdom. Many people suppose that the longitudinal differences between Greenwich and other places, east or west, are all that have to be taken into account in determining the hour at which the sun rises and sets. If this were so there would be merely a difference of twelve minutes between Greenwich and John o' Groats ; but as a matter of fact there is as much as sixty-three minutes on Midsummer Day, so that lamp-lighting time at the latter place is not until twenty-two minutes past ten o'clock, and even then may be ignored.

EXACTIONS

The cyclist in Scotland must be prepared to accept with good grace two forms of exaction, as to which there is nothing to be said in defence, but which none the less are unavoidable. The first of these is the extraordinary charges levied upon cycles which may be conveyed by any of the David MacBrayne steamers, not as parcels, but accompanied by their owners. Contrary to the accepted rule that water-borne freight is considerably cheaper than rail-borne,

the charges on these steamers are even dearer than on the train, as the following list will show :—10 miles and under, 6d. ; 25 miles, 1s.; 50 miles, 1s. 6d.; 75 miles, 2s.; 100 miles, 2s. 6d.; 150 miles, 3s.; 200 miles, 3s. 6d.; 250 miles, 4s.; and 300 miles, 4s. 6d. It is interesting to note that, high as these rates are, they were just double until recently, when they were reduced through the instrumentality of the Cyclists' Touring Club. Even now, however, they compare unfavourably with the charges by the Belle steamers sailing from the port of London, which carry a bicycle for a shilling up to 50 miles, and any distance for 1s. 6d.

Pier dues are the other form of exaction to which reference must be made. They are demanded of every passenger on landing from a steamer, at most of the lakeside piers, and in the cyclist's case a further tax is levied upon his machine. The charges vary from a penny to fourpence, and the absurdity of their being demanded at all is too obvious—except to the territorial proprietors—to be dilated upon.

An isolated peculiarity which cyclists must bear in mind when touring in the neighbourhood of Loch Lomond is that they can neither embark nor disembark at Balloch Pier, the southern extremity of that well-known sheet of water, without utilising the train for a distance of some 200 yards, at a cost of 8d. for the journey—2d. for the passenger and 6d. for the cycle. If it happen that the cyclist is returning south, however, and is thinking of staying the night at Balloch village, with a view to taking an early train to Glasgow on the morrow so as to catch the ten o'clock express to London, it would be better for him to change his plan and aim for Helensburgh as his stopping-place instead, especially during the time of the Glasgow Fair, a general holiday which occurs in the second week in July.

WET SUNDAYS

The probabilities of wet weather being experienced in the neighbourhood of the lakes are, of course, not small, and a word of advice may prove useful, in this connection, with regard to Sundays. Train and boat services are alike suspended on the Sabbath, and if bad weather should set in on that day, and the tourist has no means of getting away from the hotel except by riding through a storm, his lot will be decidedly unpleasant. The scenery may be so shrouded in mist that he cannot see across the lake, and the literature of the hotel is probably of the scantiest, and, such as it is,

in great demand if the house is full. Consequently it is advisable that the rider should use circumspection when arranging his Sunday quarters, and if possible provide himself, in view of contingencies, with something agreeable to read. The fact that the Saturday is gloriously fine is no criterion of what Sunday's weather may be.

THE BEST ROUTES

Coming now to the question of routes, it might in one sense be enough to say that the cyclist's choice should be that of the ordinary traveller; that it should be determined, in fact, by his individual interpretation of the relative attractions of the innumerable resorts which the country can boast, and which are described in detail in the main portion of this volume. If many of the roads were very bad, in districts of great picturesqueness, the cyclist would require to be forewarned in this respect, and must subordinate his æsthetic preferences to considerations of pleasurable riding. Equally would it be desirable, on the other hand, to indicate, did they exist, those regions which might forcibly appeal to the wheelman by reason of special virtue in the roads, but which were ordinarily ignored by the traveller in steamer, coach, or train. There is little, however, to be said under the former heading; certain bad stretches of road there are, of course, to be avoided, but not entire districts, and perhaps the only portion of the country which the cyclist, as such, is unable to consider, so far as continuous riding is concerned, is the extreme west, the coast of which is so liberally indented by the sea.

Rather more may be said, however, under the second heading than the first; indeed there is much more that ordinary tourists usually reject, though of decided interest to the wheelman, than there is in the way of attractions that he cannot comfortably enjoy. The most striking illustration of this fact is the famous John o' Groats route. Only a limited proportion of those who visit Scotland ever penetrate further north than Inverness, and even among cyclists the practice is largely prevalent of turning back at this point, under the delusive notion that the forward course is only one that record-breakers need to follow. The road, however, not only improves when north of the Highland capital, but conveys the wheelman to much that is picturesque in the way of scenery, and which only he can enjoy, for the highway hugs the rugged coast, while the train is often compelled to turn inland, and markedly so when the Ord of Caithness is reached.

EDINBURGH TO JOHN O' GROATS

To those, therefore, to whom time is not the chief essential, a straight-away ride from Edinburgh to John o' Groats may be strongly recommended, by way of the following route :—Edinburgh to Perth, *viâ* Granton Ferry, Burntisland, and Kinross (44 m.); Perth to Blair Athole, *viâ* Dunkeld and Pitlochry (79 m.); Blair Athole to Inverness, *viâ* Dalwhinnie, Kingussie, Aviemore, and Carr Bridge (164 m.); Inverness to Tain, *viâ* Kessock Ferry, Dingwall, and Alness (208 m.); Tain to Helmsdale, *viâ* Meikle Ferry, Clashmore Inn, Golspie, and Brora (247 m.); and Helmsdale to John o' Groats, *viâ* Berriedale, Dunbeath, Latheron, and Wick (302 m.). The only trying portions of this route are the hill out from Burntisland, the ascent of the Grampians, the Ord of Caithness, and the hill outside Berriedale. To the non-robust, and also those anxious to economise time, it might be desirable to use the train between Edinburgh and Cowdenbeath, and again between Blair Athole and Kingussie, but those who cannot face the ascent of the Ord had better not attempt the John o' Groats journey at all. The Ord is nothing very terrible, however, and has probably only acquired its reputation because of its interference with the rapid progress of the "end to end" record-breaker. Special care is required in descending into Berriedale, and the ascent of the hill leading from the village must be taken philosophically, as it involves a hard push of over a mile. An elbow is passed *en route* of such extreme awkwardness that the cyclist will not fail to treat it with due respect if he returns over the same ground.

JOHN O' GROATS TO FORT-WILLIAM

From John o' Groats, however, the most desirable course is to cycle along the coast to Thurso, an enjoyable run of 20¼ miles. From here the train should be taken back to Inverness, where the cycling journey may be resumed along the west bank of the Caledonian Canal. Some may prefer to use the steamer, but the passing of the locks is very tedious, and the road preferable in every sense. Drumnadrochit is the pleasantest place to stay at on the road to Fort-William, and if the rider reaches Inverness by the afternoon train (3.10), it is worth while to set off for Drumnadrochit the same day. If, on the other hand, the later train be taken, reaching Inverness at 9.30 P.M., a big day's journey has to be accomplished if it be desired to reach Fort-William ere nightfall. The distances on this route are as follows, starting from Inverness:

—Drumnadrochit Hotel, 14½ m.; Ruskich Inn, 22 m.; Invermoriston Hotel, 27¼ m.; Fort-Augustus, 33⅜ m.; Laggan Bridge, 43½ m.; Spean Bridge Hotel, 56½ m.; and Fort-William, 66 m.

There is an alternative route to Fort-Augustus on the opposite side of the Canal, the chief attraction being the once famous Falls of Foyers, now desecrated, however, by being devoted to commercial purposes. The distances are as follows from Inverness:—Dores, 8 m.; Foyers Hotel, 18½ m.; Whitebridge Inn, 23¼ m.; and Fort-Augustus, 32½ m. Between Foyers and Fort-Augustus, however, the road is terribly rough and hilly, and if this route be chosen between Inverness and Foyers, it is advisable to ferry across from there, and join the other road at Ruskich Inn.

FORT-WILLIAM TO OBAN, CRIANLARICH, AND LOCH LOMOND

From Fort-William there is a picturesque journey to Oban, the distances being as under:—Corran Inn, 8¼ m.; Onich, 9⅜ m.; Loch Leven Hotel, 12¼ m.; Ballachulish Hotel, 12½ m.; Duror Inn, 17½ m.; Appin Church, 26¼ m.; North Shian, 28⅜ m.; South Shian, 29½ m.; Selma branch roads, 32 m.; North Connel, 34⅜ m.; South Connel, 35 m.; and Oban, 40 m. Ferries have to be crossed, however, at Loch Leven, North Shian, and North Connel respectively; the latter two may be avoided, of course, if the rider elects to take the favourite sail from Ballachulish to Oban.

Ballachulish, besides being a very charming spot, is the place from which the Pass of Glencoe is usually visited. The road, however, is one of the worst in the United Kingdom, as regards surface, and has several dangerous corners. Still, it is a coach route, and the journey is not impossible to the cyclist in search of the romantic. If the road be followed through to Crianlarich the distances are these:—Ballachulish to Carnach, 1⅜ m.; Clachaig Inn, 3⅜ m.; Altnafeadh, 10½ m.; Kingshouse Inn, 13 m.; Ba Bridge, 17⅜ m.; Inveroran Inn, 22⅜ m.; Bridge of Orchy, 25½ m.; Tyndrum, 32¼ m.; and Crianlarich, 37 m.

The direct route from Oban to Crianlarich, which is as follows, also includes a very bad stretch, between Dalmally and Tyndrum:—Connel Ferry, 5½ m.; Taynuilt, 12½ m.; Bridge of Awe, 15 m.; Falls of Cruachan, 18½ m.; Loch Awe Hotel, 21⅜ m.; Dalmally, 26 m.; Tyndrum, 37⅜ m.; and Crianlarich, 42½ m. The majority of cyclists prefer to take the train at Dalmally. From Crianlarich to Ardlui, at the head of Loch Lomond, is another 8½ m.

THE SCOTTISH LAKE DISTRICT

Probably to many cyclists the Lake District will be regarded as the most desirable objective for a Scottish tour. For them Glasgow is undoubtedly the best starting-point, as it enables them to take every one of the most beautiful lakes in turn, and then to cover the attractive section of the Inverness road that lies between Pitlochry and Edinburgh, or make such other variations as time may permit.

So excessively bumpy, however, are the roads within the immediate environment of Glasgow that it is distinctly preferable to utilise the train as far as Balloch, and then ride alongside Loch Lomond, over an excellent road, to Luss (8½ m.), Inverbeg Inn (11⅜ m.), and Tarbet (16⅜ m.). An interesting divergence may be made here as follows:—Arrochar (1½ m.), Whistlefield (9½ m.), and Shandon (13½ m.), affording views of both Loch Long and the Gareloch. The return may be made over the same ground, or from Shandon to Helensburgh (5 m.), Luss (13 m.), and Tarbet (21½ m.), the latter alternative completing a round of 35 m. From Tarbet the run by Loch Lomond should be resumed to Inveruglas (3¾ m.) and Ardlui (8½ m.) at the head of the loch, 25 m. from Balloch, if no detour be made. From Ardlui the steamer should be taken to Inversnaid, the road then being followed to Stronachlacher (5 m.). After sailing down Loch Katrine there is a run of 10 m. to Callander, passing through the Trossachs, at the outset, over a very rough and dusty road.

CALLANDER TO ABERFELDY

From Callander there is a good run past Loch Lubnaig to Lochearnhead, the mileages being as under:—Strathyre (8¾ m.), Kingshouse Inn (10⅜ m.), and Lochearnhead Hotel (13¾ m.). Here the ascent of Glen Ogle must be made, care being employed on the ensuing descent to Lix Toll House (18¾ m.), where turn to the right for Killin (21½ m.). A grand ride fellows, along Loch Tay, to Kenmore (38 m.) and Aberfeldy (44 m.). Diversions that should be included, if possible, are the runs by the north bank of Loch Earn to St. Fillans, 7 m. from Lochearnhead, returning the same way, as the 8 m. ride on the south bank is somewhat difficult, and also a run from Kingshouse Inn to Balquhidder and back, 2 m. each way, to view Rob Roy's grave. Altogether this journey amounts to 62 m. from Callander.

ABERFELDY TO KILLIECRANKIE

The following journey should on no account be missed, as it is one of the most picturesque rides in the district, and yet is far less known than the much inferior run through the Trossachs:—Aberfeldy to Tummel Bridge (13½ m.), Kinloch Rannoch (21 m.), back to Tummel Bridge (28½ m.), south end of Killiecrankie Pass (39 m.), and Pitlochry (42 m.). To this may be added, if time permit, the circuit of Loch Rannoch (20 m.), and a run up Killiecrankie Pass and back (3 m.). The cyclist should be on the look-out, about 5 m. from Tummel Bridge, for a wicket gate which leads to a rocky platform, whence the deservedly famous "Queen's View" may be enjoyed. The prospect is one of the finest in Scotland, and if the gate be missed the rider should turn back without a moment's hesitation, and not be content until he has found it.

PITLOCHRY TO PERTH AND EDINBURGH

From Pitlochry the main road to Perth and Edinburgh should be chosen, unless already known. In the latter event the following will prove a pleasant alternative:—Ballinluig (4¾ m.), Dunkeld (12½ m.), Amulree Hotel (22¼ m.), Crieff (34½ m.), Muthill (41½ m.), Rumbling Bridge (54½ m.), Dunfermline (64½ m.), North Queensferry (71½ m.), and Edinburgh (81½ m.). The Sma' Glen, between Amulree and Crieff, and the convolutions of the River Devon at Rumbling Bridge, are interesting features of this route.

It is a somewhat difficult matter, as reference to a map will show, for the rider who has been up to John o' Groats and descended to Oban, as previously described, to determine the best way of exploring the Lake District without missing something good or covering ground twice over. The best plan we can suggest is that on reaching Crianlarich he should ride southwards as far as Luss, and then take steamer to Inversnaid, as the most striking features of Loch Lomond are included in this run, and the stage from Luss to Balloch may well be sacrificed in the circumstances. For those who may perhaps have seen Loch Lomond and the Trossachs, but nothing else, it will be convenient to cut across from Crianlarich to Lochearnhead.

ABERDEEN TO BALMORAL

It now remains to consider one very fine run which is admirable from the cyclist's point of view, but not convenient to fit in to the

routes already detailed, and that is the ride from Aberdeen to Balmoral Castle and Braemar. Perhaps the best way of doing the east coast and this beautiful road, so intimately associated with the late lamented Queen Victoria, is by means of the following itinerary, starting from Perth on the Inverness road:—Dundee (22 m.), Muirdrum (33 m.), Arbroath (39 m.), Montrose (51¼ m.), Bervie (63¾ m.), Stonehaven (73¾ m.), Aberdeen (88 m.), Banchory (106 m.), Aboyne (118½ m.), Ballater (129¾ m.), Balmoral Castle (137¾ m.), and Braemar (146¼ m.).

The non-adventurous must be content, however, to return to Aberdeen by the same road, though this can scarcely be regarded as a hardship over such a splendid route. Those who are hardy, on the other hand, and wish to reach Inverness without a very big detour, may proceed to the fork roads opposite Balmoral, and there turn to the left and ride to Reinloan, whence a very rough mountain road leads to Tomintoul, in 26 m. from Braemar. Ten miles more of hilly riding brings one to Grantown, from which place a fine road leads in another 10 to Carr Bridge, where the main road to Inverness (25 m. farther) is joined.

THE ISLE OF SKYE

To those who have already made themselves familiar with much of the scenery already referred to, an exploration of the Isle of Skye may be recommended. The best starting-place by road is Invermoriston, on the Caledonian Canal, over the following route:—Torgoyle (8½ m.), Clunie Inn (24½ m.), Bridge of Shiel (30½ m.), Shiel Inn (36 m.), Achadhachuirn (42 m.), and Kyle Rhea Ferry (46¾ m.). A very stiff ascent of 2½ m. must be faced, after crossing to the island, as the following route is entered upon:—Broadford (10¾ m.), Sligachan Inn (26¼ m.), Portree (35¾ m.), Uig Inn (50¾ m.), and Staffin Inn (60¼ m.). From Portree to Dunvegan is 22½ m., and thence to Struan Inn 10½ m. more, another 14 m. bringing one back to Sligachan Inn. Grandly rugged scenery repays the frequently arduous nature of the journey. Another way, it may be added, of approaching Skye while in the north is from Inverness, the distances being as under:—Dingwall, *viâ* Kessock (13½ m.), Strathpeffer (18 m.), Garve Hotel (27 m.), Achnasheen Hotel (43 m.), Achnashellach (56 m.), Jeantown (64 m.), and Strome Ferry (68¼ m.).

MAIN APPROACHES TO SCOTLAND FROM ENGLAND

Lastly, it may be mentioned that the main approaches to Scotland from England are excellent for cycling purposes, as also are the roads leading from Carlisle to Glasgow and Edinburgh respectively. The following is a particularly well-surfaced highway throughout until nearing Hamilton:—Carlisle to the Border (8½ m.), Ecclefechan (18¾ m.), Lockerbie (24½ m.), Beattock (38½ m.), Abington (57½ m.), Lesmahagow Toll (72 m.), Larkhall (80 m.), Hamilton (83½ m.), and Glasgow (95 m.). The long ascent from Beattock is tedious against a wind, but not otherwise.

To Edinburgh the direct road from Carlisle passes through Langholm (20¼ m.), Hawick (43¼ m.), Selkirk (55 m.), Galashiels (61 m.), and Eskbank (87½ m.), to the Capital (94 m.). A picturesque bye-route which may be recommended is one that connects these two main routes, as under:—Beattock to Moffat (2 m.), Birkhill Summit (13 m.), St. Mary's Loch (18 m.), Gordon Arms Inn (23¼ m.), and Selkirk (36 m.). Or the road to Peebles may be followed, thus:—Traquair (30¼ m.), Peebles (38 m.), Eddleston (42½ m.), Leadburn Inn (48 m.), Penicuik (51 m.), Straiton (56 m.), and Edinburgh (61 m.). The ascent of Birkhill will prove somewhat of a surprise to those who only expect to find impressive scenery in the Highlands. The Lowlands generally, however, are far from being unworthy the cyclist's attention, though naturally he will prefer to explore the more expansive beauties of the Highlands first.

AUTOMOBILISM

Much of the foregoing information as to cycling necessarily applies to the subject of automobilism as well. Scotland is in most respects an admirable touring-ground for the *chauffeur*, and only in one respect is it inferior to England, and that is with regard to the legal limitation of speed. Whereas in England the maximum is twelve miles per hour, in Scotland it is only ten. None the less the fact that there are long stretches of good highway in the north, on which vehicular or pedestrian traffic is extremely scarce, makes rapid travelling even safer than in England, and no one who is familiar with the amazing brake-power which all motor-cars

possess, and the ease with which they can be steered, will regard the exceeding of the technical limit in the open country as unjustifiable.

In the choice of routes, of course, the automobilist is somewhat more restricted than the cyclist, owing to the necessity of avoiding those roads which end at a lake-side, for a big car cannot be taken on board a small steamer in the way that is feasible for the cycle. This consideration, for example, will apply to the Trossachs route between Inversnaid and Callander, even assuming that automobiles will be permitted on this private road. There is nothing to prevent the automobilist, however, from visiting Loch Lomond, for there is the fine road along the whole of the west bank available, and instead of taking steamer from Ardlui to Inversnaid he can continue north through Crianlarich to Lochearnhead.

Owners of large cars fitted with costly pneumatic tyres would also do well to avoid certain of the rougher roads, such as that between Tyndrum and Ballachulish, and still more the one leading from Tyndrum to Oban through Glencoe. Whatever the rugged grandeurs of the scenery, they scarcely compensate for the ruining of tyres worth £20 apiece, so long as there are hundreds of miles of better roads elsewhere and surroundings of equal impressiveness.

As regards the ferries, the Firth of Forth can be crossed between Granton and Burntisland by steamer, and the other ferries on the John o' Groats route may be avoided by following the main road from Inverness to Dingwall instead of crossing at Kessock, and again by driving from Tain to Bonar Bridge instead of over Meikle. These roads are excellent, and the extra distance is a matter of no concern to the speedy and tireless automobile.

Attention must, of course, be paid to the awkward elbows in many of the roads, particularly at the bridges previously referred to. Some of them are overhung by trees, and therefore greasy after rain, thus adding the possibility of side-slip to the awkward conformation of the turn. If the motor-car in use be of the dog-cart type, it is essential that the rear passengers should be on the watch, or forewarned by the driver, in the case of any of the sharply crowned bridges previously referred to; otherwise there is a strong probability of their being jerked out as the front wheels clear the rise.

Speaking generally, however, there is little to prevent the automobilist from touring in every district in the country, and all the most picturesque regions are certainly available. Inasmuch, however, as some *chauffeurs* have not graduated from the cycle, and are not adepts in the science of touring, the necessity of careful

preliminary study of any given route may be enjoined, not only by means of maps and distance tables, but with detailed descriptions of the road surfaces, dangerous hills, turns at fork roads, and other particulars of importance. These are only to be found with completeness of elaboration in the *British Road Book* (vol. iv.), issued by the Cyclists' Touring Club, a compilation which is quite indispensable to the road-user. The automobilist should by all means, therefore, obtain admission to the club; he will save the amount of his first year's subscription on the *Road Book* alone, as the price to non-members is 10s. 6d., but to members 5s. only. The C. T. C. headquarters are at 47 Victoria Street, London, S.W.

In the present stage of the automobile movement it is not to be expected that competent repairers should be numerous in so sparsely populated a country as Scotland. Nevertheless they exist in the large towns, and in the somewhat unlikely event of any repair being needed which the automobilist cannot execute himself it is not difficult to establish communication by train, as most of the touring centres are served by rail. The provision of spare valves, nuts, etc., is usually sufficient to cope with any probable disarrangement, and such an eventuality as a broken spring may be put right by any blacksmith.

The supply of petrol is the most important item to be considered, to the users of either oil or steam motors; electric cars do not count, as no one is likely to go touring in Scotland on that type of automobile. As an ordinary 6 h.p. petrol-driven car, however, can carry enough petrol in its tank for distances up to 400 miles, and can stow spare tins about the car unless it be fully loaded with passengers, there is no material difficulty to be encountered in this respect with the generality of auto-cars. Petrol may be bought at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Stirling, Perth, Banchory, Greenock, Annan, Ayr, Kirkcaldy, Paisley, Hamilton, Keith, Helensburgh, Kilmarnock, Callander, and Castle Douglas, so that it is when touring in the extreme north that the necessity chiefly exists for timing one's supplies.

With a steam car the case is different, for a vehicle of this kind requires five or six times as much petrol—used as fuel—to generate the steam as is necessary with a petrol motor pure and simple, assuming that the weight driven is the same in each case. The oil-carrying capacity of a steam car is also very limited. Consequently a careful calculation is necessary before starting on a tour, and supplies of petrol must be ordered to be sent by rail to numerous points *en route*. An automobilist who drove a light

steam car from John o' Groats to Land's End in December 1900, started on the assumption that a gallon of petrol would carry him nine miles, but even this allowance, in the bad weather then prevailing, proved altogether insufficient. The necessity for a renewal of water every twenty miles or so is another inconvenience, but one which can more readily be overcome.

Motor-tricyclists and quadricyclists should not venture on a tour in the Highlands unless an exhaust-lifter is fitted to the engine. Though the long ascents over the mountain ranges are well graded, there are numerous short hills that are exceedingly steep, and beyond the capacity of a one-speed motor to ascend. Pushing by hand has therefore to be resorted to, and unless the compression of the engine is relieved by an exhaust-lifter the process is fatiguing in the extreme. The brakes should also be watched daily to ensure that their adjustment is perfect, for some of the down gradients are severe enough to tax the power of two brakes plus the compression of the engine, especially if the latter has become somewhat weak owing to the bad condition of the valves. In case of a broken switch-handle the terminals in the centre of the handle-bar should be coupled with a piece of wire, of which one end should project several inches, so that it may be pulled off bodily, and the circuit stopped, in case of emergency.

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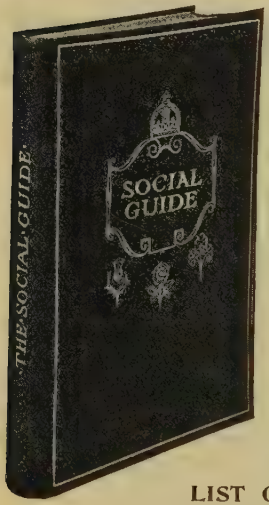

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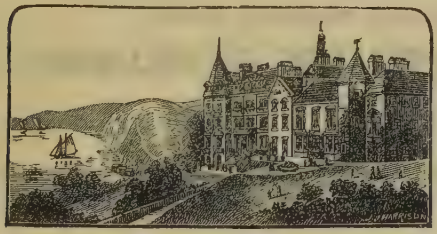

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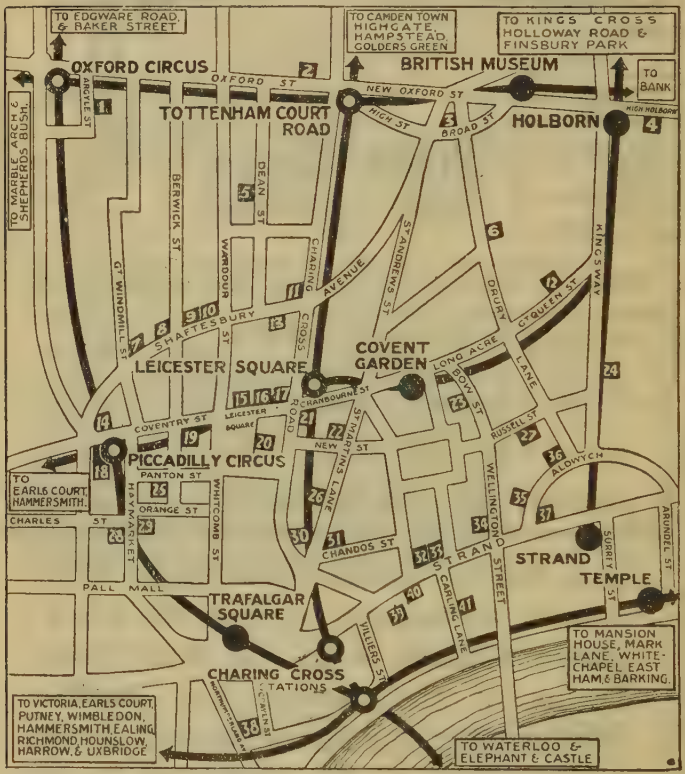

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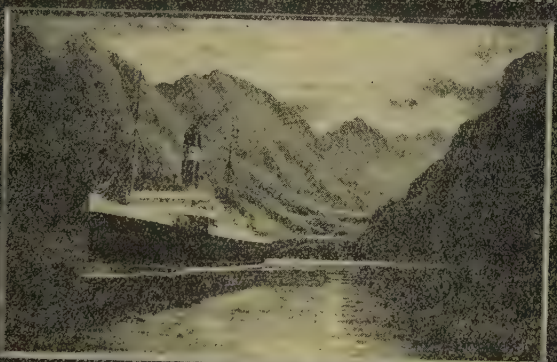

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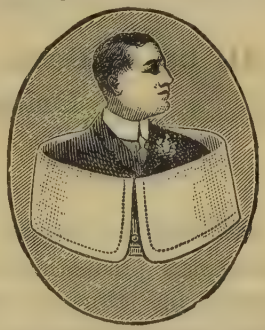

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